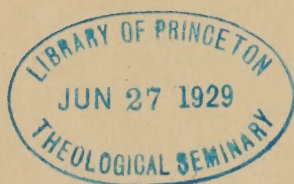


Immanuel Hymnal



Division

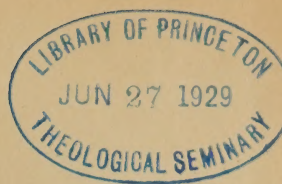
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1929



Immanuel Hymnal

WITH SCRIPTURE RESPONSES
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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK
1929

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Published June, 1929

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Acknowledgments

IN THE Immanuel Hymnal attempt has been made to bring together the best in the evangelical hymnody of the English-speaking peoples. The name of the hymnal expresses its purpose, namely, to glorify the person and work of the Redeemer of mankind.

To the usual music has been added a large number of hymn tunes which have not before appeared in English or American hymnals. These, it is hoped, will soon be naturalized in the worship of American churches and give a fresh attractiveness and power to it. Hymns 526 to 538, inclusive, were received too late to be placed in the appropriate sections of the book.

The editors wish to express gratitude to those who have allowed them the use of copyrighted hymns and tunes. Every effort has been made to avoid infringement. If such has occurred by inadvertence, rectification will be made as soon as possible. Acknowledgment is herewith gratefully given to:

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Mrs. John Brownlie for hymn 467;

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The Chautauqua Press for tunes 61 and 414 (Chautauqua vesper hymns, copyright by J. H. Vincent);

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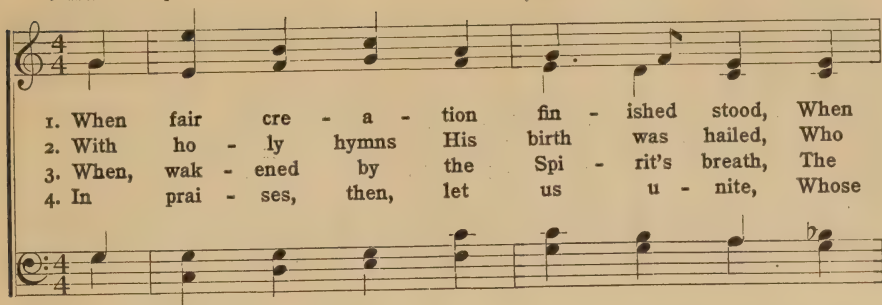
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1 When Fair Creation Finished Stood

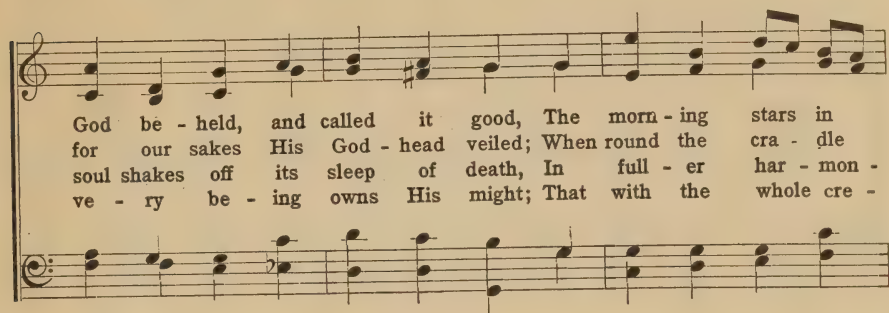
DOXOLOGY L. M.

Hubert L. Simpson

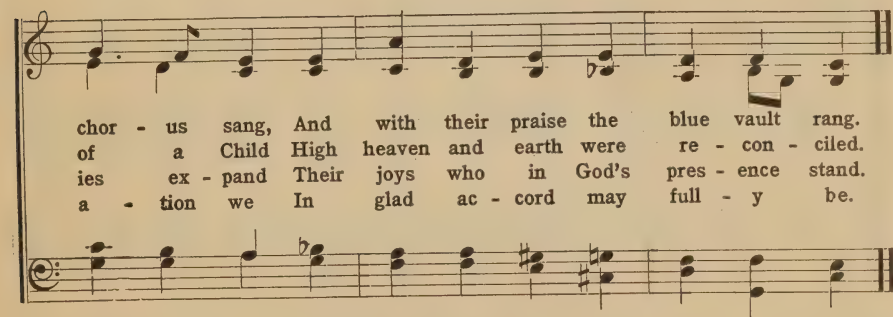
John H. Strong



1. When fair cre - a - tion fin - ished stood, When
 2. With ho - ly hymns His birth was hailed, Who
 3. When, wak - ened by the Spi - rit's breath, The
 4. In prai - ses, then, let us u - nite, Whose



God be - held, and called it good, The morn - ing stars in
 for our sakes His God - head veiled; When round the cra - dle
 soul shakes off its sleep of death, In full - er har - mon -
 ve - ry be - ing owns His might; That with the whole cre -



chor - us sang, And with their praise the blue vault rang.
 of a Child High heaven and earth were re - con - ciled.
 ies ex - pand Their joys who in God's pres - ence stand.
 a - tion we In glad ac - cord may full - y be.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,
 Praise Him through time, till time shall end,
 Till psalm and song His name adore
 Through heaven's great day of evermore.

Ye Holy Angels Bright

DARWALL 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4.

Richard Baxter. Alt. by R. R. Chope

John Darwall

1. Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right
 2. Ye bless - ed souls at rest, Who ran this earth - ly
 3. Ye saints who toil be - low, A - dore your heaven - ly
 4. My soul, bear thou thy part, Tri - umph in God - a

hand, Or through the realms of light Fly at your
 race, And now, from sin re - leased, Be - hold the
 King, And on - ward as ye go Some joy - ful
 above: And with a well - tuned heart, Sing thou the

Lord's com - mand, As - sist our song, For else the theme
 Sav - iour's face, God's prai - ses sound, As in His light,
 an - them sing; Take what He gives And praise Him still,
 songs of love! Let all thy days, Till life shall end

Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue.
 With sweet de - light, Ye do a bound.
 Through good ill Who ev - er lives.
 What - e'er He send, Be filled with praise.

3 To God, Ye Choir Above

ABRIDGE C. M.

Philip Skelton

I. Smith

1. To God, ye choir a - bove, be - gin A
 2. Praise Him, thou sun, who dwells un - seen A -
 3. Thou sil - ver moon, ye hosts of stars, The

hymn so loud and strong, That all the u - ni -
 midst tran - scen - dent light Where thy re - ful - gent
 u - ni - ver - sal song Through the ser - ene and

verse may hear And join the grate - ful song.
 orb would seem A spot, as dark as night.
 si - lent night To list - ening worlds pro - long.

4 Sing Him, ye distant worlds and suns,
 From whence no travelling ray
 Hath yet to us, through ages past,
 Had time to make its way.

5 Assist, ye raging storms, and bear
 On rapid wings His praise.
 From north to south, from east to west,
 Through heaven, and earth, and seas.

6 Ye stately hills, that rear your heads,
 And towering pierce the sky;
 Ye clouds, that with an awful pace
 Majestic roll on high;

7 Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
 Ye creatures great or small,
 Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
 That made and governs all.

Oh! Praise Ye the Lord

BRAHMS IO. IO. II. II.

Henry W. Baker

Johannes Brahms

1. Oh! praise ye the Lord! Praise Him in the height;
 2. Oh! praise ye the Lord! Praise Him up - on earth;
 3. Oh! praise ye the Lord! All things that give sound;
 4. Oh! praise ye the Lord! Thanks - giv - ing and song

Re - joice in His Word, ye an - gels of light;
 In tune - ful ac - cord, ye sons of new birth;
 Each ju - bi - lant chord, re - ech - o a - round;
 To Him be out - poured all a - ges a - long:

Ye heav - ens, a - dore Him by whom ye were made,
 Praise Him who hath brought you His grace from a - bove,
 Loud or - gans, His glo - ry forth tell in deep tone,
 For love in cre - a - tion, for heav - en re - stored,

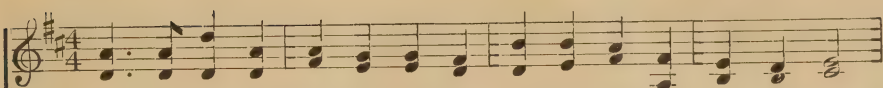
And wor - ship be - fore Him, in bright - ness ar - rayed.
 And Praise Him who hath taught you to sing of His love.
 And sweet harp the sto - ry of what He hath done.
 For grace of sal - va - tion, Oh! praise ye the Lord.

Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens

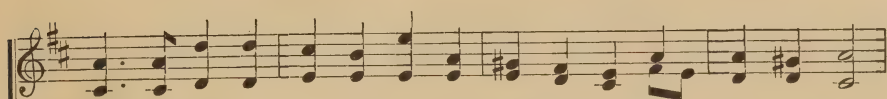
LUX EOI 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Anon.

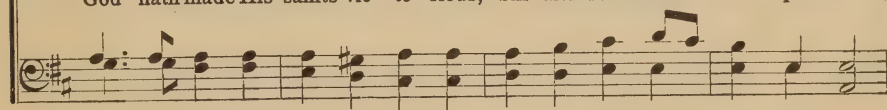
Arthur S. Sullivan



1. Praise the Lord! ye heavens, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels in the height;
 2. Praise the Lord, for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His prom - ise fail;



Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
 God hath made His saints vic - to - rious, Sin and death shall not pre - vail.



Praise the Lord, for He hath spok-en; Worlds His high-ty voice o - beyed;
 Praise the God of our sal - va - tion, Hosts on high His power pro-claim;



Laws which nev - er shall be bro-ken, For their guidance He hath made.
 Heaven and earth, and all cre - a - tion, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name.



O Worship the King

HARTMANN 10. 10. 11. 11.

Robert Grant

First Tune

J. P. E. Hartmann

1. O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with
 thun - der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the
 scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the
 firm to the end, Our Ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and

praise, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 storm, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 rain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
 Friend! Our Ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend!

O Worship the King

LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11.

Robert Grant

Second Tune

J. Michael Haydn

1. O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove,
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite?
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail,

And grate - ful - ly sing His won - der - ful love;
 Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space;
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;

Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,
 His char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,
 It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,
 Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the end,


Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
 Our Ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!

Ye Servants of God

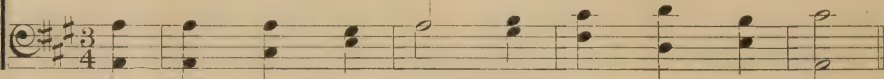
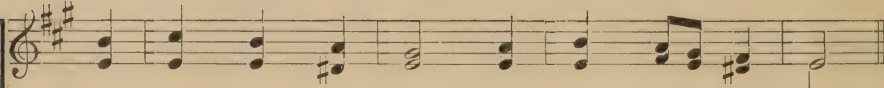
HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11.

Charles Wesley

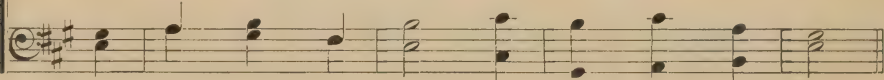

William Croft





1. Ye ser - vants of God your Mas - ter pro - claim,
 2. God rul - eth on high, al - migh - ty to save;
 3. Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne;
 4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right,


And pub - lish a - broad His won - der - ful name;
 And still He is nigh: His pres - ence we have.
 Let all cry a - loud and hon - or the Son.
 All glo - ry and power, and wis - dom and might,

The name all vic - to - rious of Je - sus ex - tol;
 The great con - gre - ga - tion His tri - umph shall sing,
 The prai - ses of Je - sus the an - gels pro - claim,
 All hon - or and bless - ing, with an - gels a - bove,

His king - dom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all.
 A - scrib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus, our King.
 Fall down on their fa - ces and wor - ship the Lamb.
 And thanks nev - er ceas - ing, and in - fi - nite love.



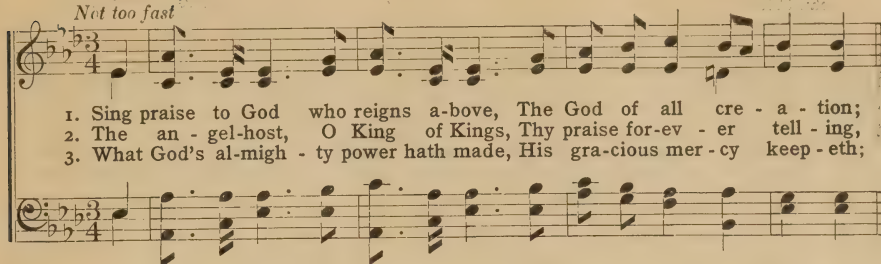
9 Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above

GOD'S PRAISE 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 8. 7. 8. 7.

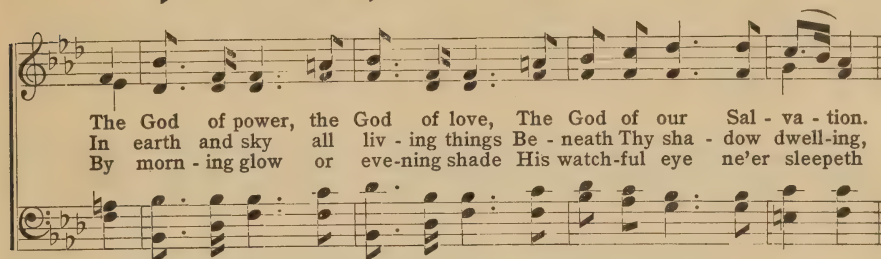
J. J. Schuetz. Trans. by Frances E. Cox

Arthur S. Sullivan

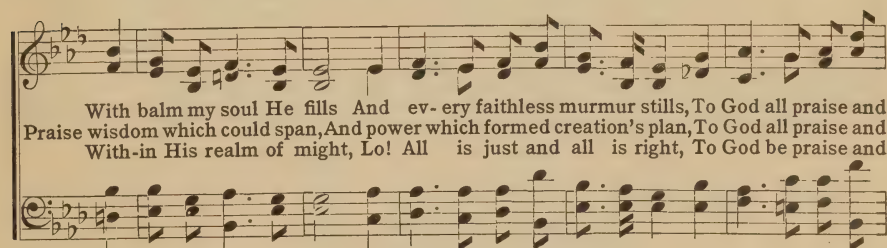
Not too fast



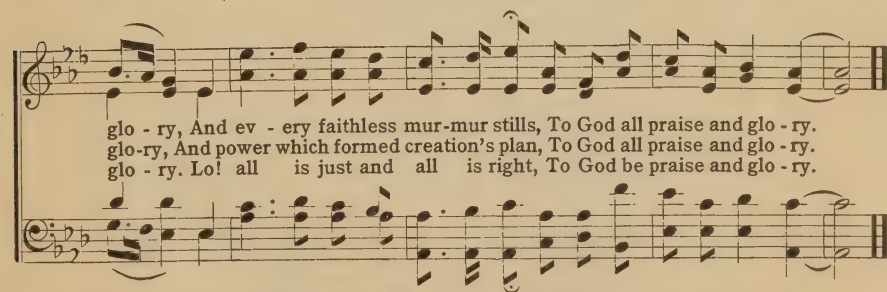
1. Sing praise to God who reigns a-bove, The God of all cre - a - tion;
 2. The an - gel-host, O King of Kings, Thy praise for-ev - er tell - ing,
 3. What God's al-migh - ty power hath made, His gra-cious mer - cy keep - eth;



The God of power, the God of love, The God of our Sal - va - tion.
 In earth and sky, all liv - ing things Be - neath Thy sha - dow dwell-ing,
 By morn - ing glow or eve-ning shade His watch-ful eye ne'er sleepeth



With balm my soul He fills And ev - ery faithless murmur stills, To God all praise and
 Praise wisdom which could span, And power which formed creation's plan, To God all praise and
 With-in His realm of might, Lo! All is just and all is right, To God be praise and



glo - ry, And ev - ery faithless mur-mur stills, To God all praise and glo - ry.
 glo-ry, And power which formed creation's plan, To God all praise and glo - ry.
 glo - ry. Lo! all is just and all is right, To God be praise and glo - ry.

4 The Lord is never far away
 But, through all grief distressing
 An ever-present help and stay,
 Our peace and joy and blessing;
 As with a mother's hand
 He leads His own, His chosen band,
 To God all praise and glory.

5 Thus all my toilsome way along
 I sing aloud Thy praises,
 That men may hear the grateful song
 My voice unwearied raises;
 Be joyful, O my heart,
 Both soul and body bear your part,
 To God all praise and glory.

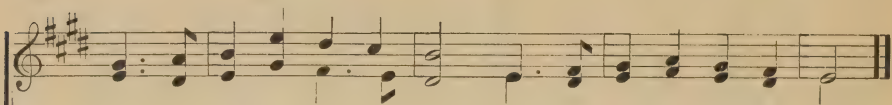
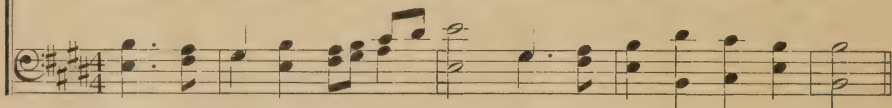
INNOCENTS 7. 7. 7. 7.

John Milton

"The Parish Choir," 1850



1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
 2. Let us blaze His name a - broad, For of gods He is the God;
 3. He with all command - ing might Filled the new-made world with light:



- For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 For His mer - cies aye en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.



- 4 All things living He doth feed;
 His full hand supplies their need:
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye
 Looked upon our misery:
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 He the golden tresséd sun
 Caused all day His course to run;
 Th' hornéd moon to shine by night,
 'Mid her spangled sisters bright.
- 7 Let us therefore warble forth
 His high majesty and worth;
 For His mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

The God of Abraham Praise

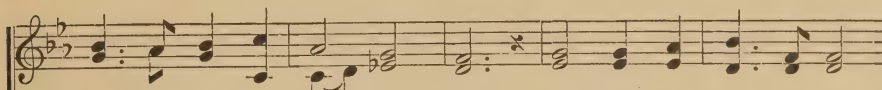
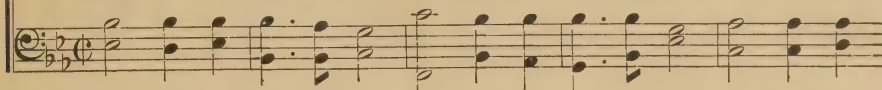
SINDING 6. 6. 6. 4. D.

Thomas Olivers

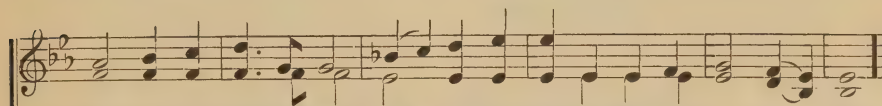
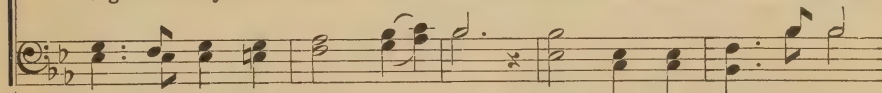
Christian Sinding



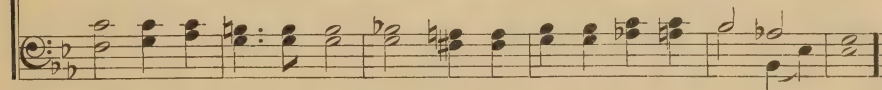
1. The God of Abraham praise Who reigns enthroned a-bove, Of ev - er -
 2. The God of A - bra-ham, At whose su-preme command We rise and
 3. He keeps His own se-cure, He guards them by His side, Ar - rays in
 4. Though nature's strength de-cay And earth and hell withstand, We on-ward



- last - ing days And God of Love: Je - ho - vah, great I AM,
 seek the joys At His right Hand, We all on earth for-sake,
 gar - ment pure His spot - less Bride; With streams of sa - cred bliss,
 urge our way At His com - mand. The wa - tery deeps we pur - pass,



- By earth and heaven confessed; We bow and bless the Name For-ev - er blest.
 Its wisdom, fame and power; And Him our Portion make, Our Shield and Tower.
 Be - neath se - ren - er skies, With fruits of Par - a - dise He still sup - plies.
 With Je - sus in our view; And through the wilder - ness Our way pur - sue.



- 5 The goodly land we see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 A land of liberty
 And endless rest;
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound
 And trees of healing grow
 With mercy crowned.

- 6 There dwells the Lord, our King,
 The Lord of Righteousness,
 Triumphant over sin
 The Prince of Peace:
 On Zion's sacred height
 His kingdom He maintains
 And with His saints in light
 Forever reigns.

- 7 Before the Saviour's Face
 The ransomed nations bow,
 Own His almighty grace
 Forever new.
 He shows His prints of love,
 They kindle to a flame
 And sound through worlds above,
 "Worthy the Lamb."

- 8 The whole triumphant Host
 Give thanks to God on high;
 "Hail! to the Three in One,"
 They ever cry:
 Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
 (I join the heavenly lays)
 All majesty is Thine
 And endless praise.

As the Sun Doth Daily Rise

COPENHAGEN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Latin Hymn Trans. Anon.

Josef Glaeser

1. As the sun doth dai-ly rise, Brightening all the morning skies, So to Thee with
 2. Day by day provide us food, For from Thee come all things good: Strength unto our
 3. Be our Guard in sin and strife; Be the Leader of our life; Lest like sheep we

one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord! Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.
 souls af - ford From Thy liv-ing Bread, O Lord! From Thy liv-ing Bread, O Lord!
 stray a - broad, Stay our wayward feet, O Lord! Stay our wayward feet, O Lord!

4 Quickened by the Spirit's grace
 All Thy holy will to trace,
 While we daily search Thy word,
 Wisdom true impart, O Lord!

5 Praise we, with the heavenly host,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
 Thee would we with one accord
 Praise and magnify, O Lord!

Praise the God of All Creation

LINDEMAN 8. 7. 8. 7.

Josiah Conder

J. M. Lindeman

1. Praise the God of all cre - a - tion! Praise the Father's boundless love!
 2. Praise the Foun-tain of Sal - va - tion, Him by whom our spir - its live!

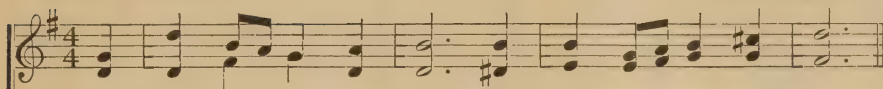
Praise the Lamb, our Ex - pi - a - tion, Priest and King, enthroned a - bove!
 Un - di - vid - ed a - dor - a - tion To the one Je - ho - vah give!

Rejoice, Ye Pure In Heart

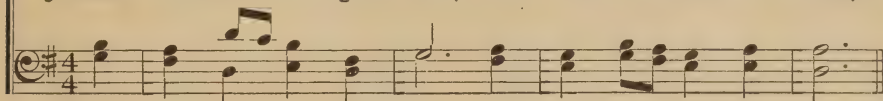
MARION S. M. with Refrain

Edward H. Plumptre

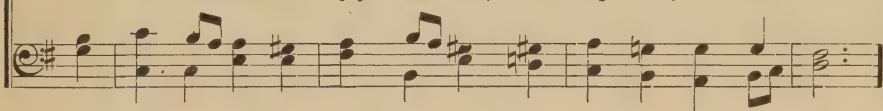
Arthur H. Messiter



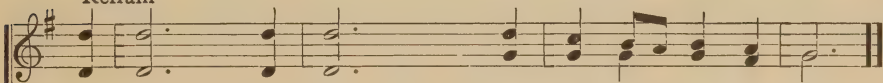
1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing:
 2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens meek,
 3. With all the an - gel choirs, With all the saints on earth,



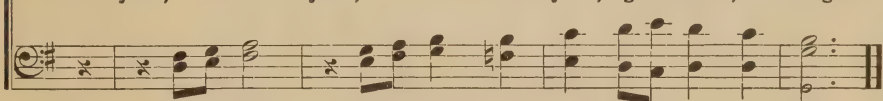
Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
 Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won - drous prai - ses speak.
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rap - ture, no - blest mirth!



Refrain



Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing.



Re - joice, re - joice,

- 4 Yes, on through life's long path,
 Still chanting as ye go;
 From youth to age, by night and day,
 In gladness and in woe.
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

- 5 Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array;
 As warriors through the darkness toil
 Till dawns the golden day.
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

- 6 At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their Father's house,
 Jerusalem the blest.
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

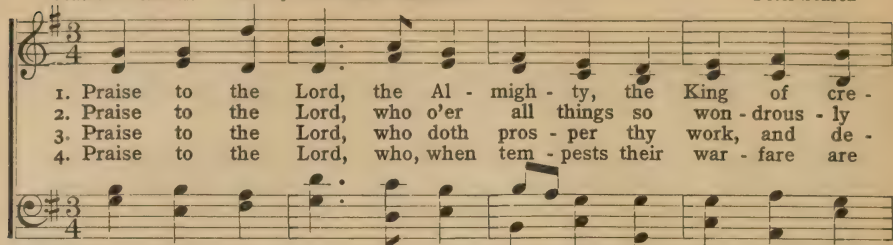
- 7 Then on, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
 Your glorious banner wave on high,
 The cross of Christ your King.
 Rejoice, rejoice, etc.

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

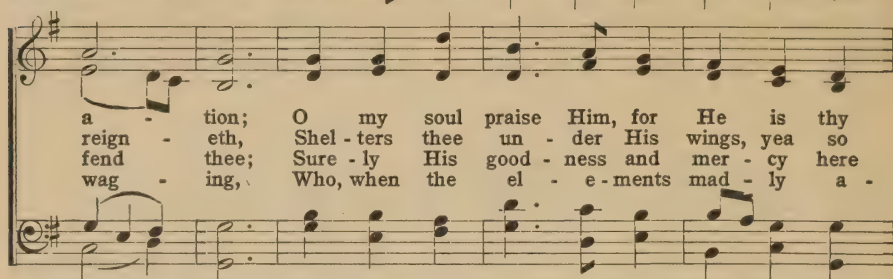
LOBE DEN HERREN 14. 14. 4. 7. 8.

Joachim Neander. Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

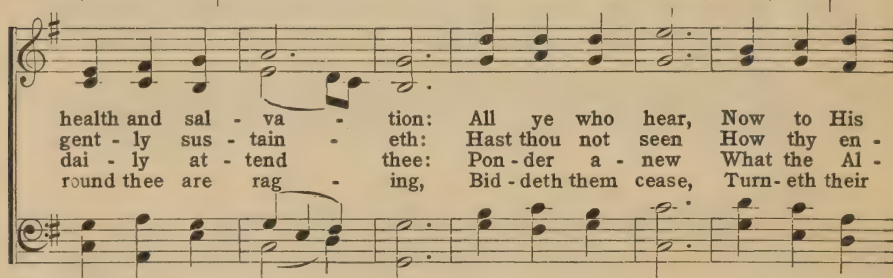
Peter Sohren



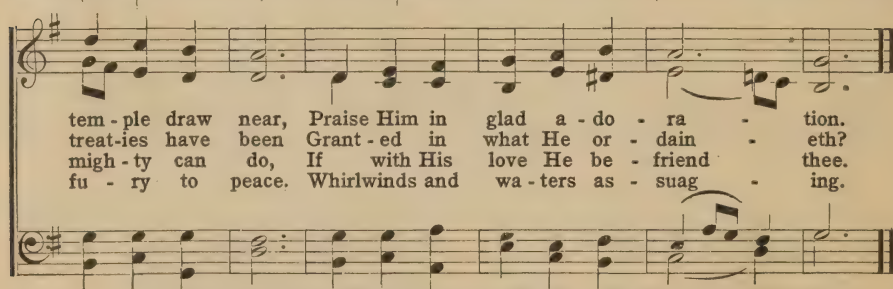
1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - migh - ty, the King of cre -
 2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won - drous - ly
 3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work, and de -
 4. Praise to the Lord, who, when tem - pests their war - fare are



a - tion; O my soul praise Him, for He is thy
 reign - eth; Shel - ters thee un - der His wings, yea so
 fend thee; Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here
 wag - ing, Who, when the el - e - ments mad - ly a -



health and sal - va - tion: All ye who hear, Now to His
 gent - ly sus - tain - eth: Hast thou not seen How thy en -
 dai - ly at - tend thee: Pon - der a - new What the Al -
 round thee are rag - ing, Bid - deth them cease, Turn - eth their



tem - ple draw near, Praise Him in glad a - do - ra - tion.
 treat - ies have been Grant - ed in what He or - dain - eth?
 migh - ty can do, If with His love He be - friend thee.
 fu - ry to peace. Whirlwinds and wa - ters as - suag - ing.

- 5 Praise to the Lord, who when sickness with terror uniting,
 Deaf to entreaties of mortals, its victims is smiting,
 Pestilence quells,
 Sickness and fever dispels,
 Grateful thanksgiving inviting.
- 6 Praise to the Lord, who when darkness of sin is abounding,
 Who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,
 Sheddeth His light,
 Chaseth the horrors of night,
 Saints with His mercy surrounding.

Now Thank We All Our God

NUN DANKET 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6.

Martin Rinkart. Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

Johann Crüger

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voi - ces,
 2. O, may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us,
 3. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,

Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joi - ces;
 With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us;
 The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
 And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
 The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heaven a - dore;

With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
 And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

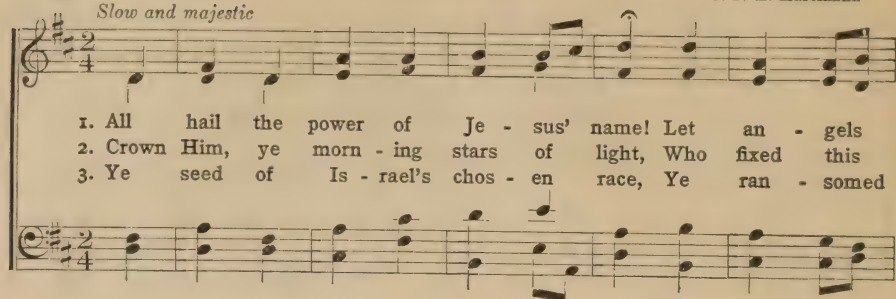
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

WASLI C. M.

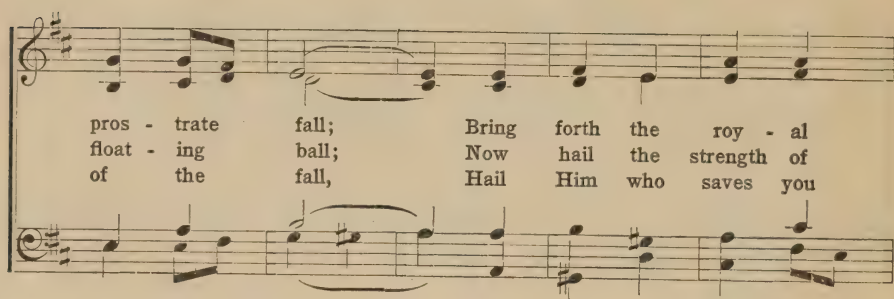
Edward Perronet

First Tune

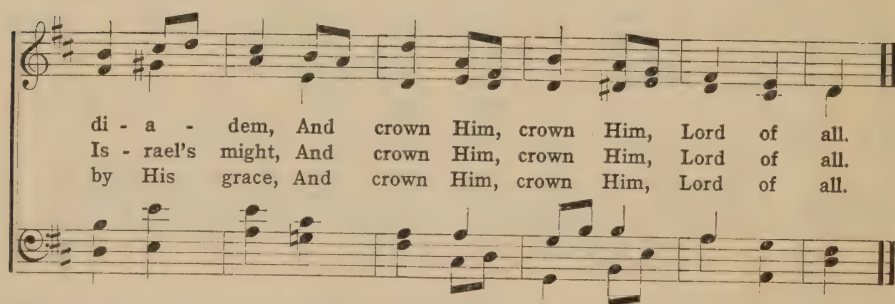
J. P. E. Hartmann

Slow and majestic


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels
 2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this
 3. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos - en race, Ye ran - somed



pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
 float - ing ball; Now hail the strength of
 of the fall, Hail Him who saves you



di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.
 Is - rael's might, And crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.
 by His grace, And crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.

- 4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.
- 6 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
 Who from His altar call.
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.
- 7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.

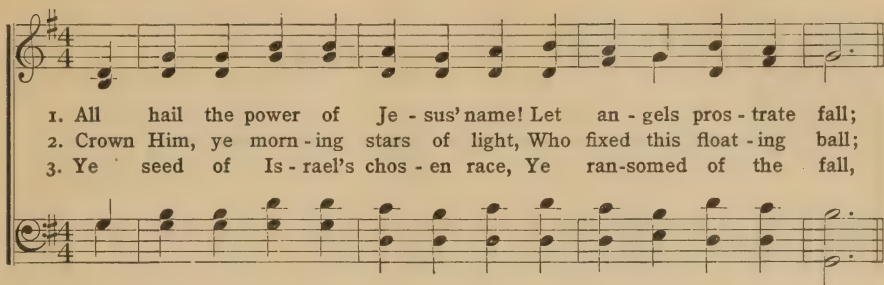
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

CORONATION C. M.

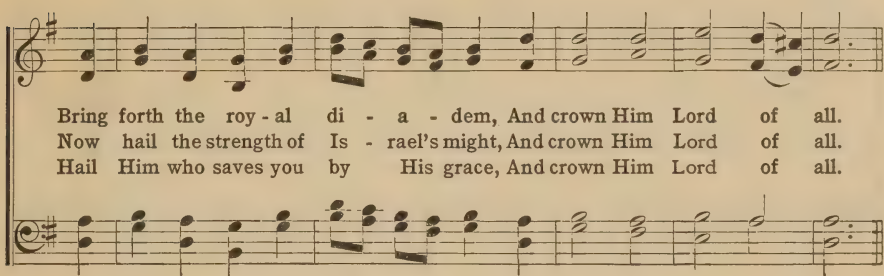
Edward Perronet

Second Tune

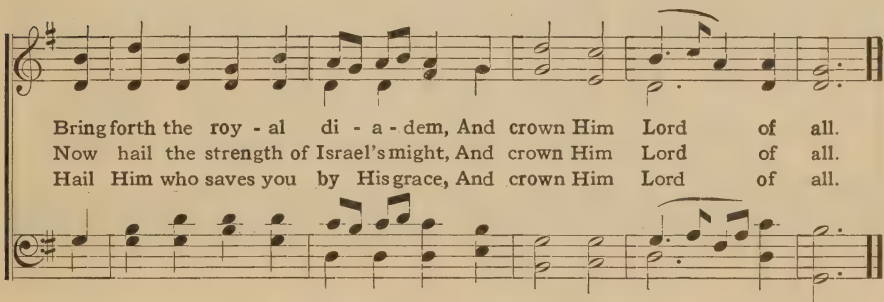
Oliver Holden



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this float - ing ball;
 3. Ye seed of Is - rael's chos - en race, Ye ran - somed of the fall,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God
 Who from His altar call.
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.


7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

19 We Gather Together to Ask the Lord's Blessing


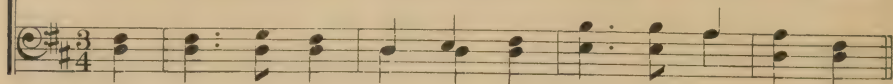
NETHERLANDS 12. 11. 12. 11.

Anonymous



Netherlands Folk-song




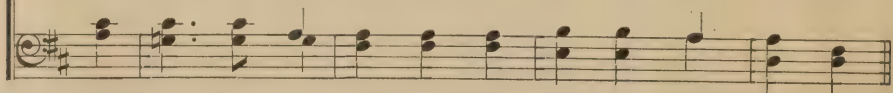
1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing,
2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing,
3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er tri - um - phant,



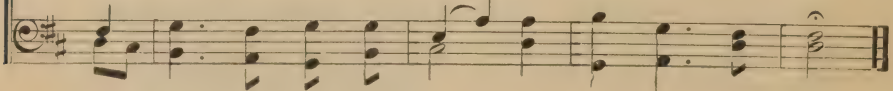
He chast - ens and hast - ens His will to make known;
Or - dain - ing, main - tain - ing His king - dom di - vine,
And pray that Thou still our De - fen - der wilt be,



The wick - ed op - pres - sing now cease from dis - tres - sing,
So from the be - gin - ning the fight we were win - ning:
Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape tri - bu - la - tion!



Sing prai - ses to His name—He for - gets not His own.
Thou, Lord, wast at our side, all glo - ry be Thine.
Thy name be ev - er praised! O Lord, make us free!

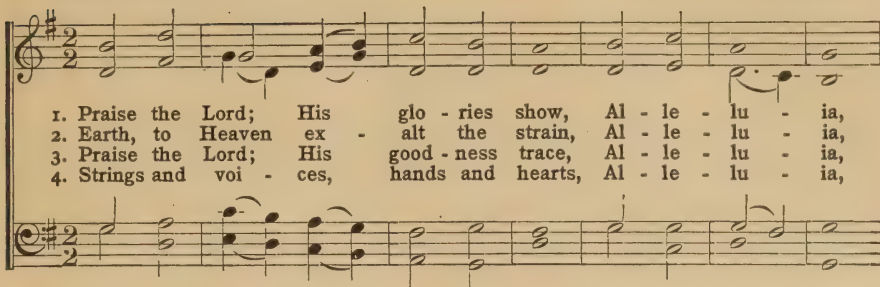


Praise the Lord; His Glories Show

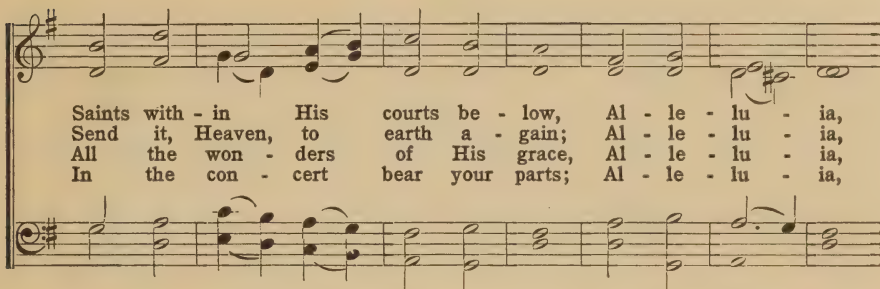
GWALCHMAI 7. 4. 8 lines

Henry F. Lyte

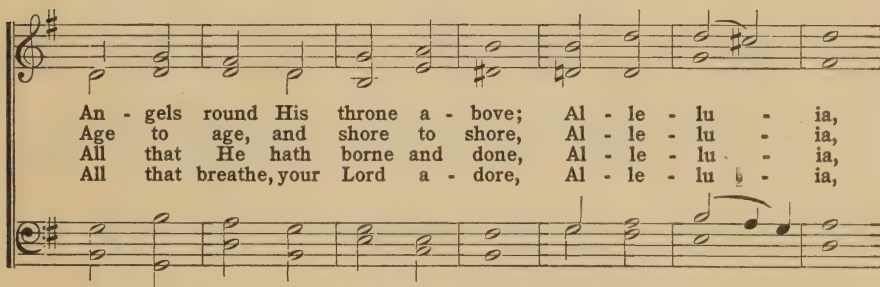
J. D. Jones



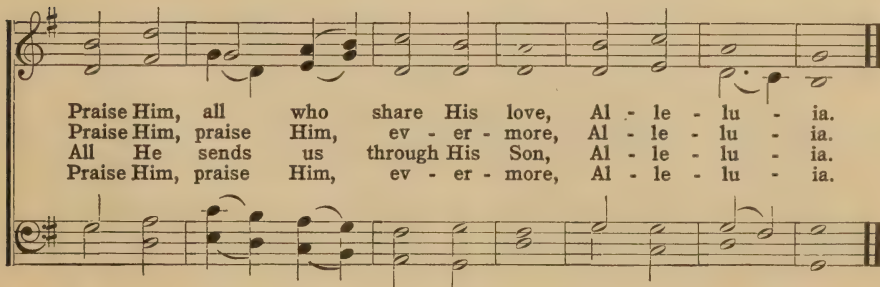
1. Praise the Lord; His glo - ries show, Al - le - lu - ia,
 2. Earth, to Heaven ex - alt the strain, Al - le - lu - ia,
 3. Praise the Lord; His good - ness trace, Al - le - lu - ia,
 4. Strings and voi - ces, hands and hearts, Al - le - lu - ia,



Saints with - in His courts be - low, Al - le - lu - ia,
 Send it, Heaven, to earth a - gain; Al - le - lu - ia,
 All the won - ders of His grace, Al - le - lu - ia,
 In the con - cert bear your parts; Al - le - lu - ia,



An - gels round His throne a - bove; Al - le - lu - ia,
 Age to age, and shore to shore, Al - le - lu - ia,
 All that He hath borne and done, Al - le - lu - ia,
 All that breathe, your Lord a - dore, Al - le - lu - ia,



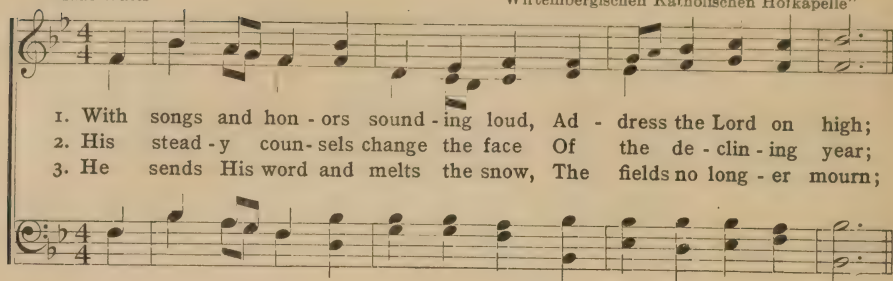
Praise Him, all who share His love, Al - le - lu - ia.
 Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more, Al - le - lu - ia.
 All He sends us through His Son, Al - le - lu - ia.
 Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more, Al - le - lu - ia.

21 With Songs and Honors Sound-ing Loud

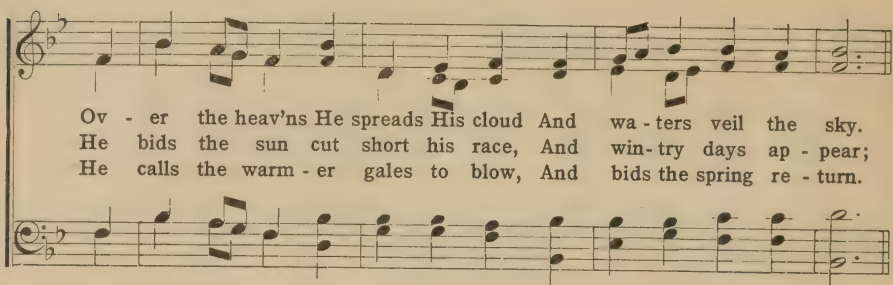
ELLACOMBE C. M. D.

Isaac Watts

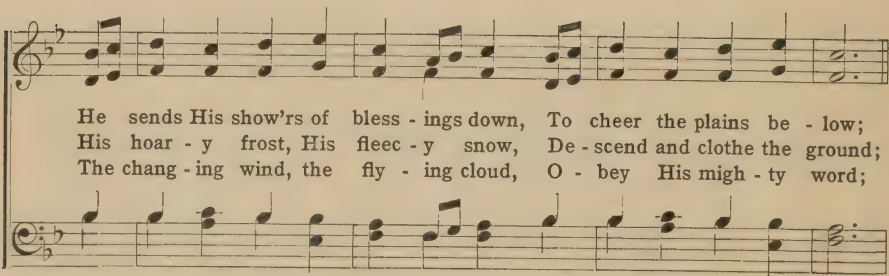
"Gesang Buch der Herzogl.
Wirtembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle"



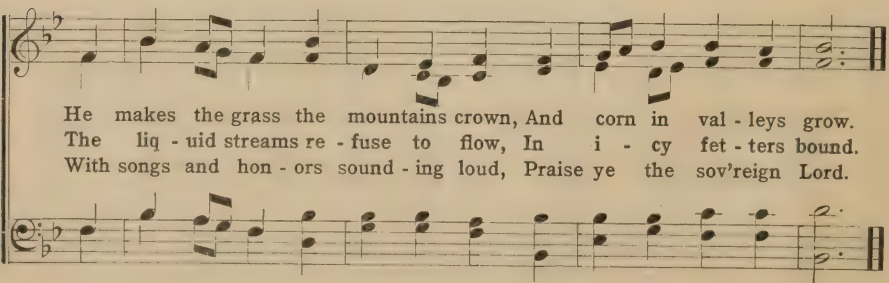
1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high;
2. His stead - y coun - sels change the face Of the de - clin - ing year;
3. He sends His word and melts the snow, The fields no long - er mourn;



Over the heav'ns He spreads His cloud And wa - ters veil the sky.
He bids the sun cut short his race, And win - try days ap - pear;
He calls the warm - er gales to blow, And bids the spring re - turn.



He sends His show'rs of bless - ings down, To cheer the plains be - low;
His hoar - y frost, His fleec - y snow, De - scend and clothe the ground;
The chang - ing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O - bey His migh - ty word;



He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.
The liq - uid streams re - fuse to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.
With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

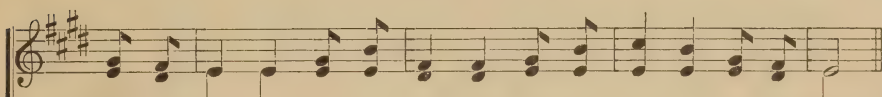
NETTLETON 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Robert Robinson

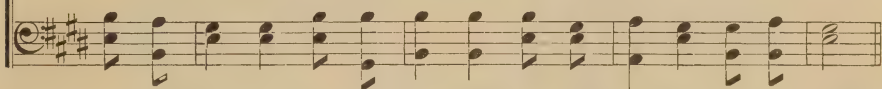
A. Nettleton



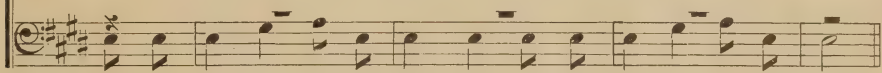
1. Come, thou Fount of eve - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I'll raise mine Eb - en - ez - er; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
 And I hope, by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee;



Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it!—Mount of Thy re-deeming love.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
 Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.



Awake, and Sing the Song

William Hammond, Martin Madan

THATCHER S. M.

Arranged from Händel

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb,
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power;
 3. Sing, till we feel our hearts As - cend - ing with our tongues;

Wake eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue To praise the Sav - iour's Name.
 Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
 Sing, till the love of sin de - parts, And grace in - spires our songs.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day
 In Christ the eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
 Ye blessed children, come;
 Soon will He call you hence away,
 And take His wanderers home.

O God, We Praise Thee, and Confess

Tate and Brady

YORK C. M.

Scotch Psalter

1. O God, we praise Thee, and con - fess That Thou the on - ly Lord
 2. To Thee all an - gels cry a - loud; To Thee the powers on high,
 3. O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, Whom heavenly hosts o - bey,

And Ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored.
 Both cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Con - tin - u - ally do cry:
 The world is with the glo - ry filled Of Thy ma - jes - tic sway!

4 The apostles' glorious company,
 And prophets crowned with light,
 With all the martyrs' noble host,
 Thy constant praise recite.

5 The Holy Church throughout the world,
 O Lord, confesses Thee,
 That Thou eternal Father art,
 Of boundless majesty.

Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

PARK STREET L. M.

Isaac Watts. Alt. by John Wesley

Frederick M. A. Venua

1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions,
 2. His sove - reign power, with - out our aid, Made us of
 3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls, and

bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is
 clay, and formed us men; And when like wan - dering
 all our mor - tal frame; What last - ing hon - ors

God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and He de -
 sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold a -
 shall we rear, Al - migh - ty Mak - er, to Thy

stroy, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.
 gain. He brought us to His fold a - gain.
 Name? Al - migh - ty Mak - er, to Thy Name?

- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
 High as the heavens our voices raise; Vast as eternity Thy love;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise. When rolling years shall cease to move.

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

HYMN TO JOY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry van Dyke

Arranged from Beethoven



1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
2. All Thy works with joy surround Thee, Earth and heaven re - flect Thy rays,
3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bles - sing, ev - er blest,
4. Mor - tals, join the migh - ty cho - rus Which the morn - ing stars be - gan;



Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore Thee, Opening to the sun a - bove.
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - tre of un - bro - ken praise.
 Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean - depth of hap - py rest!
 Fa - ther - love is reign - ing o'er us, Broth - er - love binds man to man.



Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness, Drive the dark of doubt a - way,
 Field and for - est, vale and mountain, Flow - ery mea - dow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou art Fa - ther, Christ our Bro - ther, — All who live in love are Thine;
 Ev - er sing - ing, march we on - ward, Vic - tors in the midst of strife,



Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, Fill us with the light of day.
 Chanting bird and flow - ing foun - tain, Call us to re - joice in Thee.
 Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the Joy Di - vine.
 Joy - ful mus - ic leads us Sun - ward In the tri - umph - song of life.

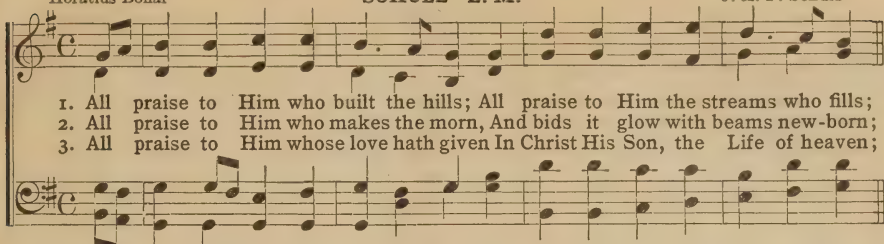


27 All Praise to Him Who Built the Hills

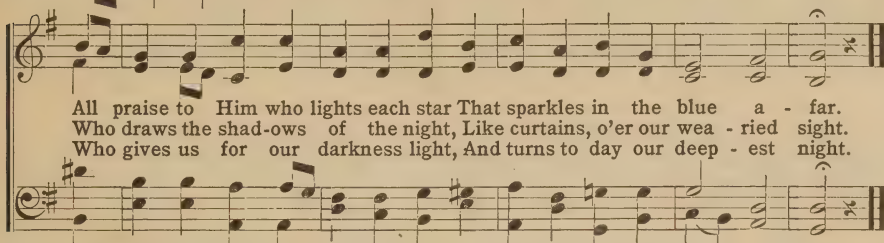
Horatius Bonar

SCHULZ L. M.

J. A. P. Schulz



1. All praise to Him who built the hills; All praise to Him the streams who fills;
2. All praise to Him who makes the morn, And bids it glow with beams new-born;
3. All praise to Him whose love hath given In Christ His Son, the Life of heaven;



All praise to Him who lights each star That sparkles in the blue a - far.
Who draws the shad-ows of the night, Like curtains, o'er our wea - ried sight.
Who gives us for our darkness light, And turns to day our deep - est night.

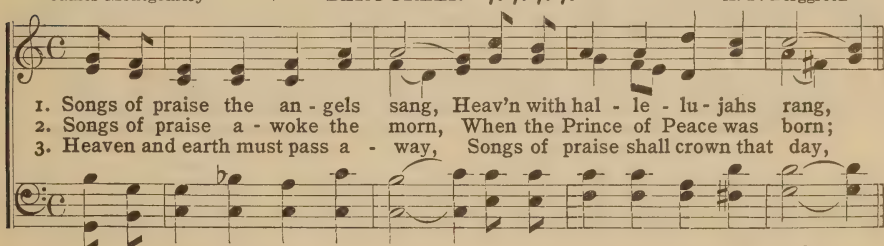
- 4 All praise to Him in love who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,
The all-prevailing Sacrifice.
- 5 All praise to Him the chain who broke,
The prison opened, burst the yoke,
Led forth its captives, glad and free,
The heirs of endless liberty.
- 6 All praise to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The Fount of joy and holiness.
- 7 To Father, Son and Spirit now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow:
To thee, Blest Trinity, we raise,
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise.

28 Songs of Praise the Angels Sang

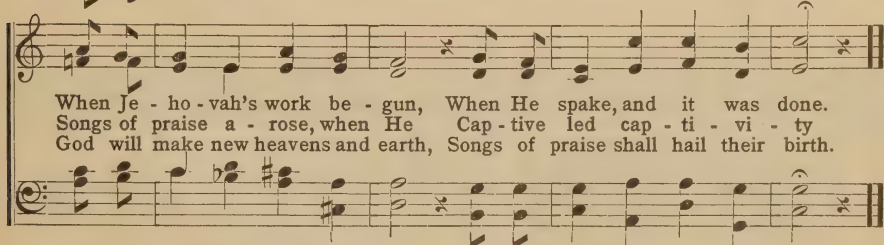
James Montgomery

BERGGREEN 7. 7. 7. 7.

A. P. Berggreen



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jahs rang,
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
3. Heaven and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day,



When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done.
Songs of praise a - rose, when He Cap - tive led cap - ti - vi - ty
God will make new heavens and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

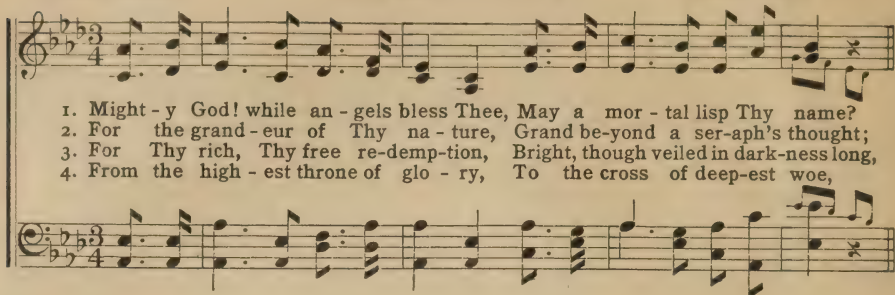
- 4 Saints below with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

Mighty God! While Angels Bless Thee

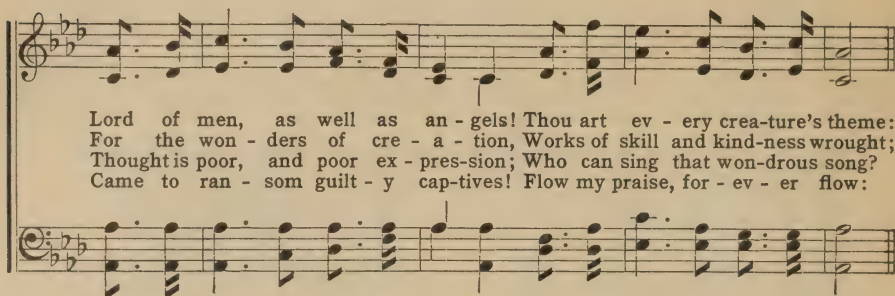
Robert Robinson

AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

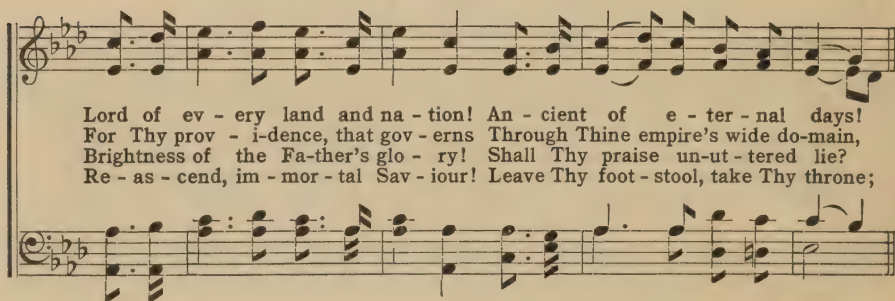
Genevan Psalter, 1551



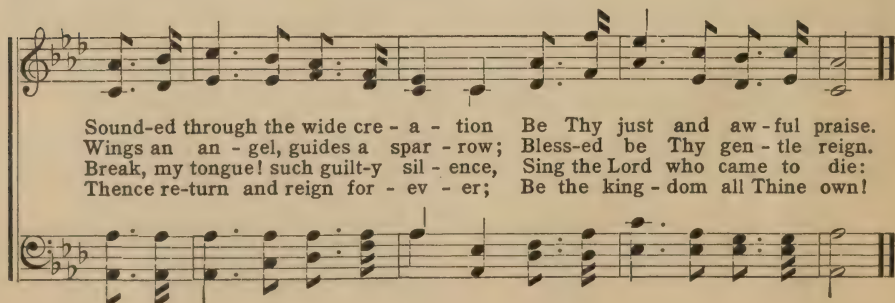
1. Might - y God! while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal lisp Thy name?
 2. For the grand - eur of Thy na - ture, Grand be - yond a ser - aph's thought;
 3. For Thy rich, Thy free re - demp - tion, Bright, though veiled in dark - ness long,
 4. From the high - est throne of glo - ry, To the cross of deep - est woe,



Lord of men, as well as an - gels! Thou art ev - ery crea - ture's theme:
 For the won - ders of cre - a - tion, Works of skill and kind - ness wrought;
 Thought is poor, and poor ex - pres - sion; Who can sing that won - drous song?
 Came to ran - som guilt - y cap - tives! Flow my praise, for - ev - er flow:



Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion! An - cient of e - ter - nal days!
 For Thy prov - i - dence, that gov - erns Through Thine empire's wide do - main,
 Brightness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry! Shall Thy praise un - ut - tered lie?
 Re - as - cend, im - mor - tal Sav - iour! Leave Thy foot - stool, take Thy throne;

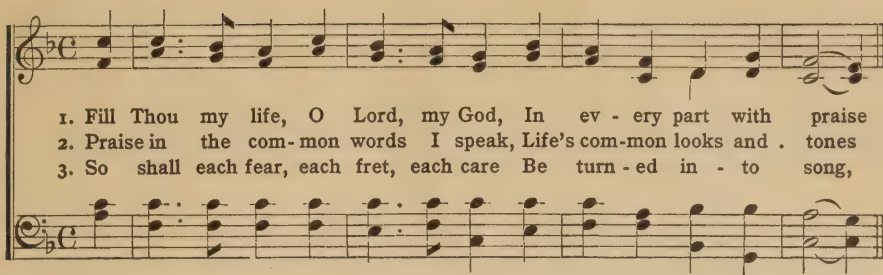


Sound - ed through the wide cre - a - tion Be Thy just and aw - ful praise.
 Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row; Bless - ed be Thy gen - tle reign.
 Break, my tongue! such guilt - y sil - ence, Sing the Lord who came to die:
 Thence re - turn and reign for - ev - er; Be the king - dom all Thine own!

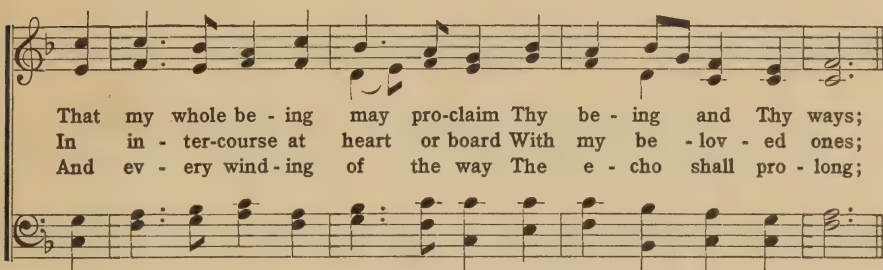
Fill Thou My Life, O Lord, My God

GOSHEN C. M. D.

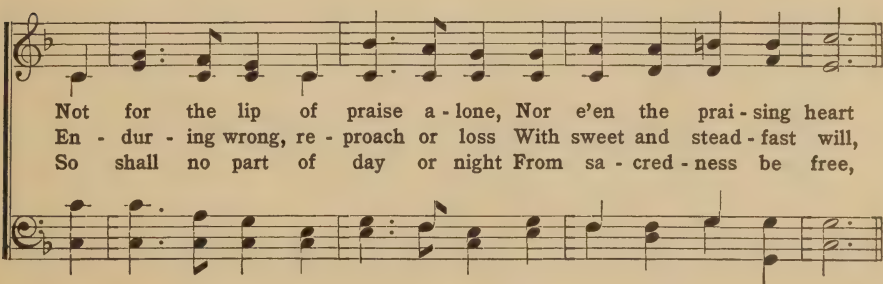
Horatius Bonar



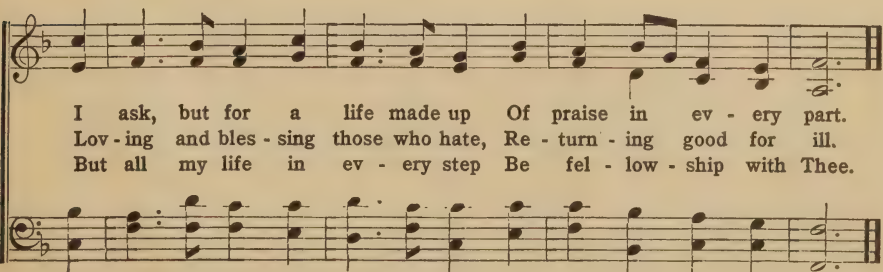
1. Fill Thou my life, O Lord, my God, In ev - ery part with praise
 2. Praise in the com - mon words I speak, Life's com - mon looks and . tones
 3. So shall each fear, each fret, each care Be turn - ed in - to song,



That my whole be - ing may pro - claim Thy be - ing and Thy ways;
 In in - ter - course at heart or board With my be - lov - ed ones;
 And ev - ery wind - ing of the way The e - cho shall pro - long;



Not for the lip of praise a - lone, Nor e'en the prai - sing heart
 En - dur - ing wrong, re - proach or loss With sweet and stead - fast will,
 So shall no part of day or night From sa - cred - ness be free,



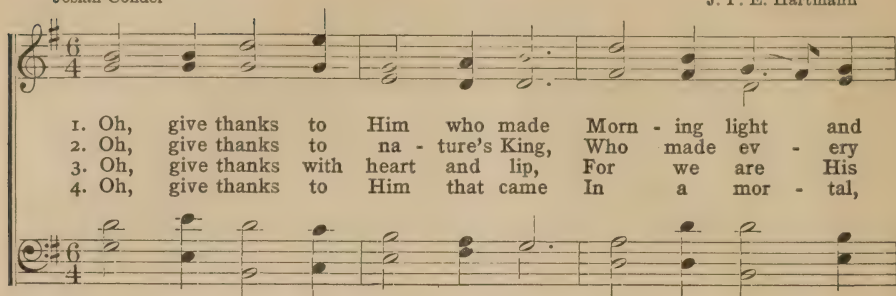
I ask, but for a life made up Of praise in ev - ery part.
 Lov - ing and bles - sing those who hate, Re - turn - ing good for ill.
 But all my life in ev - ery step Be fel - low - ship with Thee.

Oh, Give Thanks to Him

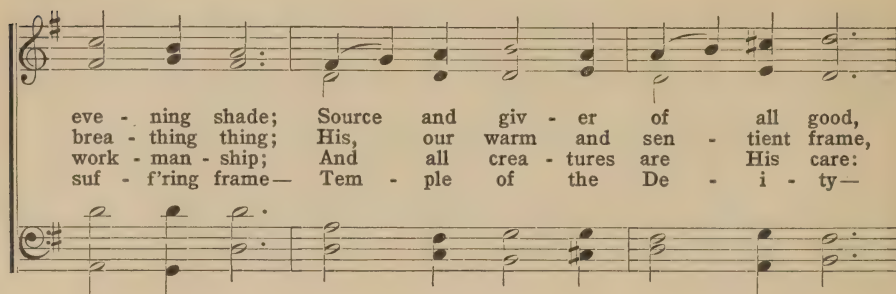
VOR FRUE KIRKE 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Josiah Conder

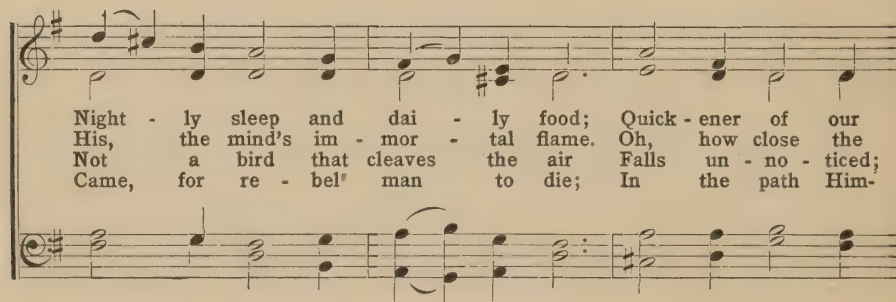
J. P. E. Hartmann



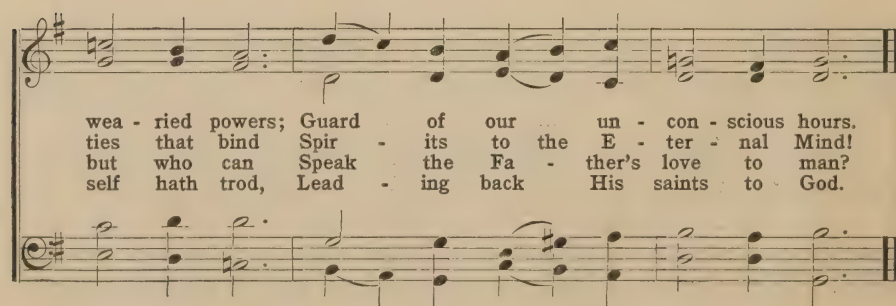
1. Oh, give thanks to Him who made Morn - ing light and
 2. Oh, give thanks to na - ture's King, Who made ev - ery
 3. Oh, give thanks with heart and lip, For we are His
 4. Oh, give thanks to Him that came In a mor - tal,



eve - ning shade; Source and giv - er of all good,
 brea - thing thing; His, our warm and sen - tient frame,
 work - man - ship; And all crea - tures are His care:
 suf - f'ring frame— Tem - ple of the De - i - ty—



Night - ly sleep and dai - ly food; Quick - ener of our
 His, the mind's im - mor - tal flame. Oh, how close the
 Not a bird that cleaves the air Falls un - no - ticed;
 Came, for re - bel^d man to die; In the path Him—



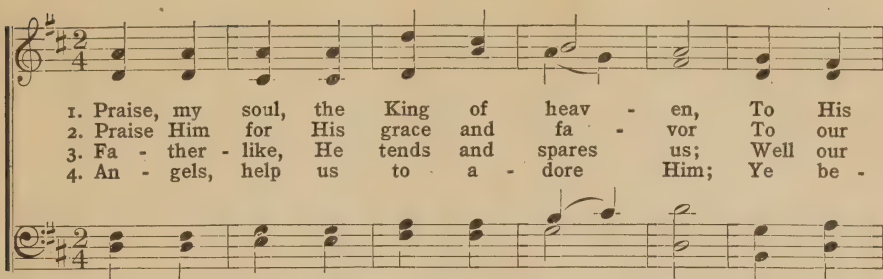
wea - ried powers; Guard of our un - con - scious hours.
 ties that bind Spir - its to the E - ter - nal Mind!
 but who can Speak the Fa - ther's love to man?
 self hath trod, Lead - ing back His saints to God.

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

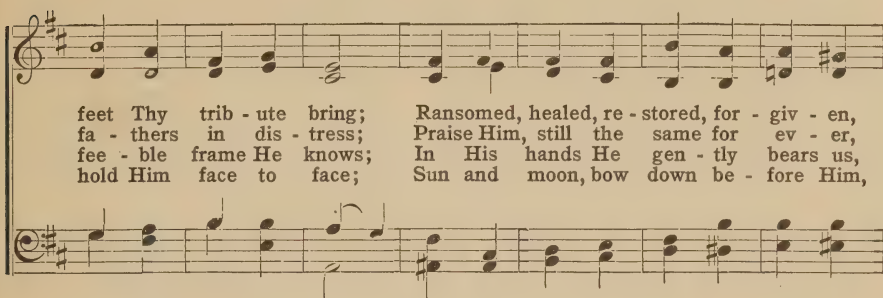
BENEDIC ANIMA 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

Henry F. Lyte

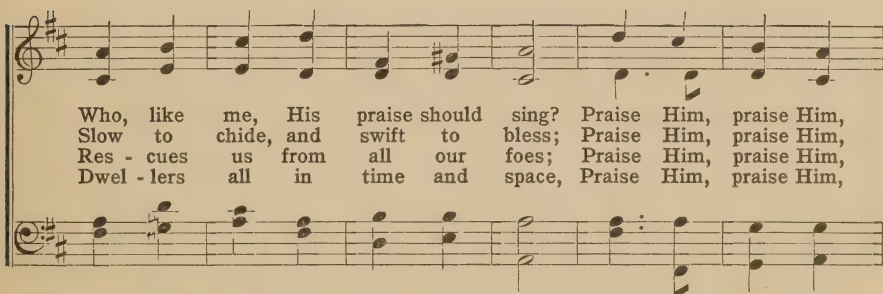
John Goss



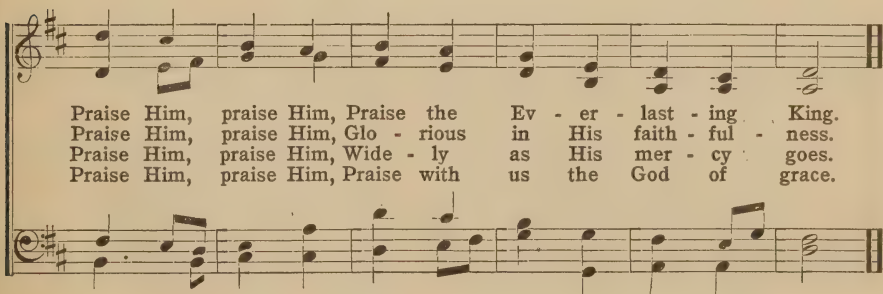
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our
 3. Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us; Well our
 4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be -



feet Thy trib - ute bring; Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
 fa - thers in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same for ev - er,
 fee - ble frame He knows; In His hands He gen - tly bears us,
 hold Him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him,



Who, like me, His praise should sing? Praise Him, praise Him,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless; Praise Him, praise Him,
 Res - cues us from all our foes; Praise Him, praise Him,
 Dwel - lers all in time and space, Praise Him, praise Him,



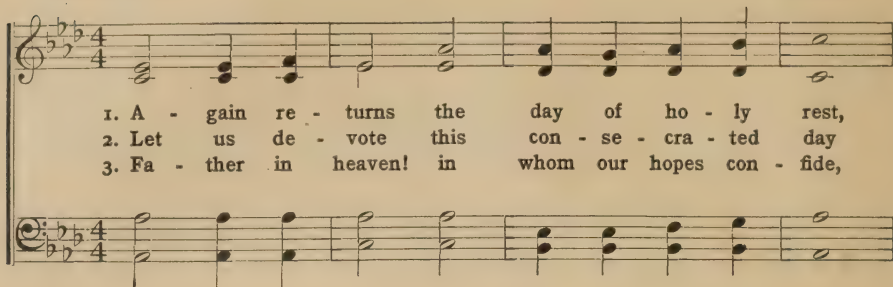
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King.
 Praise Him, praise Him, Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
 Praise Him, praise Him, Wide - ly as His mer - cy goes.
 Praise Him, praise Him, Praise with us the God of grace.

Again Returns the Day of Holy Rest

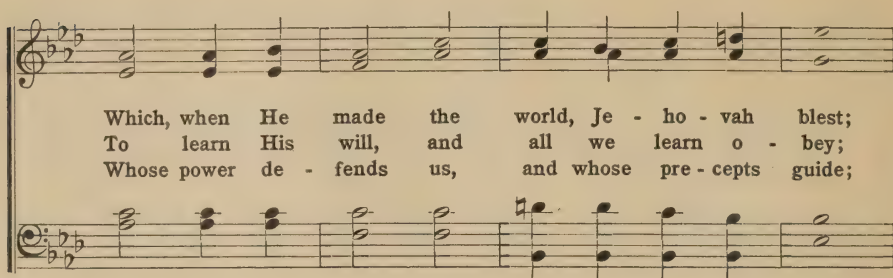
ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10.

William Mason

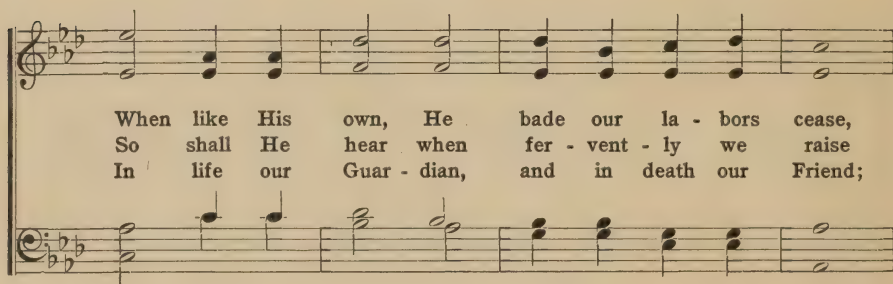
E. J. Hopkins



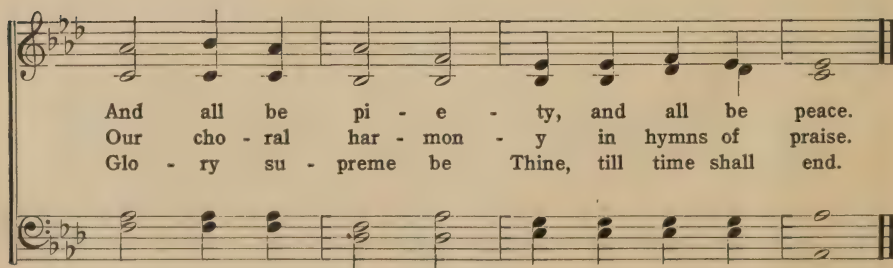
1. A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest,
 2. Let us de - vote this con - se - cra - ted day
 3. Fa - ther in heaven! in whom our hopes con - fide,



Which, when He made the world, Je - ho - vah blest;
 To learn His will, and all we learn o - bey;
 Whose power de - fends us, and whose pre - cepts guide;



When like His own, He bade our la - bors cease,
 So shall He hear when fer - vent - ly we raise
 In life our Guar - dian, and in death our Friend;



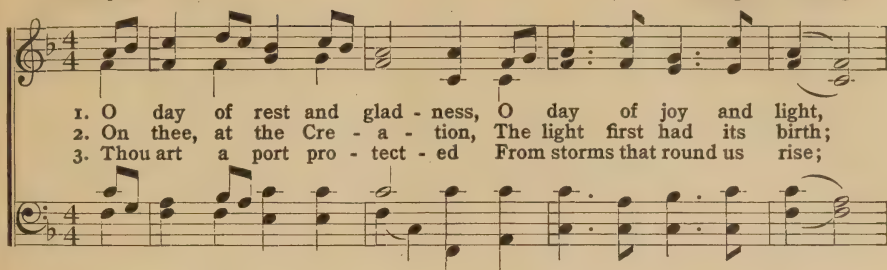
And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.
 Our cho - ral har - mon - y in hymns of praise.
 Glo - ry su - preme be Thine, till time shall end.

O Day of Rest and Gladness

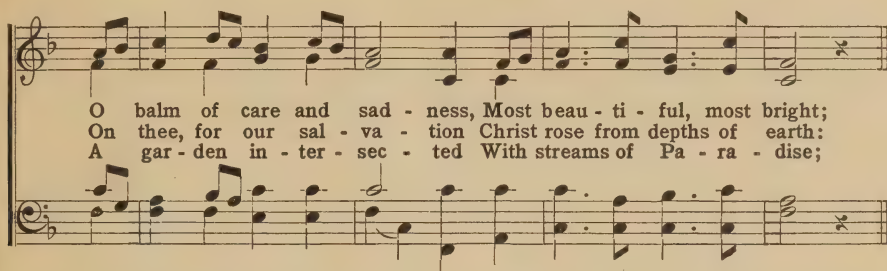
DOMAAS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Christopher Wordsworth

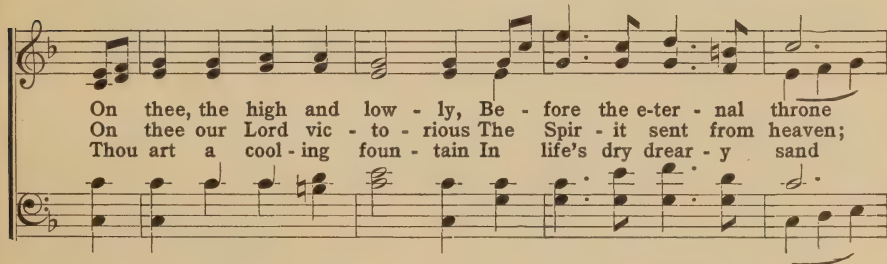
Norwegian Folk-song



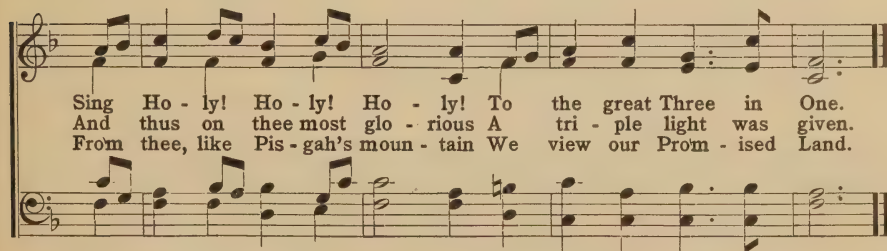
1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
 2. On thee, at the Cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
 3. Thou art a port pro - tect - ed From storms that round us rise;



O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
 On thee, for our sal - va - tion Christ rose from depths of earth:
 A gar - den in - ter - sec - ted With streams of Pa - ra - dise;



On thee, the high and low - ly, Be - fore the e - ter - nal throne
 On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from heaven;
 Thou art a cool - ing foun - tain In life's dry drear - y sand



Sing Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! To the great Three in One.
 And thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.
 From thee, like Pis - gah's moun - tain We view our Prom - ised Land.

4 Today on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where Gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

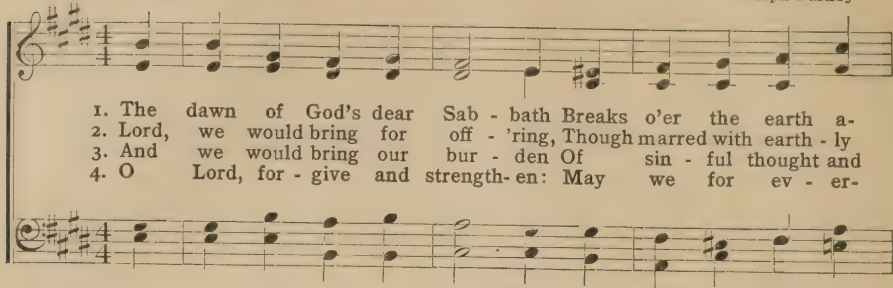
5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
 Thy church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

The Dawn of God's Dear Sabbath

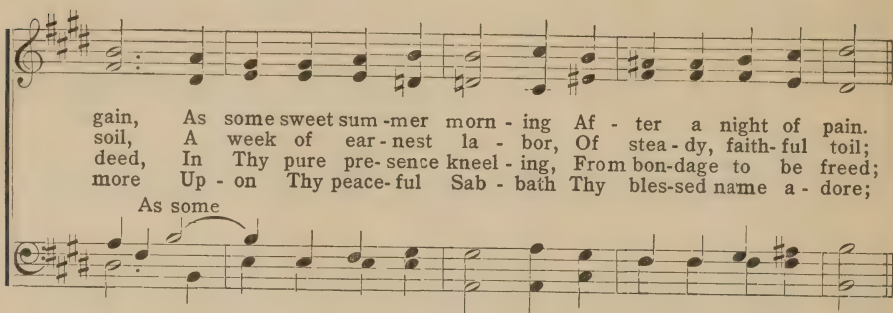
ST. ANSELM 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Ada Cambridge Cross and others

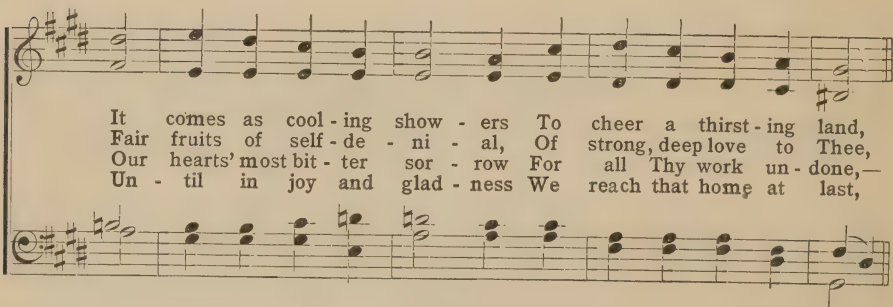
Joseph Barnby



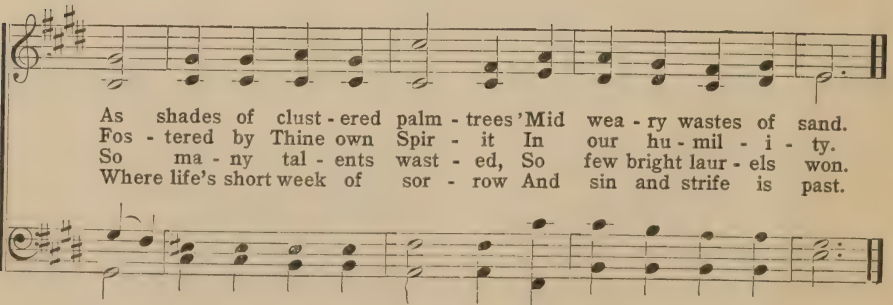
1. The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a -
 2. Lord, we would bring for off - 'ring, Though marred with earth - ly
 3. And we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful thought and
 4. O Lord, for - give and strength - en: May we for ev - er -



gain, As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain.
 soil, A week of ear - nest la - bor, Of stea - dy, faith - ful toil;
 deed, In Thy pure pre - sence kneel - ing, From bon - dage to be freed;
 more Up - on Thy peace - ful Sab - bath Thy bles - sed name a - dore;
 As some



It comes as cool - ing show - ers To cheer a thirst - ing land,
 Fair fruits of self - de - ni - al, Of strong, deep love to Thee,
 Our hearts' most bit - ter sor - row For all Thy work un - done, -
 Un - til in joy and glad - ness We reach that home at last,



As shades of clust - ered palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.
 Fos - tered by Thine own Spir - it In our hu - mil - i - ty.
 So ma - ny tal - ents wast - ed, So few bright laur - els won.
 Where life's short week of sor - row And sin and strife is past.

Lord, We Come Before Thee Now

William Hammond

NUREMBERG 7. 7. 7. 7.

J. R. Ahle

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion now de - scend;
 3. In Thine own ap - point - ed way Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
 4. Send some mes - sage from Thy word That may joy and peace af - ford;

Oh, do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 Lord, we know not how to go Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
 Let Thy Spir - it now im - part Full sal - va - tion to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
 Let the time of joy return;
 Those who are cast down, lift up,
 Strong in faith, in love and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind;
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in Thee.

37 How Calm and Beautiful the Morn

Thomas Hastings

EINAR C. M.

Norwegian Folk-song

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb;
 2. Ye mourn - ing saints, dry ev - ery tear For your de - part - ed Lord;
 3. Now cheer - ful to the house of prayer Your ear - ly foot - steps bend;

Where Christ the cru - ci - fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom!
 "Be - hold the place, He is not here," The tomb is all un - barred.
 The Sav - iour will Him - self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and Friend.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
 'Tis Jesus still appears,
 A risen Lord to chase away
 Your unbelieving fears.

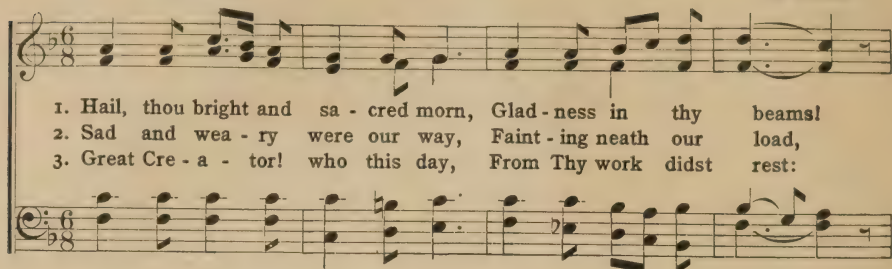
5 And when the shades of evening fall,
 When life's last hour draws nigh,
 If Jesus shine upon the soul,
 How blissful then to die!

Hail, Thou Bright and Sacred Morn

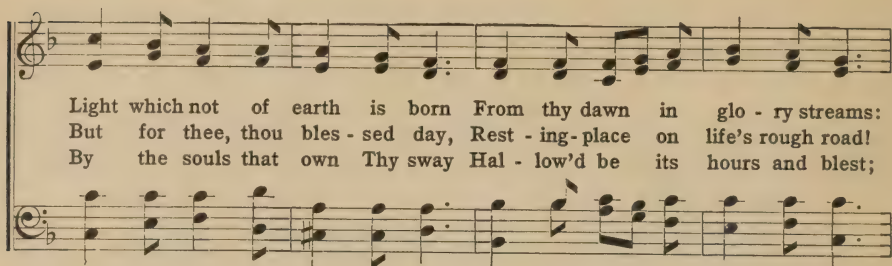
WERNER 7. 5. 7. 7. 5.

Julia A. Elliott, altered

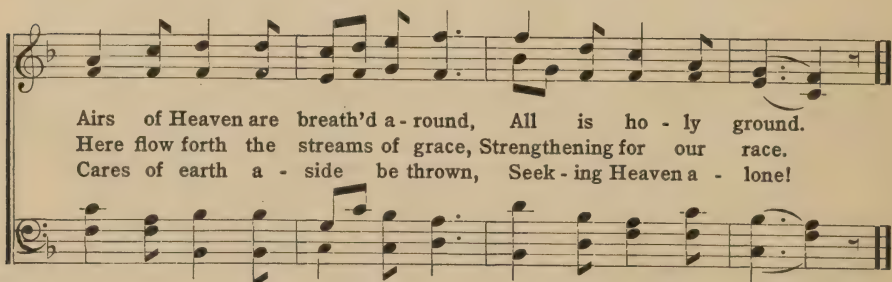
H. Werner



1. Hail, thou bright and sa - cred morn, Glad - ness in thy beams!
 2. Sad and wea - ry were our way, Faint - ing neath our load,
 3. Great Cre - a - tor! who this day, From Thy work didst rest:



Light which not of earth is born From thy dawn in glo - ry streams:
 But for thee, thou bles - sed day, Rest - ing - place on life's rough road!
 By the souls that own Thy sway Hal - low'd be its hours and blest;



Airs of Heaven are breath'd a - round, All is ho - ly ground.
 Here flow forth the streams of grace, Strengthening for our race.
 Cares of earth a - side be thrown, Seek - ing Heaven a - lone!

4 Saviour! who this day didst break
 Prison of the tomb;
 Bid my slumbering soul awake,
 Shine through all its sin and gloom;
 Let me, from my bonds set free,
 Rise and live to Thee!

6 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
 Of this day will cease;
 Soon this glimpse of Heaven will close,
 Vanish soon the hours of peace:
 Soon return the toil, the strife,
 All the cares of life.

5 Blessed Spirit, Comforter,
 Sent from Christ on high;
 Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
 Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
 All Thine influence shed abroad,
 Lead me unto God!

7 But the rest, which yet remains
 For us, Lord, above,
 Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
 Endless as the Saviour's love:
 O may every Sabbath here
 Bring that rest more near!

Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above

BLUMENTHAL 7. 7. 7. D.

Henry F. Lyte

J. Blumenthal

1. Plea - sant are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;
 2. Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round Thy al - tars, O Most High;
 3. Hap - py souls, their prai - ses flow, Ev - en in this vale of woe;
 4. Lord, be mine this prize to win, Guide me through a world of sin,

Plea - sant are Thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.
 Hap - pier souls that find a rest In a heaven - ly Fa - ther's breast;
 Wa - ters in the des - erts rise, Man - na feeds them from the skies;
 Keep me by Thy sav - ing grace, Give me at Thy side a place.

Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
 Like the wan - dering dove that found No re - pose on earth a - round,
 On they go from strength to strength, Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 Sun and shield a - like Thou art, Guide and guard my err - ing heart;

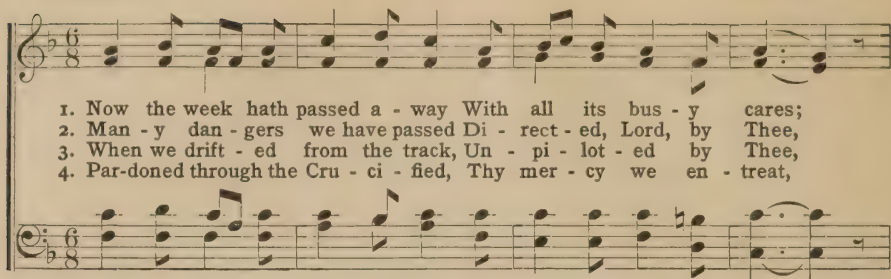
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace.
 They can to their ark re - pair, And en - joy it ev - er there.
 At Thy feet a - dor - ing fall, Who hast led them safe through all.
 Grace and glo - ry flow from Thee; Shower, Oh shower them, Lord on me.

Now the Week Hath Passed Away

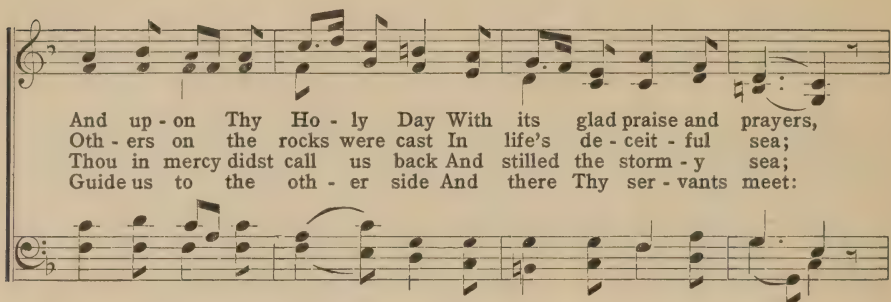
FYN 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 7.

Oswald Allen

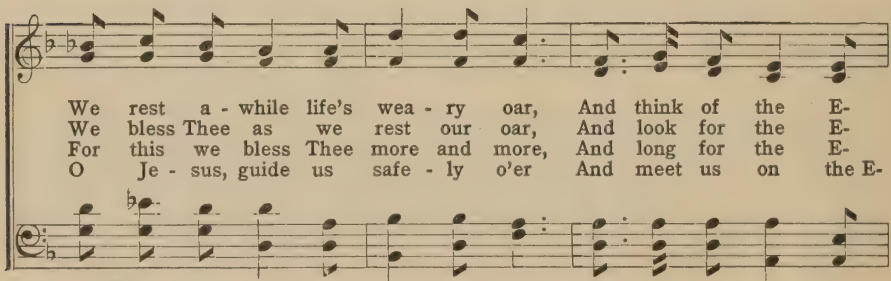
H. Rung



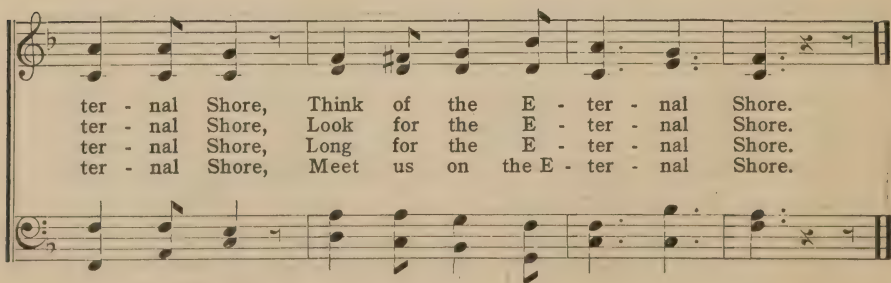
1. Now the week hath passed a - way With all its bus - y cares;
 2. Man - y dan - gers we have passed Di - rect - ed, Lord, by Thee,
 3. When we drift - ed from the track, Un - pi - lot - ed by Thee,
 4. Par-doned through the Cru - ci - fied, Thy mer - cy we en - treat,



And up - on Thy Ho - ly Day With its glad praise and prayers,
 Oth - ers on the rocks were cast In life's de - ceit - ful sea;
 Thou in mercy didst call us back And stilled the storm - y sea;
 Guide us to the oth - er side And there Thy ser - vants meet:



We rest a - while life's wea - ry oar, And think of the E -
 We bless Thee as we rest our oar, And look for the E -
 For this we bless Thee more and more, And long for the E -
 O Je - sus, guide us safe - ly o'er And meet us on the E -



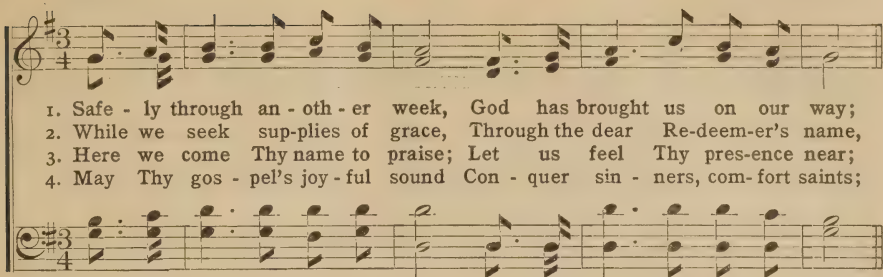
ter - nal Shore, Think of the E - ter - nal Shore.
 ter - nal Shore, Look for the E - ter - nal Shore.
 ter - nal Shore, Long for the E - ter - nal Shore.
 ter - nal Shore, Meet us on the E - ter - nal Shore.

Safely Through Another Week

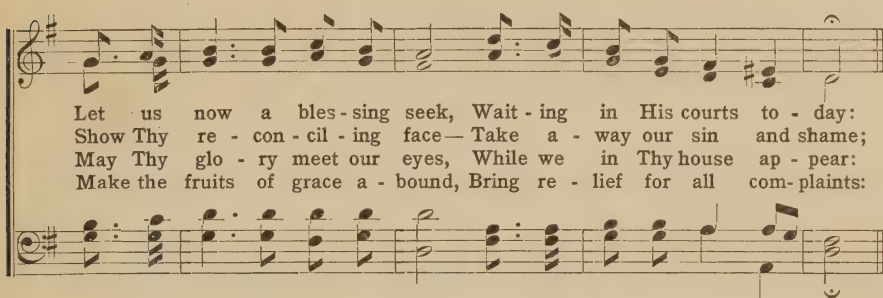
SABBATH 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

John Newton

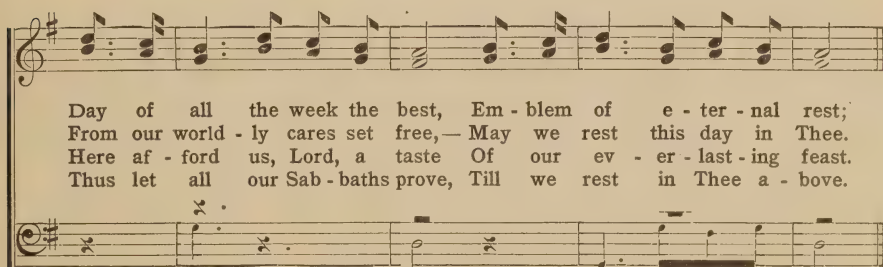
Lowell Mason



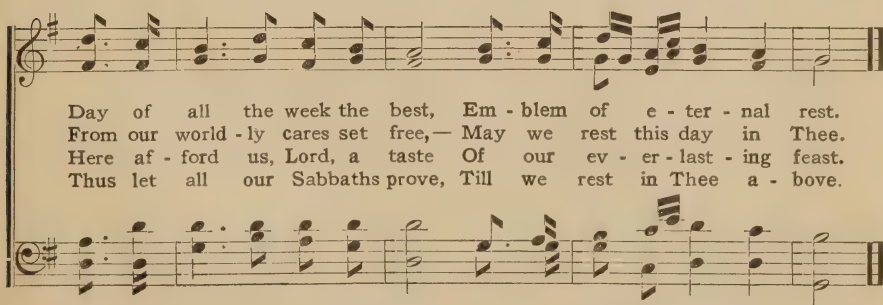
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Through the dear Re - deem - er's name,
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
 4. May Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



Let us now a bles - sing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
 Show Thy re - con - cil - ing face— Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



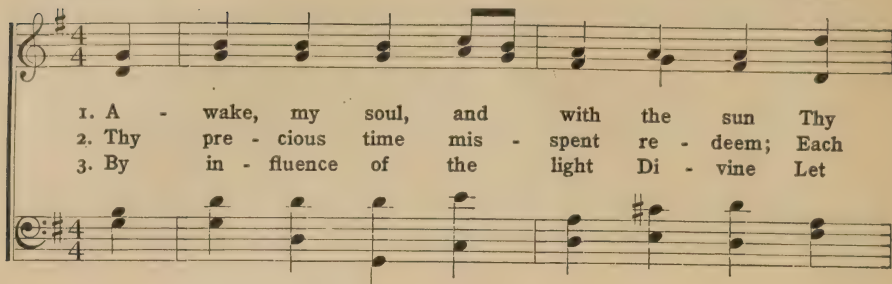
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world - ly cares set free,— May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove.



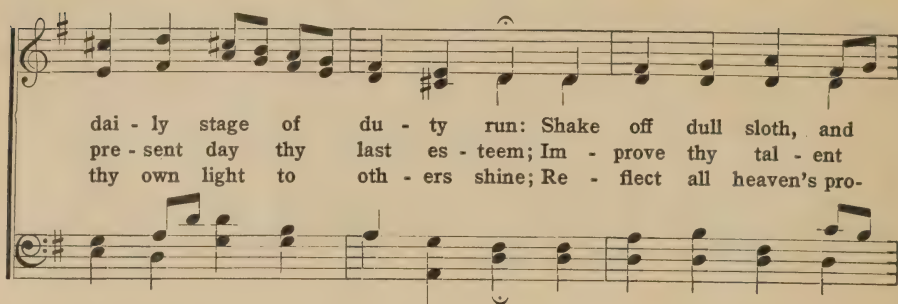
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free,— May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove.

Thomas Ken

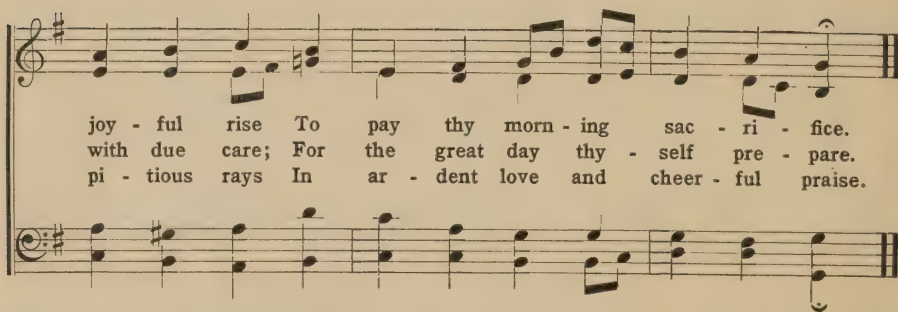
François H. Barthélemon



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy
 2. Thy pre - cious time mis - spent re - deem; Each
 3. By in - fluence of the light Di - vine Let



dai - ly stage of du - ty run: Shake off dull sloth, and
 pre - sent day thy last es - teem; Im - prove thy tal - ent
 thy own light to oth - ers shine; Re - flect all heaven's pro -



joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 with due care; For the great day thy - self pre - pare.
 pi - tious rays In ar - dent love and cheer - ful praise.

4 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long, unwearied, sing
 High praise to the Eternal King.

6 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless light partake.

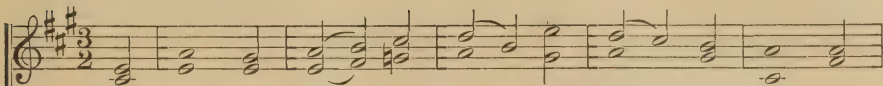
7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Now That the Daylight Fills the Sky

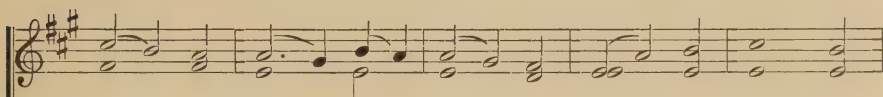
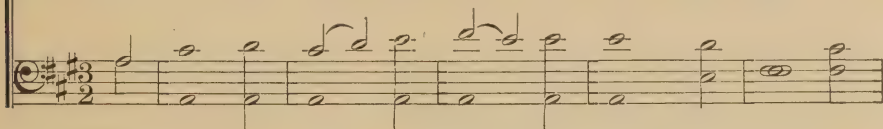
FELIX L. M.

Latin. Trans. by J. M. Neale

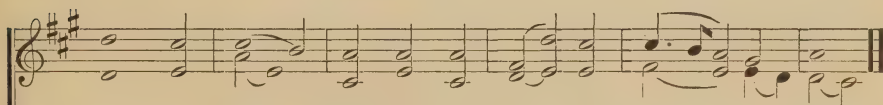
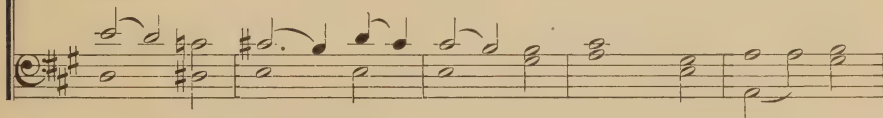
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy



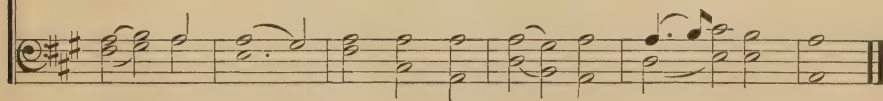
1. Now that the day - light fills the sky, We lift our
 2. O Lord, re - strain our tongues from strife, From wrath and
 3. Oh! may our in - most hearts be pure, From thoughts of
 4. So we, when this day's work is o'er, And shades of



hearts to God on high, That He, in all we
 an - ger shield our life; And guard with watch - ful
 fol - ly kept se - cure, And all our powers de -
 night re - turn once more, Our path of tri - al



do or say, Would keep us free from harm to - day.
 care our eyes From earth's ab - sor - bing van - i - ties.
 vot - ed be To deeds of love, for love of Thee.
 safe - ly trod, Shall give the glo - ry to our God.



Lord God of Morning and of Night

GILEAD L. M.

Francis Turner Palgrave

Etienne H. Mehul

1. Lord God of morn - ing and of night, We thank Thee for Thy gift of light:
 2. Fresh hopes have wakened in our hearts, Fresh force to do our dai - ly parts;
 3. Yet, whilst Thy will we would pur - sue, Oft what we would we can - not do;
 4. O Lord of lights, 't is Thou a - lone Canst make our darken'd hearts Thine own;

As in the dawn the shad - ows fly, We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
 Thy thousand sleeps our strength re - store A thousand-fold to serve Thee more.
 The sun may stand in ze - nith skies, But on the soul thick mid - night lies.
 Tho' this new day with joy we see, O Dawn of God, we cry for Thee!

45 O God, Thy World is Sweet With Prayer

MELCOMBE L. M.

Lucy Larcom

Samuel Webbe, Arranged by W. H. Monk

1. O God, Thy world is sweet with pray'r; The breath of Christ is in the air;
 2. Thou art our Morn-ing and our Sun, Our work is glad, in Thee be - gun,
 3. O God with - in us and a - bove, Close to us in the Christ we love,

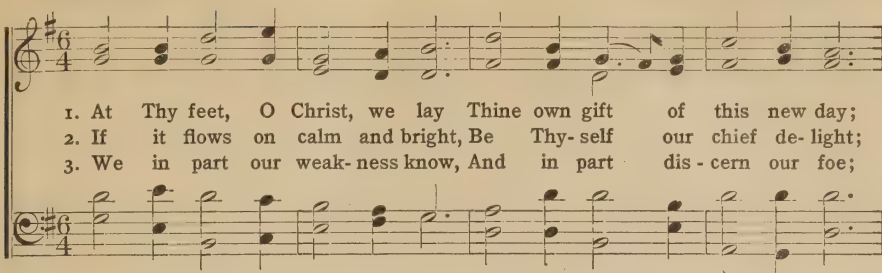
We rise on Thy free Spir-it's wings, And ev - ery tho't with - in us sings.
 Our foot-worn path is fresh with dew For Thou cre - a - test all things new.
 Through Him, our on - ly Guide and Way, May heavenly life be ours to - day!

At Thy Feet, O Christ, We Lay

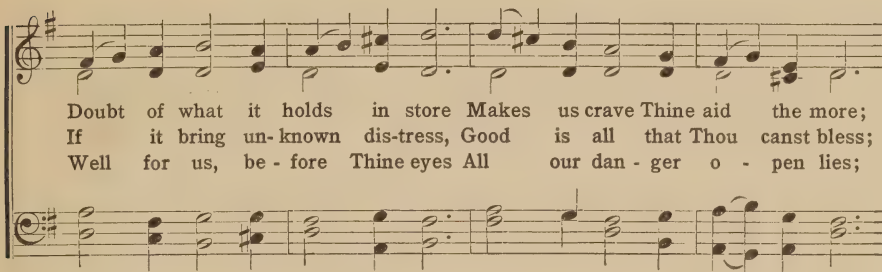
VOR FRUE KIRKE 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

William Bright

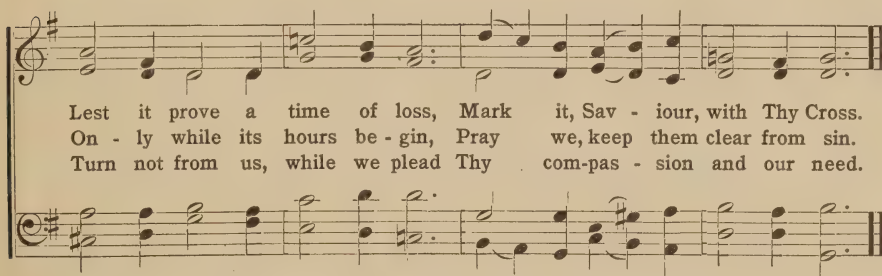
J. P. E. Hartmann



1. At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day;
 2. If it flows on calm and bright, Be Thy-self our chief de-light;
 3. We in part our weak-ness know, And in part dis-cern our foe;



Doubt of what it holds in store Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
 If it bring un-known dis-tress, Good is all that Thou canst bless;
 Well for us, be-fore Thine eyes All our dan-ger o-pen lies;



Lest it prove a time of loss, Mark it, Sav-iour, with Thy Cross.
 On-ly while its hours be-gin, Pray we, keep them clear from sin.
 Turn not from us, while we plead Thy com-pas-sion and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy Word embrace,
 Live each moment on Thy grace,
 All ourselves to Thee consign,
 Fold up all our wills in Thine,
 Think and speak and do and be
 Simply that which pleases Thee.

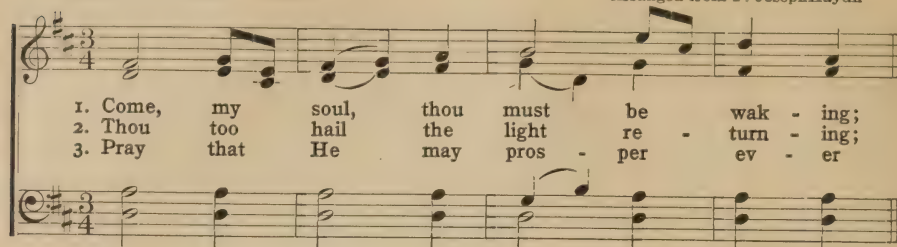
5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon,
 Hear and grant the choicest boon
 That Thy love can e'er impart,
 Loyal singleness of heart;
 So shall this and all our days,
 Christ our God, shew forth Thy praise.

47 Come, My Soul, Thou Must Be Waking

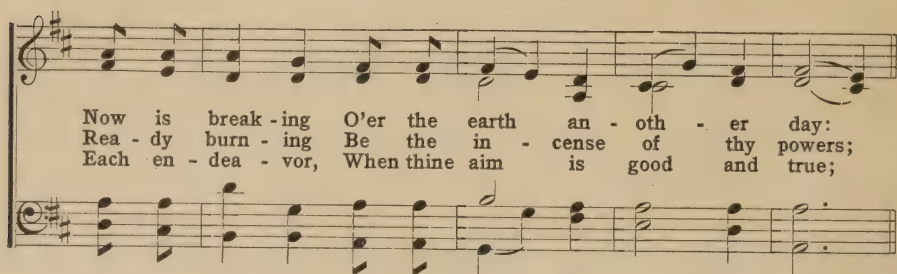
F. R. L. von Corietz
Trans. by Rev. Henry J. Buckoll

HAYDN 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7.

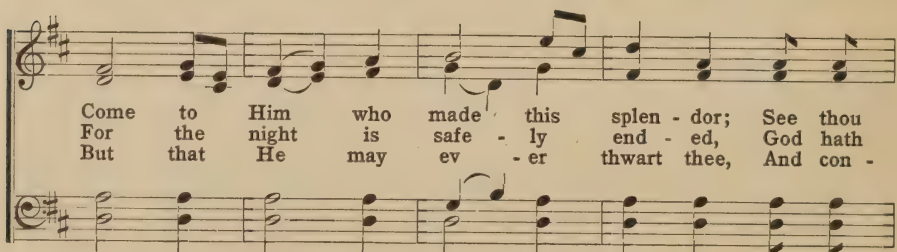
Arranged from F. Joseph Haydn



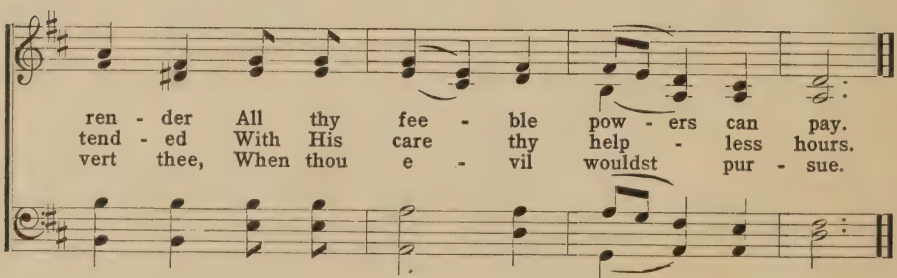
1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing;
2. Thou too hail the light re - turn - ing;
3. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er



Now is break - ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day:
Rea - dy burn - ing Be the in - cense of thy powers;
Each en - dea - vor, When thine aim is good and true;



Come to Him who made this splen - dor; See thou
For the night is safe - ly end - ed, God hath
But that He may ev - er thwart thee, And con -



ren - der All thy fee - ble pow - ers can pay.
tend - ed With His care thy help - less hours.
vert thee, When thou e - vil wouldst pur - sue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

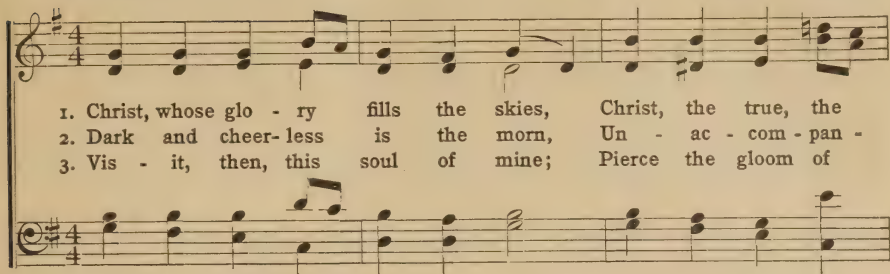
5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

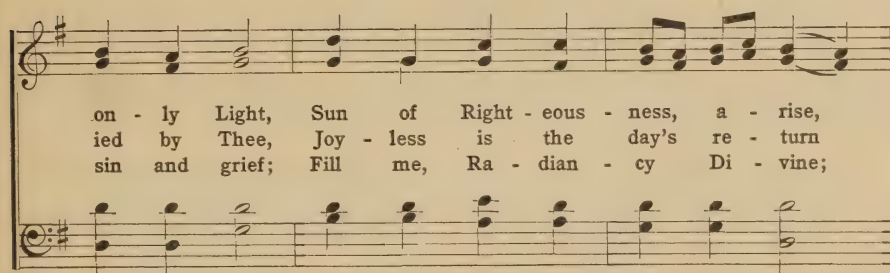
GOUNOD 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Charles Wesley

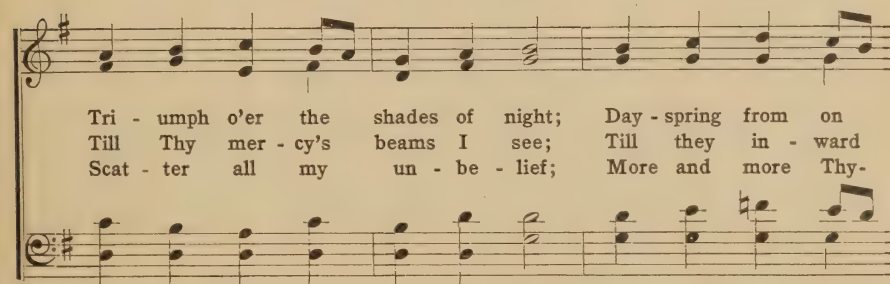
Charles F. Gounod



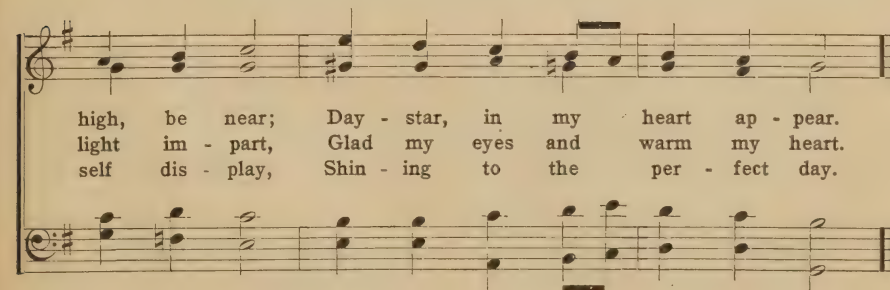
1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the
 2. Dark and cheer-less is the morn, Un - ac - com - pan -
 3. Vis - it, then, this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of



on - ly Light, Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise,
 ied by Thee, Joy - less is the day's re - turn
 sin and grief; Fill me, Ra - dian - cy Di - vine;



Tri - umph o'er the shades of night; Day - spring from on
 Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see; Till they in - ward
 Scat - ter all my un - be - lief; More and more Thy-



high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.
 light im - part, Glad my eyes and warm my heart.
 self dis - play, Shin - ing to the per - fect day.

In Sleep's Serene Oblivion Laid

John Hawkesworth, adapted

TRANQUEBAR 8. 6. 8. 8.

Anonymous

1. In sleep's ser - ene ob - liv - ion laid, I safe - ly passed the night;
 2. New-born, I bless the wak - ing hour, Once more re - joice to be;
 3. O guide me through the va - rious maze My doubtful feet must tread,

A - gain I see the break-ing shade, I drink a - gain the morn - ing light.
 My conscious soul re-sumes her power, And springs, my guardian God, to Thee.
 And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze, When dangers press a - round my head.

4 A deeper shade will soon impend,
 A deeper sleep oppress;
 Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That sleep shall leave mine eyes;
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

50

Now at the Night's Return We Raise

William Bright

DOXOLOGY L. M.

John H. Strong

1. Now at the night's re - turn we raise To Thee, our King, the voice of praise,
 2. Full well we know in Whom we trust, Whose hand ex -alts us from the dust,
 3. O'er all that stains our life - time past The veil of Thy for - give-ness cast;

And may our prayers, set forth a - right, As - cend like in - cense in Thy sight.
 Whose will as - signs each day and hour, Whose grace in weakness per - fects power.
 Yea, cleanse our spir - its through and through, And set us right, and keep us true.

4 Bless Thou the distant and the dear,
 Let each to each in Thee draw near,
 Still travelling towards one home above,
 And leaning still on one strong love.

5 To Thee, O Christ, we lift our eyes,
 On Thee alone our hope relies;
 Thou wilt not, canst not, bring to shame
 The hope that pleads Thy glorious Name.

51 The Day Thou Gavest, Lord, is Ended

John Ellerton

SACRAMENT 9. 8. 9. 8.

E. J. Hopkins

1. The day Thou gav-est, Lord, is end-ed, The darkness falls at Thy be-hest;
 2. We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping While earth rolls onward in - to light
 3. As o'er each con-tin-ent and is - land The dawn leads on an - oth-er day,

To thee our morning hymns as-cend-ed, Thy praise shall sancti - fy our rest.
 Thro' all the world her watch is keep-ing, And rests not now by day or night.
 The voice of prayer is nev - er si - lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a - way.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making
 Thy wondrous hours heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
 Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

52 O Light of Light, O Saviour Dear

F. T. Palgrave

BALLE L. M.

C. Balle

1. O Light of light, O Sav - iour dear, Be - fore we sleep bow down Thine ear;
 2. Oft from the roy - al road we part, Lost in the maz - es of the heart;
 3. What sud-den sunbeams cheer our sight; What dawning risen u - pon the night:

Thro' dark and day, o'er land and sea, We have no oth - er hope but Thee.
 Our lamps put out, our course for-got, We seek for God and find Him not.
 Thou giv'st Thy-self to us, and we Find Guide and Path and All in Thee.

4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
 Abide with us more nearly near;
 Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
 The Sun of God's own Paradise.

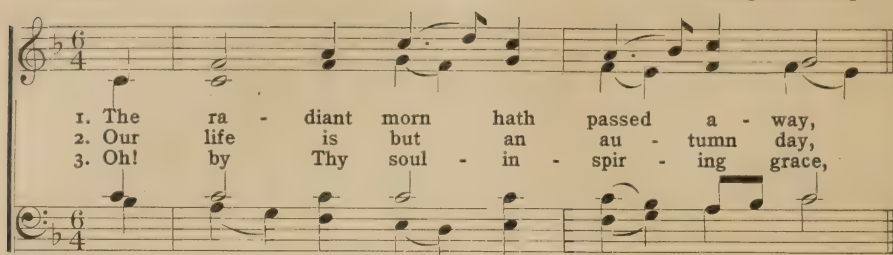
5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
 Praise Him through time tilltime shall end;
 Till psalm and song His name adore
 Through heaven's great day of Evermore.

The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away

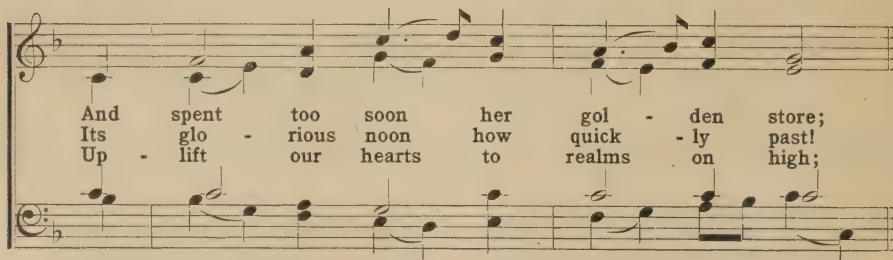
GUDBRANDSDAL 8. 8. 8. 4. 4.

Godfrey Thring

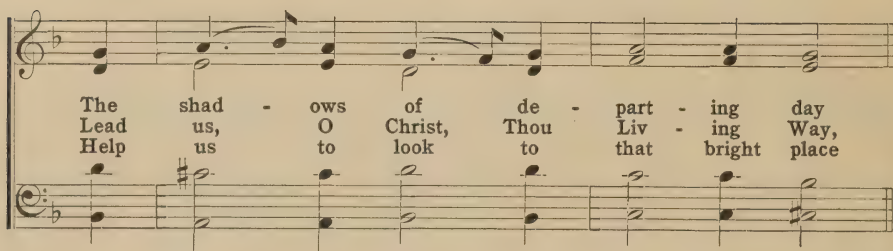
Norwegian Folk-song



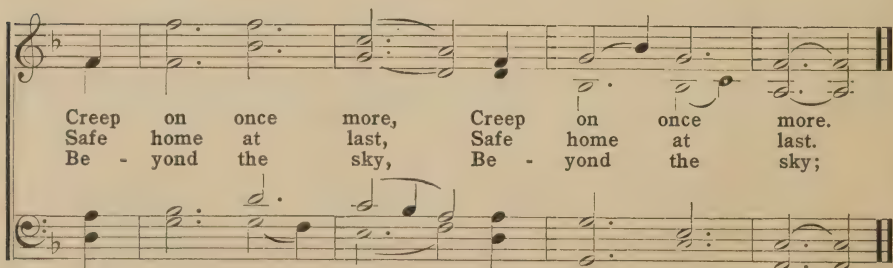
1. The ra - diant morn hath passed a - way,
 2. Our life is but an au - tumn day,
 3. Oh! by Thy soul in - spir - ing grace,



And spent too soon her gol - den store;
 Its glo - rious noon how quick - ly past!
 Up - lift our hearts to realms on high;



The shad - ows of de - part - ing day
 Lead us, O Christ, Thou Liv - ing Way,
 Help us to look to that bright place



Creep on once more, Creep on once more.
 Safe home at last, Safe home at last.
 Be - yond the sky, Be - yond the sky;

4 Where light and life and joy and peace
 In undivided empire reign,
 And thronging angels never cease
 Their deathless strain.

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
 And evening shadows never fall,
 Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
 Art Lord of all.

O Christ, Who Art the Light and Day

SCHULZ L. M.

Latin: Trans. by W. J. Copeland

J. A. P. Schulz

1. O Christ, Who art the Light and Day, Thy beams chase night's dark shades away;
 2. All - ho - ly Lord, to Thee we bend, Thy servants through this night de - fend,
 3. O Lord, our strong De - fence, be nigh, Bid all the powers of dark-ness fly;
 4. Re - mem - ber us, dear Lord, we pray, While burdened in the flesh we stay;

The ver - y Light of Light Thou art, Who dost Thy blessed light im - part.
 And grant us calm re - pose in Thee, A qui - et night from per - ils free.
 Pre - serve and watch o'er us for good, Whom Thou hast purchased with Thy blood.
 'Tis Thou a - lone our souls canst keep; A - bide with us this night of sleep.

As Now the Sun's Declining Rays

ELLING 8. 6. 8. 6.

Charles Coffin

Catherinus Elling

1. As now the sun's de - clin - ing rays At ev - en - tide de - scend,
 2. Lord on the Cross, Thine arms were stretched To draw the na - tions nigh;
 3. To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the Ho - ly Ghost,

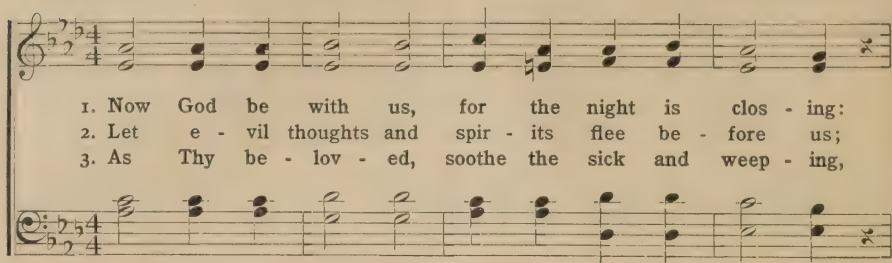
E'en so our years are sink - ing down To their ap - point - ed end.
 O grant us then that cross to love, And in those arms to die.
 All glo - ry be from saints on earth, And from the an - gel host.

56 Now God be With Us, For the Night is Closing

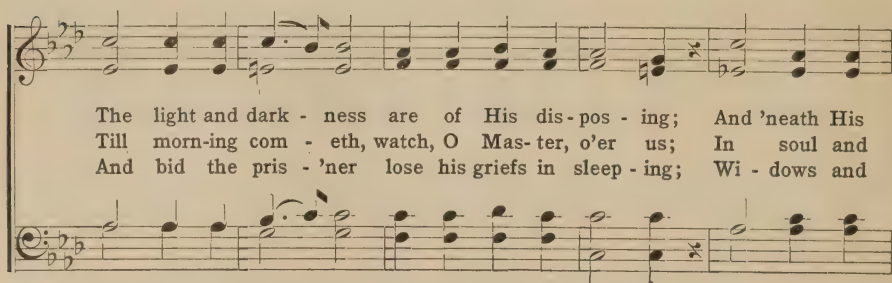
FLEMMING 11. 11. 11. 5.

. Petrus Herbert. Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

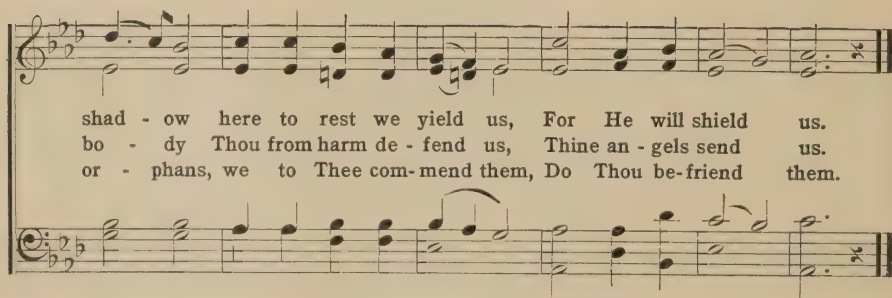
Friedrich F. Flemming



1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing;
 2. Let e - vil thoughts and spir - its flee be - fore us;
 3. As Thy be - lov - ed, soothe the sick and weep - ing,



The light and dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing; And 'neath His
 Till morn - ing com - eth, watch, O Mas - ter, o'er us; In soul and
 And bid the pris - 'ner lose his griefs in sleep - ing; Wi - dows and



shad - ow here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us.
 bo - dy Thou from harm de - fend us, Thine an - gels send us.
 or - phans, we to Thee com - mend them, Do Thou be - friend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
 Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
 But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
 Who seek Thee only.

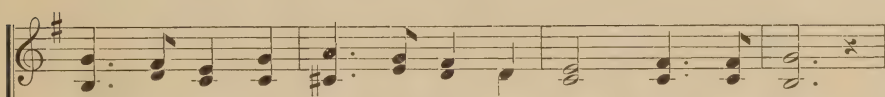
5 Father, Thy name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
 Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us now and ever.

God That Madest Earth and Heaven

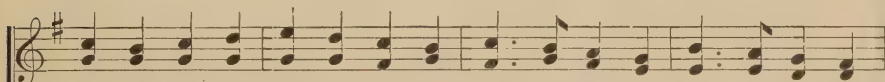
AR HYD Y NOS 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 4.

Reginald Heber; William Mercer;
Richard WhatelyWelsh Folk-song
Harmonized by L. O. Emerson

1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
 2. And when morn a - gain shall call us To run life's way,
 3. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing; And, when we die,



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;
 May we still, what - e'er be - fall us, Thy will o - bey.
 May we in Thy might - y keep - ing All peace - ful lie.



May Thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slum - bersweet Thy mer - cy send us;
 From the power of e - vil hide us, In the nar - row path - way guide us,
 When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, our Lord, for - sake us,



Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
 Nor Thy smile be e'er de - nied us The live - long day.
 But to reign in glo - ry take us, With Thee on high.

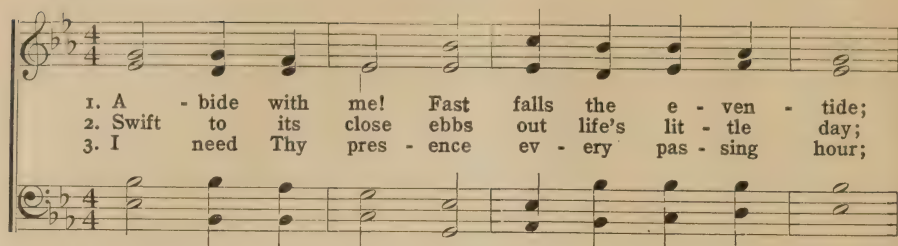


EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

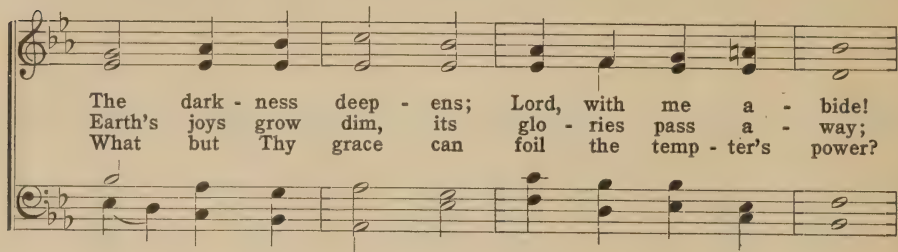
Henry F. Lyte

First Tune

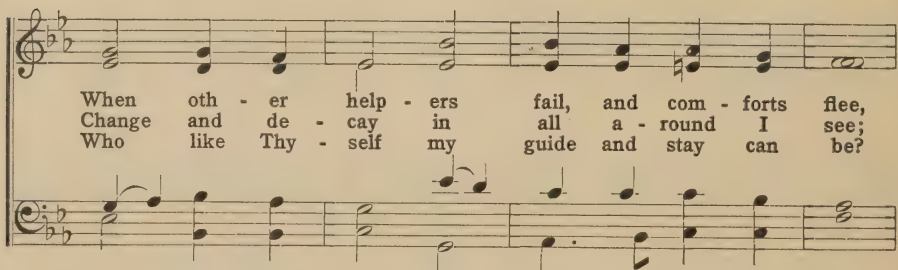
W. H. Monk



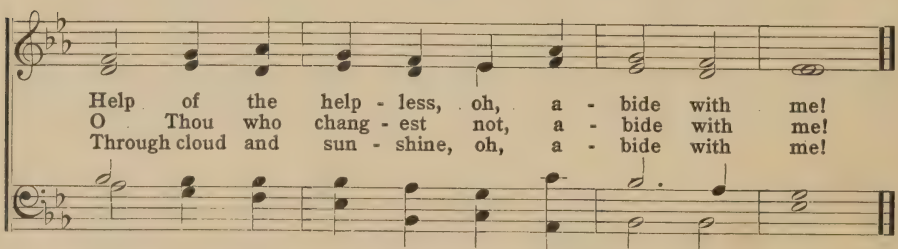
1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pas - sing hour;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!

- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

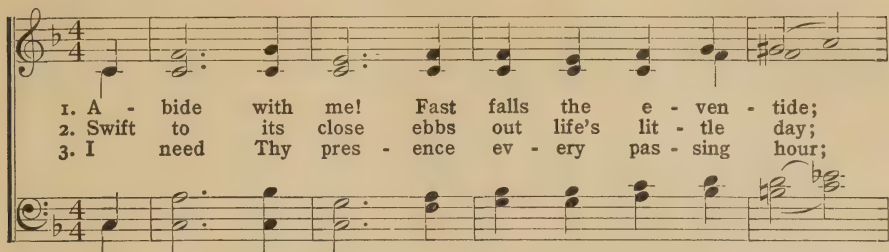
Abide With Me! Fast Falls the Eventide

ROCHESTER 10. 10. 10. 10.

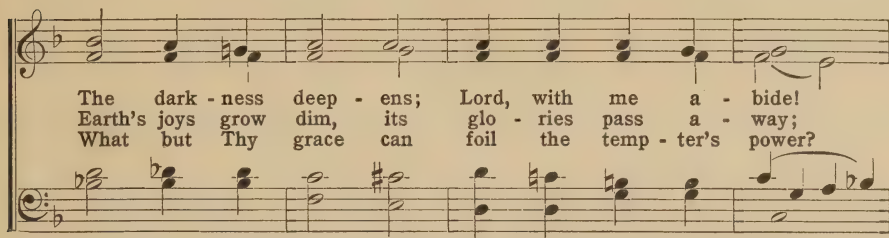
Henry F. Lyte

Second Tune

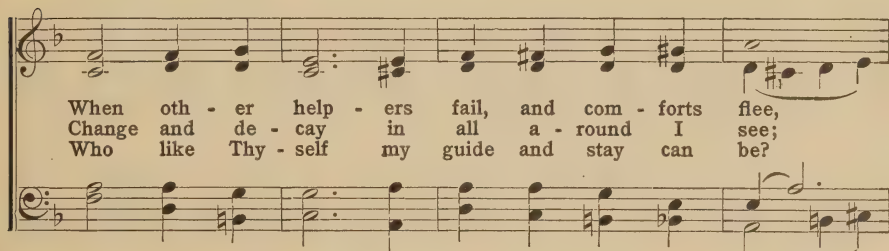
John H. Strong



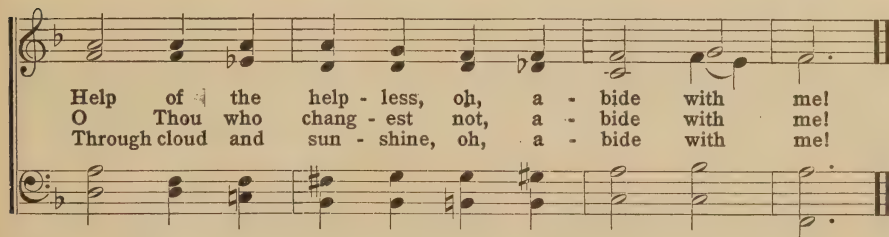
1. A - bidde with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - every pas - sing hour;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bidde!
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's power?



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in a - round I see;
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bidde with me!
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bidde with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bidde with me!

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
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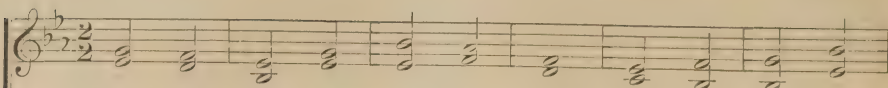
5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Softly Now the Light of Day


RUNG 7. 7. 7. 7.

George W. Doane


H. Rung



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my
 2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes with-
 3. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ev - er
 4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in-



sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I
 out, with - in, Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen
 pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me,
 firm - i - ty; Then from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus,



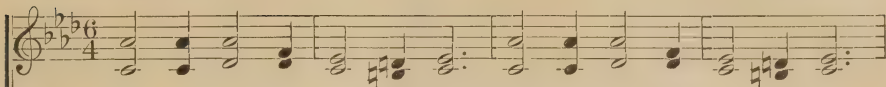
would com-mune with Thee. Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
 fault, and se - cret sin, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
 Lord, to dwell with Thee. Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 look with pi - tying eye. Je - sus, look with pi - tying eye.

Day is Dying in the West

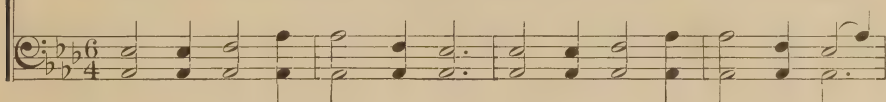
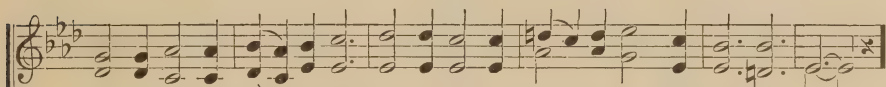
EVENING PRAISE 7. 7. 7. 7. 4. with Refrain

Mary Ann Lathbury

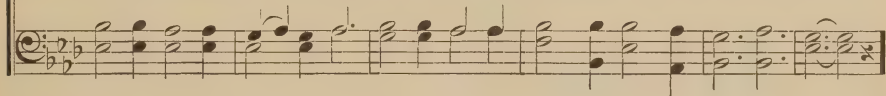
W. F. Sherwin



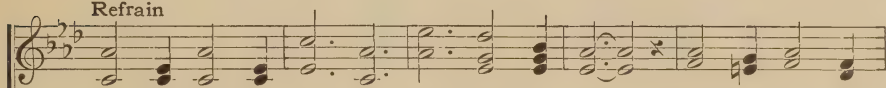
1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest;
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the un - i - verse, Thy home,
 3. While the deepening shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
 4. When, for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars, the day, the night

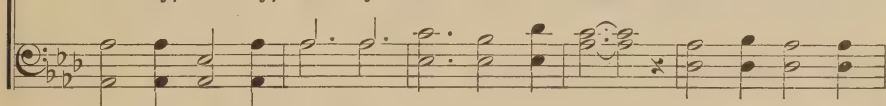
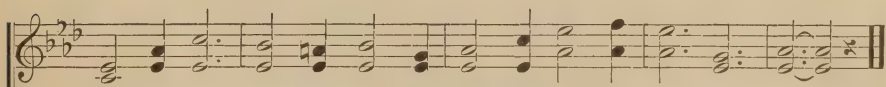
Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
 Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
 Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face Our hearts as - cend.
 Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shadows end.



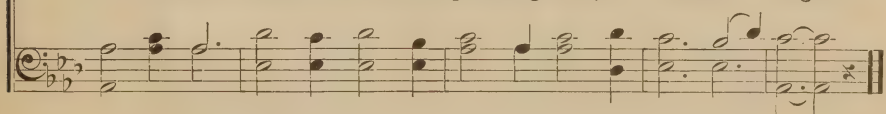
Refrain



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!



The Sun is Sinking Fast

Latin, Trans. by E. Caswall

NIGHTFALL 6. 4. 6. 6.

George Hews

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;
 2. As Christ up - on the cross His head in - clined,
 3. So now her - self my soul Would whol - ly give
 4. So now, be - neath His eye, Would calm - ly rest,

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve-ning sac - ri - fice.
 And to His Fa - ther's hands His part-ing soul re - signed;
 In - to His sa - cred charge, In whom all spir - its live;
 With - out a wish or thought A - bid - ing in the breast;

5 Save that His will be done,
 Whate'er betide;
 Dead to herself, and dead
 In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
 Not I, but He,
 In all His power and love,
 Henceforth alive in me.

Now the Day is Over

Sabine Baring-Gould

MERRIAL 6. 5. 6. 5.

Joseph Barnby

1. Now the day is ov - er, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - or, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.

Shad - ows of the eve-ning Steal a - cross the sky.

4 Through the long night-watches,
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

At Even, When the Sun Was Set

ANGELUS L. M.

Henry Twells

George Josephi

1. At e - ven, when the sun was set, The sick, O
 2. Once more, 'tis e - ven - tide, and we Op - pressed with
 3. O Sav - iour Christ, our woes dis - pel; For some are
 4. And some have found the world is vain, Yet from the

Lord, a - round Thee lay; Oh, in what di - vers
 var - ious ills draw near: What if Thy form we
 'sick, and some are sad, And some have nev - er
 world they break not free, And some have friends who

pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a - way!
 can - not see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
 loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
 give them pain, Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin;
 And they who fain would serve Thee best
 Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan
 The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.

The Night is Closing O'er Us

W. J. Blew

TWILIGHT 7. 6. 7. 6.

Charles F. Gounod

1. The night is clos - ing o'er us, And shad - ows stalk a - broad; With
 2. And Thou, O sun of an - gels, Watch o'er us from a - bove; We
 3. True Light, shine forth, let dark - ness Far from our souls be thrust; That

hymn then, and with an - them, Give we ourselves to God, Give we ourselves to God.
 fear no midnight ter - rors, Pro - tect - ed by Thy love, Pro - tect - ed by Thy love.
 peace to all flow rich - ly, Who Thee, the Saviour, trust, Who Thee, the Saviour, trust.

4 So when as Judge Thou sittest
 In robes of light arrayed,
 We all may joy before Thee,
 Untroubled, undismayed.

5 To Thee be praise, Lord Jesu's,
 Sun of the angel - host,
 With God, the eternal Father,
 And God the Holy Ghost.

Ere I Sleep for Every Favor

John Cennick

NIGHTWATCH 8. 6. 6.

A. J. Gordon

1. Ere I sleep for ev - ery fa - vor This day showed
 2. O my God, what shall I ren - der To Thy name,
 3. Thou hast or - dered all my go - ings In Thy way,
 4. Leave me not, but ev - er love me; Let Thy peace,

by my God I will bless my Sav - iour.
 still the same Gra - cious good and ten - der!
 heard me pray Sanc - ti - fied my do - ings.
 be my bliss, Till Thou hence re - move me.

5 Visit me with Thy salvation:
 Let Thy care now be near,
 Round my habitation.

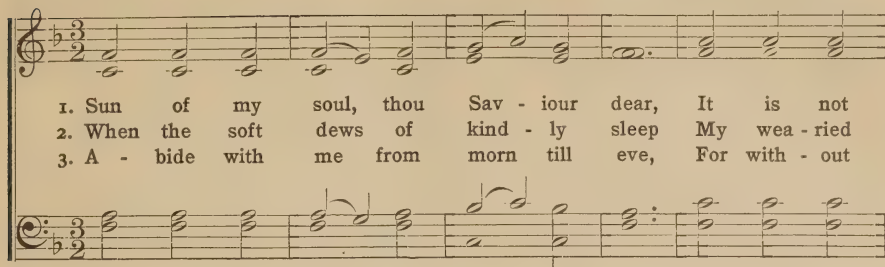
6 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
 Safely keep, while I sleep,
 Me with all Thy power.

67 Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

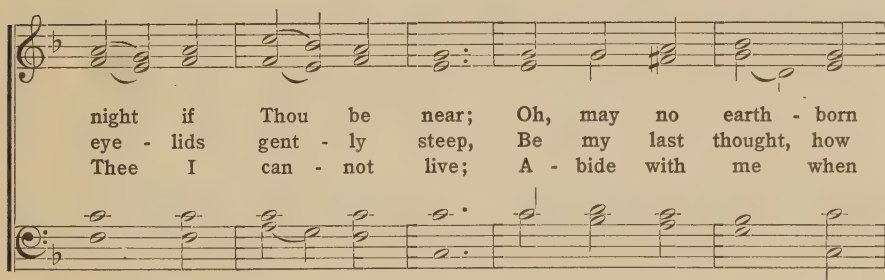
HURSLEY L. M.

John Keble

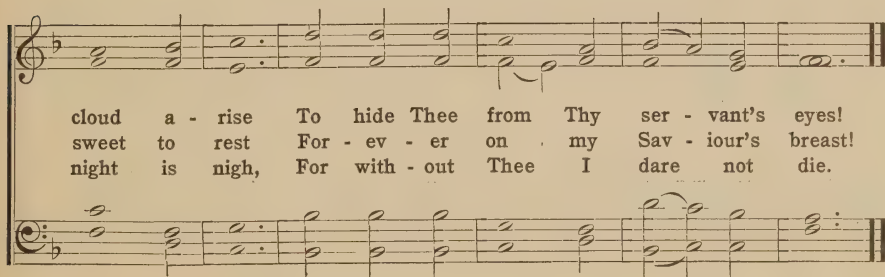
Arranged by W. H. Monk



1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried
 3. A - bid with me from morn till eve, For with - out



night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born
 eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought, how
 Thee I can - not live; A - bid with me when



cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!
 sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!
 night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

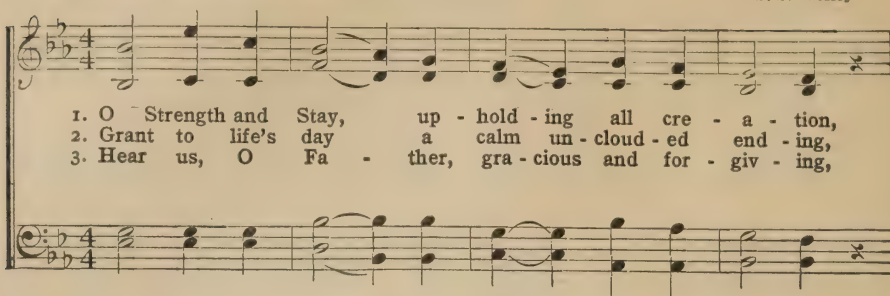
5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take:
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

O Strength and Stay

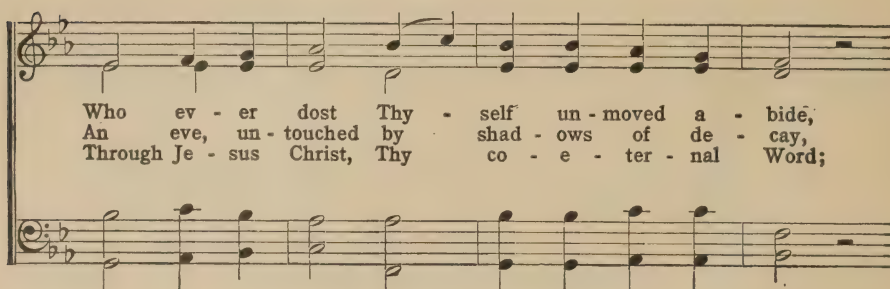
EPIPHANY II. IO. II. IO.

St. Ambrose. Trans. by John Ellerton and F. J. A. Hort

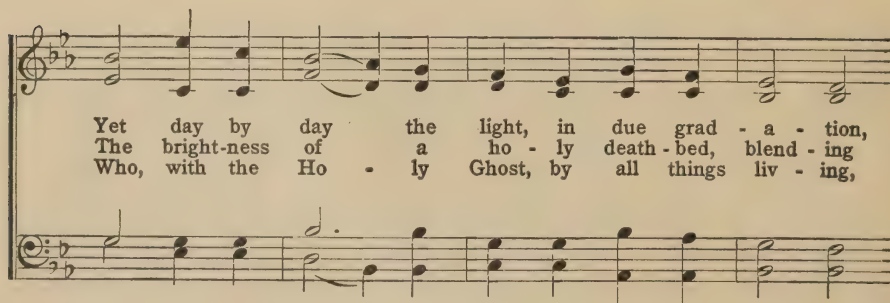
S. S. Wesley



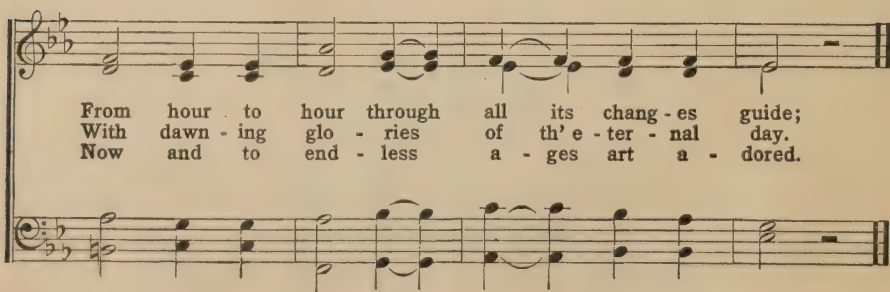
1. O Strength and Stay, up - hold - ing all cre - a - tion,
 2. Grant to life's day, a calm un - cloud - ed end - ing,
 3. Hear us, O Fa - ther, gra - cious and for - giv - ing,



Who ev - er dost Thy - self un - moved a - bidé,
 An eve, un - touched by shad - ows of de - cay,
 Through Je - sus Christ, Thy co - e - ter - nal Word;



Yet day by day the light, in due grad - a - tion,
 The bright-ness of a ho - ly death - bed, blend - ing
 Who, with the Ho - ly Ghost, by all things liv - ing,



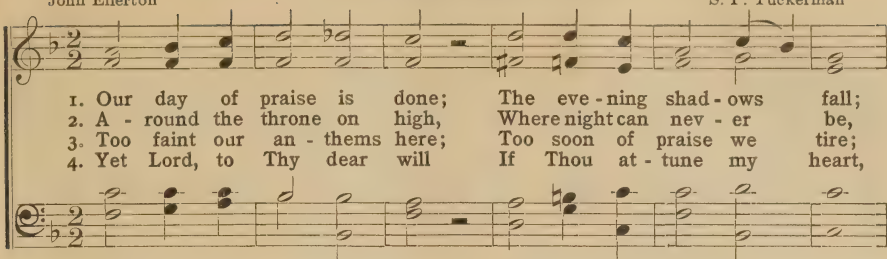
From hour to hour through all its chang - es guide;
 With dawn - ing glo - ries of th' e - ter - nal day.
 Now and to end - less a - ges art a - dored.

69 Our Day of Praise is Done

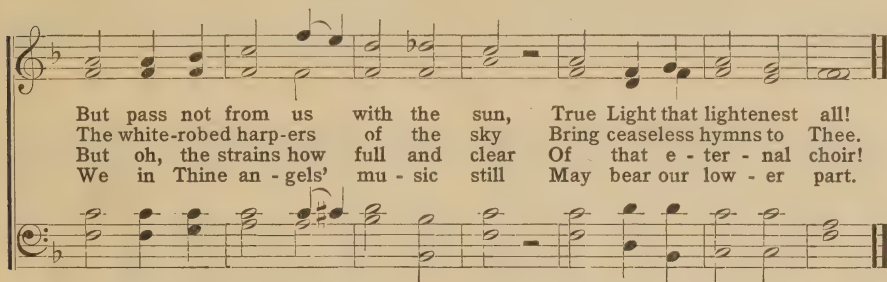
DUTY S. M.

John Ellerton

S. P. Tuckerman



1. Our day of praise is done; The eve-ning shad-ows fall;
 2. A-round the throne on high, Where night can nev-er be,
 3. Too faint our an-thems here; Too soon of praise we tire;
 4. Yet Lord, to Thy dear will If Thou at-tune my heart,



But pass not from us with the sun, True Light that lightenest all!
 The white-robed harp-ers of the sky Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
 But oh, the strains how full and clear Of that e-ter-nal choir!
 We in Thine an-gels' mu-sic still May bear our low-er part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim,
 And make our life a daily psalm
 Of glory to Thy name.

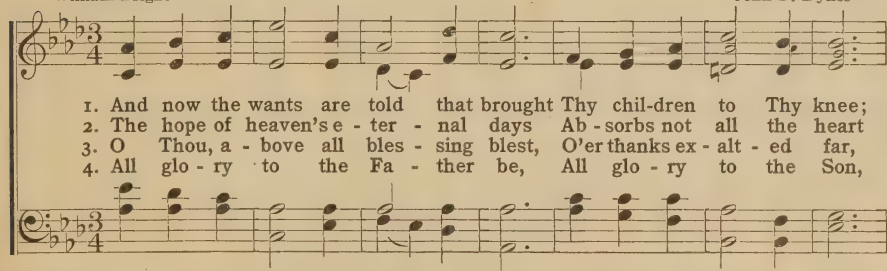
6 A little while, and then
 Shall come the glorious end;
 And songs of angels and of men
 In perfect praise shall blend.

70 And Now the Wants are Told That Brought

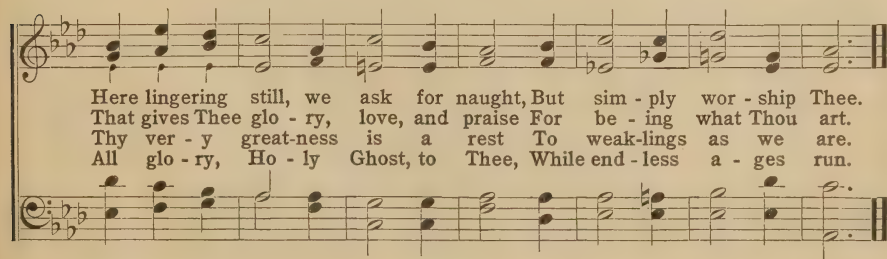
BEATITUDO C. M.

William Bright

John B. Dykes



1. And now the wants are told that brought Thy chil-dren to Thy knee;
 2. The hope of heaven's e-ter-nal days Ab-sorbs not all the heart
 3. O Thou, a-bove all bles-sing blest, O'er thanks ex-alt-ed far,
 4. All glo-ry to the Fa-ther be, All glo-ry to the Son,



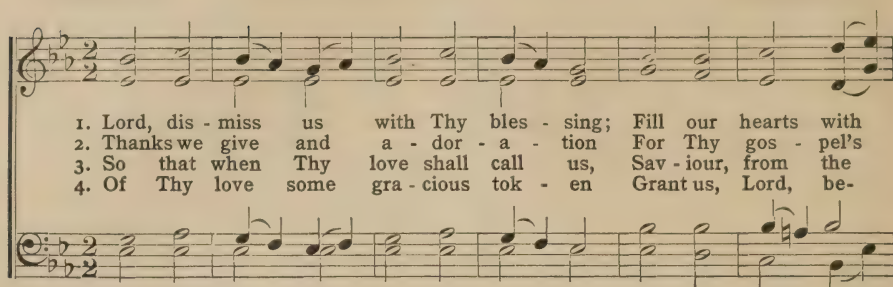
Here lingering still, we ask for naught, But sim-ply wor-ship Thee.
 That gives Thee glo-ry, love, and praise For be-ing what Thou art.
 Thy ver-y great-ness is a rest To weak-lings as we are.
 All glo-ry, Ho-ly Ghost, to Thee, While end-less a-ges run.

Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing

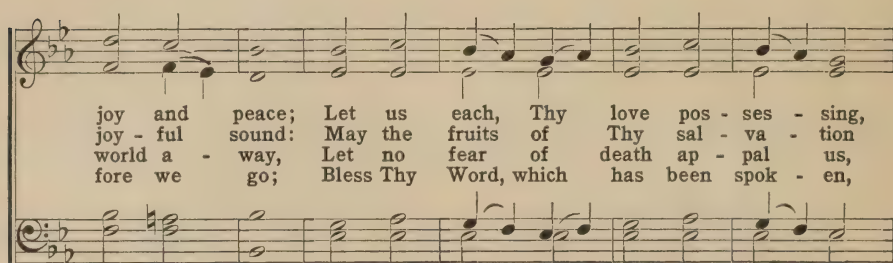
SICILIAN MARINERS 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

John Fawcett

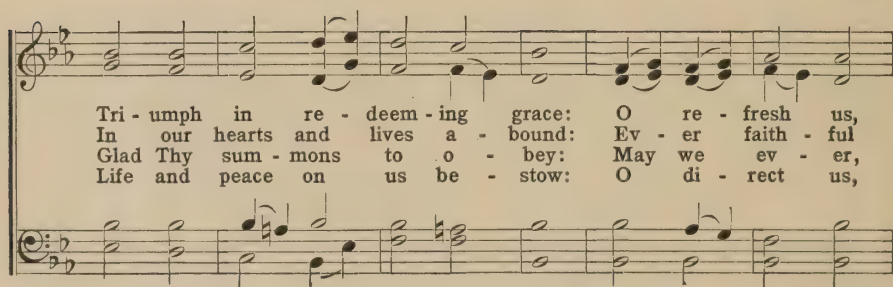
Sicilian Melody



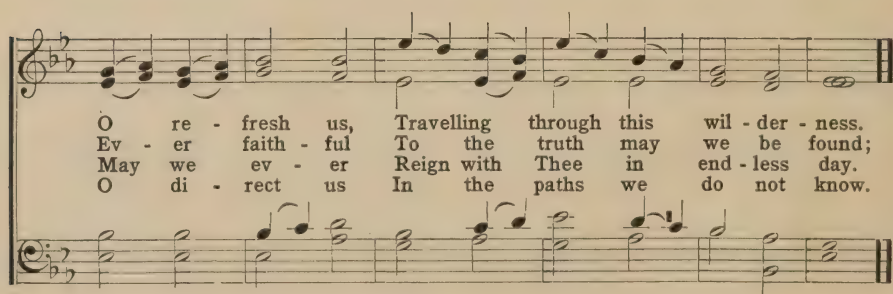
1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bles - sing; Fill our hearts with
 2. Thanks we give and a - dor - a - tion For Thy gos - pel's
 3. So that when Thy love shall call us, Sav - iour, from the
 4. Of Thy love some gra - cious tok - en Grant us, Lord, be -



joy and peace; Let us each, Thy love pos - ses - sing,
 joy - ful sound: May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion
 world a - way, Let no fear of death ap - pal us,
 fore we go; Bless Thy Word, which has been spok - en,



Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: O re - fresh us,
 In our hearts and lives a - bound: Ev - er faith - ful
 Glad Thy sum - mons to o - bey: May we ev - er,
 Life and peace on us be - stow: O di - rect us,



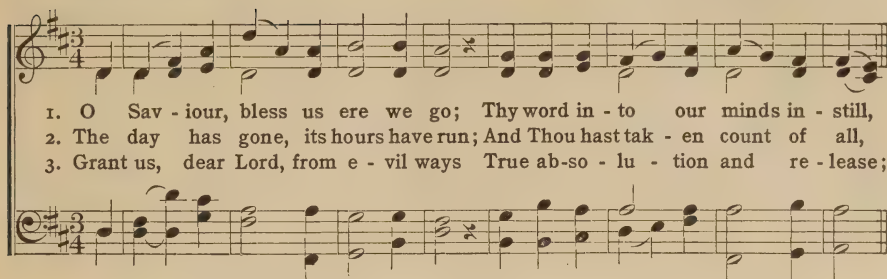
O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness.
 Ev - er faith - ful To the truth may we be found;
 May we ev - er Reign with Thee in end - less day.
 O di - rect us In the paths we do not know.

O Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Go

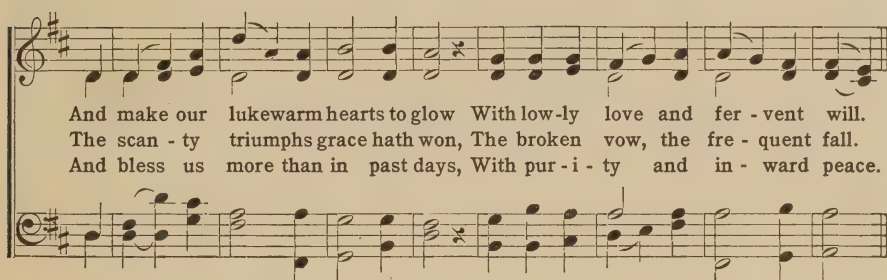
HARDANGER 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Frederick W. Faber

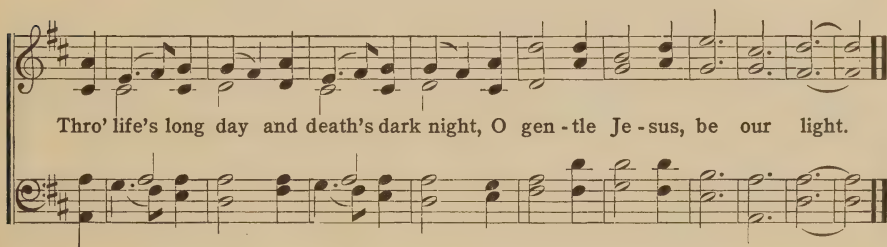
Norwegian Folk-song



1. O Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - still,
 2. The day has gone, its hours have run; And Thou hast tak - en count of all,
 3. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab-so - lu - tion and re - lease;



And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer - vent will.
 The scan - ty triumphs grace hath won, The broken vow, the fre - quent fall.
 And bless us more than in past days, With pur - i - ty and in - ward peace.



Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful unto Thee we call;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad.
 Thou art our Saviour and our all.
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 O Saviour, bless us; night is come,
 Through night and darkness near us be.
 Good angels watch about our home,
 And we are one day nearer Thee.
 Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The Lord be With Us as We Bend

REIMANN 8. 6. 8. 8.

John Ellerton

A. P. Berggreen

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive,
 2. The Lord be with us as we walk A - long our home - ward road,
 3. The Lord be with us till the night Shall close the day of rest;
 4. The Lord be with us, still, we pray, His night - ly watch to keep;

His gift of peace up - on us send Be - fore His house of prayer we leave.
 In si - lent thought or friend - ly talk, Our hearts be still with Thee, O God.
 Be He of ev - ery heart the Light, Of ev - ery home the si - lent guest.
 Crown with His peace His own blest day And guard His peo - ple's qui - et sleep.

Now May He Who From the Dead

LEIPZIGERSTRASSE 7. 7. 7. 7.

John Newton

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

1. Now may He who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
 2. May He teach us to ful - fill What is pleas - ing in His sight;
 3. To that great Re - deem - er's praise, Who the coven - ant sealed with blood,

Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe - ty keep!
 Per - fect us in all His will And pre - serve us day and night.
 Let our hearts and voic - es raise Loud thanks - giv - ings to our God.

75 Thou, in Whose Name the Two or Three

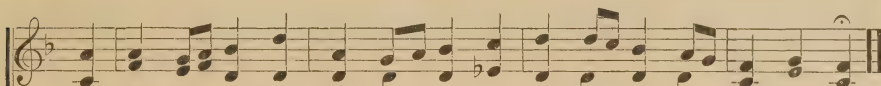
John Ellerton

KALHAUGE 8. 6. 8. 8.

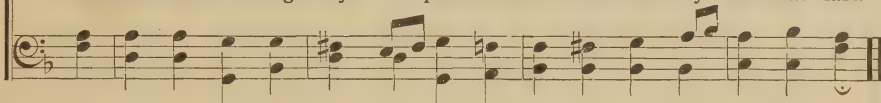
V. Kalhaug



1. Thou, in whose name the two or three Are met to meet with Thee,
2. To - day, our week but now be - gun Full half its course hath run;
3. Thou by whose grace a - lone we live, Our ma - ny sins for - give;
4. Give thank - ful hearts Thy gifts to share, Strong wills Thy cross to bear;



Ful - fill to us Thine own sure Word, And be Thou here Thy - self, O Lord.
To Thee are known its toils and cares, To Thee its tri - als and its snares.
Be Thou our Coun - sel, Strength and Stay Thro' all the per - ils of our way.
And when life's working days are past Give rest with all Thy saints at last.

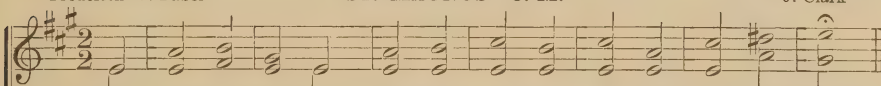


76 My God, How Wonderful Thou Art

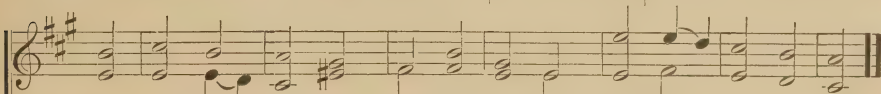
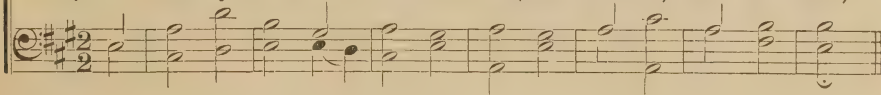
Frederick W. Faber

ST. MAGNUS C. M.

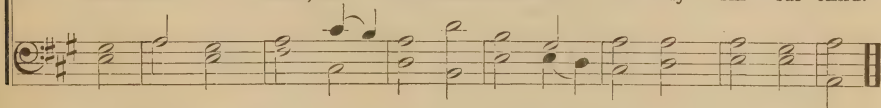
J. Clark



1. My God, how won - der - ful Thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright!
2. Oh, how I fear Thee, liv - ing God, With deep - est, tenderest fears,
3. Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord, Al - might - y as Thou art;
4. No earth - ly fa - ther loves like Thee; No moth - er, half so mild,



How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat In depths of burn - ing light!
And wor - ship Thee with tenderest hope, And pen - i - ten - tial tears!
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.
Bears and for - bears, as Thou hast done With me Thy sin - ful child.



5 Only to sit and think of God,
Oh, what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee!

O Dreadful Glory That Doth Make

MARYTON L. M.

Thomas H. Gill

H. Percy Smith

1. O dread - ful glo - ry that doth make Thick dark - ness
 2. What se - cret place, what dis - tant star Is like, dread
 3. Vain search - ers! but we need not mourn: We need not
 4. But sweet - est, Lord, dost Thou ap - pear In the blest

round the Heaven - ly Throne, Through which no an - gel -
 Lord, to Thine a - bode? Why dwell - est Thou from
 stretch our wea - ry wings; Thou meet - est us where -
 Sav - iour's smil - ing face: The Heaven - ly Ma - jes -

eye may break Where - in the Lord doth dwell a - lone!
 us so far? We yearn for Thee, Thou Hid - den God.
 e'er we turn; Thou beam - est, Lord, from all bright things.
 ty draws near And of - fers us its kind em - brace.

5 To us, vain searchers after God,
 To us Thy Holy Ghost doth come;
 From us Thou hidest Thine abode;
 But Thou wilt make our souls Thy home.

6 O Glory that no eye may bear!
 O Presence Bright, our souls' dear guest!
 O Farthest off, O ever Near!
 Most Hidden and Most Manifest!

How Shall I Sing That Majesty

VESTERLED C. M. D.

John Mason

C. E. F. Weyse

1. How shall I sing that ma - jes - ty Which an - gels do ad - mire?
 2. Thy bright-ness un - to them ap - pears, Whilst I Thy foot - steps trace;
 3. En - light - en with faith's light my heart, Fuse it in love's bright fire;
 4. How great a be - ing, Lord, is Thine, Which doth all be - ings keep!

Let dust in dust and si - lence lie Sing out, ye heaven - ly choir.
 A sound of God comes to my ears, But they be - hold Thy face.
 Then shall I sing and bear a part With that ce - les - tial choir;
 Thy knowledge is the on - ly line To sound so vast a deep.

Thousands of thousands stand a - round Thy throne, O God most high;
 They sing be - cause Thou art their Sun; Lord, send a beam on me;
 I shall, I fear, be dark and cold, With all my fire and light;
 Thou art a sea with - out a shore, A sun with - out a sphere;

Ten thous-and times ten thous-and sound Thy praise; but who am I?
 For where heaven is but once be - gun There al - le - lu - ias be.
 Yet when Thou dost ac - cept their gold, Lord, trea - sure up my mite.
 Thy time is now and ev - er - more Thy place is ev - ery - where.

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!

KJERULF 8. 6. 8. 10. 6.

Thomas Binney

H. Kjerulf

1. E - ter - nal Light! E - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must
 2. The spir - its that sur - round Thy throne, May bear the burn - ing
 3. O how shall I, whose na - tive sphere Is dark, whose mind is

be, When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight It
 bliss; But that is sure - ly theirs a - lone, Since
 dim, Be - fore th' in - ef - fa - ble ap - pear And

shrinks not, but with un - disturbed de - light Can live, and look on Thee!
 they have nev - er, nev - er seen or known A fal - len world like this.
 on my un - pro - tect - ed spir - it bear That un - cre - a - ted beam.

4 There is a way for man to rise
 To that sublime abode:
 An offering and a sacrifice,
 A Holy Spirit's tender energies,
 An advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
 Of holiness above;
 The sons of ignorance and night
 May ever dwell in the eternal Light,
 Through the eternal Love!

O Source Divine and Life of All

John Sterling

WASLI 8. 6. 8. 8.

J. P. E. Hartmann

Slow and majestic

1. O Source di - vine and Life of all, Thou Fount of be - ing's sea!
 2. We shrink be - fore the vast a - byss, Where worlds e - ter - nal brood:
 3. And so, 'mid boundless time and space, Grant us in Thee to dwell,

Thy depth would ev - ery heart ap - pal, That saw not love su - preme in Thee.
 We know Thee tru - ly but in this, That Thou be - stow - est all our good.
 And thro' the ceaseless web to trace Thy pres - ence work - ing all things well.

4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
 Thy truth's high vision hide;
 Nor strength and gladness lead astray
 From Thee, our nature's only guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
 Thy tones of reverent awe;
 Make pure Thy children's erring will
 And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

81 Lord, My Weak Thought in Vain Would Climb

Ray Palmer

TRURO L. M.

Charles S. Burney

1. Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb To search the star - ry vault profound;
 2. But weak - er yet that thought must prove To search Thy great e - ter - nal plan, —
 3. When my dim rea - son would demand Why that, or this, Thou dost or - dain,

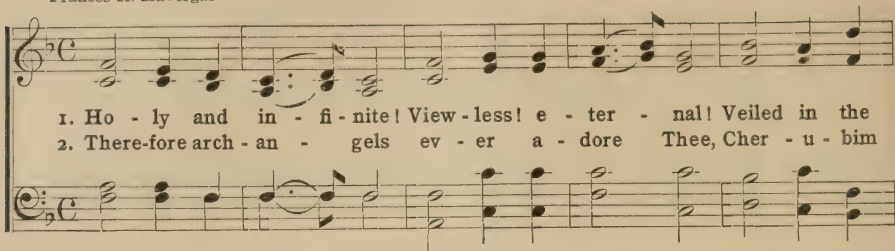
In vain would wing her flight sub - lime, To find cre - a - tion's out - most bound.
 Thy sovereign counsels, born of love Long a - ges ere the world be - gan.
 By some vast deep I seem to stand, Whose sec - rets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
 And all is dark as night to me,
 Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
 That so it seemeth good to Thee.

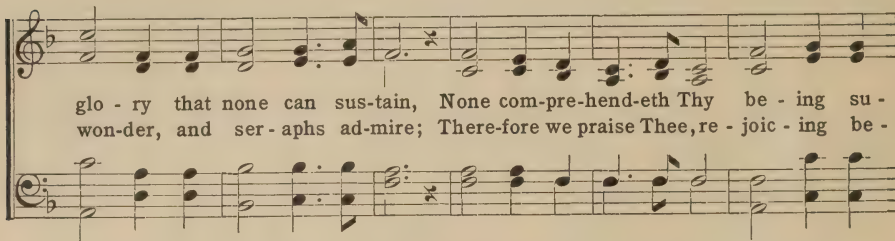
5 Be this my joy, that evermore
 Thou rulest all things at Thy will:
 Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
 And calmly, sweetly, trust Thee still.

Frances R. Havergal

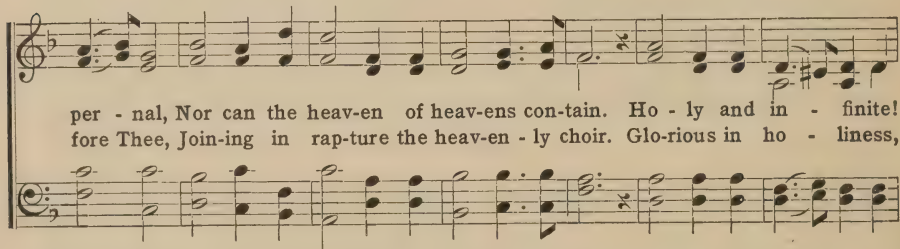
J. Viotti



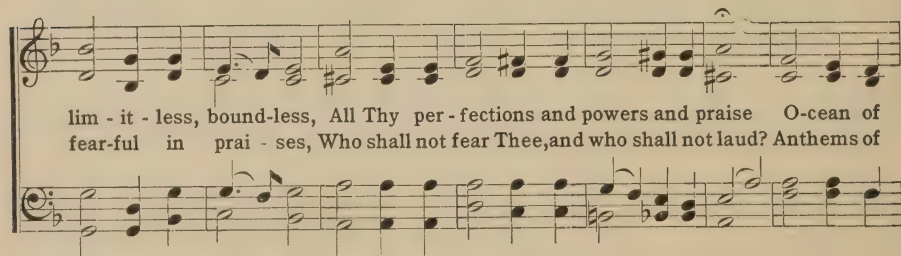
1. Ho - ly and in - fi - nite! View - less! e - ter - nal! Veiled in the
2. There-fore arch - an - gels ev - er a - dore Thee, Cher - u - bim



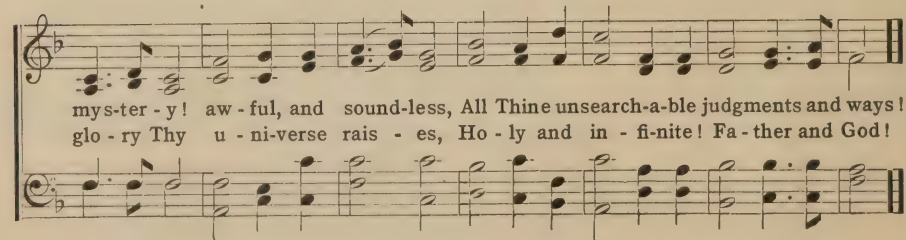
glo - ry that none can sus-tain, None com-pre-hend-eth Thy be - ing su -
won-der, and ser - aphs ad-mire; There-fore we praise Thee, re - joic - ing be -



per - nal, Nor can the heav-en of heav-ens con-tain. Ho - ly and in - finite!
fore Thee, Join-ing in rap-ture the heav-en - ly choir. Glo-rious in ho - liness,



lim - it - less, bound-less, All Thy per - fections and powers and praise O - cean of
fear-ful in prai - ses, Who shall not fear Thee, and who shall not laud? Anthems of



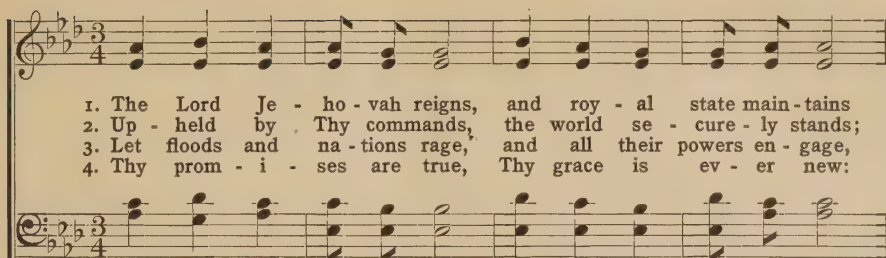
mys-ter - y! aw - ful, and sound-less, All Thine unsearch-a-ble judgments and ways!
glo - ry Thy u - ni-verse rais - es, Ho - ly and in - fi-nite! Fa - ther and God!

The Lord Jehovah Reigns

BENEKEN 12. 10. 12. 11.

Isaac Watts (adapted)

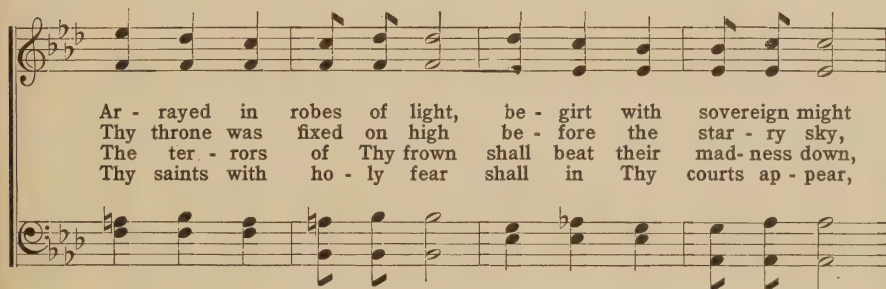
F. B. Beneken



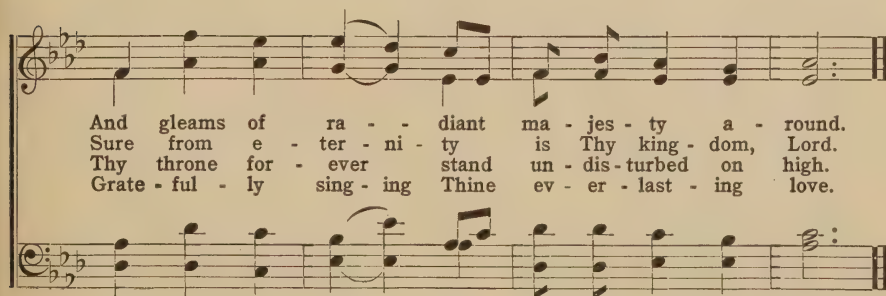
1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, and roy - al state main - tains
 2. Up - held by Thy commands, the world se - cure - ly stands;
 3. Let floods and na - tions rage, and all their powers en - gage,
 4. Thy prom - i - ses are true, Thy grace is ev - er new:



His head with glo - ries bright and aw - ful crowned;
 The skies and stars o - be - dient to Thy word.
 The swell - ing tides rise up to assault the sky.
 There fixed, Thy Church shall nev - er more re - move.



Ar - rayed in robes of light, be - girt with sovereign might
 Thy throne was fixed on high be - fore the star - ry sky,
 The ter - rors of Thy frown shall beat their mad - ness down,
 Thy saints with ho - ly fear shall in Thy courts ap - pear,



And gleams of ra - - diant ma - jes - ty a - round.
 Sure from e - ter - ni - ty is Thy king - dom, Lord.
 Thy throne for - ever stand un - dis - turbed on high.
 Grate - ful - ly sing - ing Thine ev - er - last - ing love.

Angel Voices, Ever Singing

ANGEL VOICES 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3.

Francis Pott

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
 2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
 3. Yea, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine;

An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
 Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
 Thou didst ears and hands and voic - es For Thy praise com - bine;

Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.
 Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
 Craftsman's art and music's meas - ure For Thy pleas - ure Didst de - sign.

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
 Of Thine own to Thee;
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,
 All unworthily,
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
 In our choicest
 Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
 Thine shall ever be,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Blesséd Trinity:
 Of the best that Thou hast given
 Earth and heaven
 Render Thee.

Thy Wisdom and Thy Might Appear

GRUNDTVIG 8. 8. 8. 4.

Henry van Dyke

Danish Folk-song

1. Thy wis - dom and Thy might ap - pear,
 2. We wor - ship Thee whose will hath laid
 3. Yet Thou canst make a mar - vel shine,

E - ter - nal God, through ev - ery year, From day to
 Thy sov - eign rule on all things made, The faith - ful
 A - mid these might - y laws of Thine, As when Thy

day, from hour to hour, Thy works re - veal self -
 stars, the fruit - ful earth, O - bey Thy laws that
 ser - vant Mos - es came, And saw the bush with

or - dered power, Self - or - dered power.
 gave them birth, That gave them birth.
 Thee a - flame, With Thee a - flame.

4 We turn aside and tread the ways,
 That lead through wonder up to praise
 Wherever Thou by man art found,
 The homely earth is holy ground,
 Is holy ground.

5 If Thou hast formed us out of dust,
 Through ages long in Thee we trust,
 O grant us in our souls to see,
 The living flame that comes from Thee,
 That comes from Thee.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord

TRISAGION 7. 7. 7. D.

James Montgomery

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Thee, One Je - ho - vah ev - er - more,
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all Heaven's tri - um-ph'ant choir shall sing,

Out of dark-ness at Thy word Is - sued in - to glo - rious birth,
 Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it! we, Dust and ash - es, would a - dore:
 While the ran - somed na - tions fall At the foot - stool of their King:

All Thy works be - fore Thee stood, And Thine eye be - held them good,
 Light - ly by the world es - teemed, From that world by Thee re - deemed,
 Then shall saints and ser - a - phim, Harps and voic - es, swell one hymn,

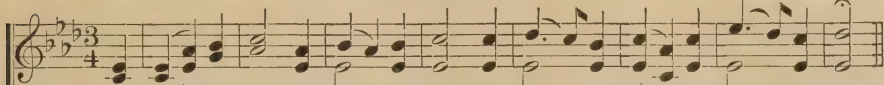
While they sang with sweet ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
 Sing, we here with glad ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
 Blend - ing in sub - lime ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

While they sang with sweet ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
 Sing we here with glad ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
 Blend - ing in su - blime ac - cord, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!

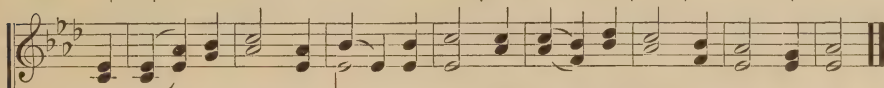
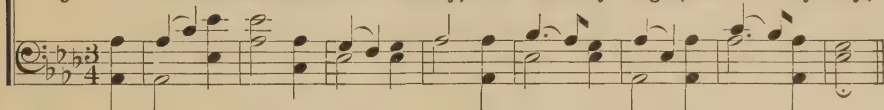
O Thou, to Whose All-Searching Sight

N. L. v. Zinzendorf, Trans. by John Wesley LOUVAN L. M.

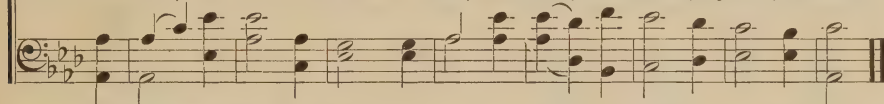
Virgil C. Taylor



1. O Thou, to whose all-searching sight The dark-ness shin-eth as the light,
 2. Wash out its stains, re-fine its dross, Nail my af-fec-tions to the Cross;
 3. If in this darksome wild I stray, Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;



Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee; Oh! burst these bonds, and set it free.
 Hal-low each thought; let all with-in Be clean as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
 No foes, no vi-o-lence I fear, No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.



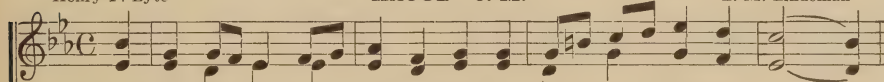
- 4 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
 Oh! let Thy Hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy Holy Hill!
- 5 If rough and thorny be my way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm and joy and peace.

88 O Lord, How Good, How Great Art Thou

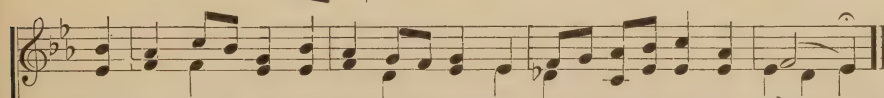
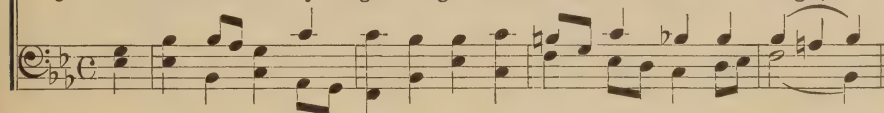
Henry F. Lyte

HAUGE C. M.

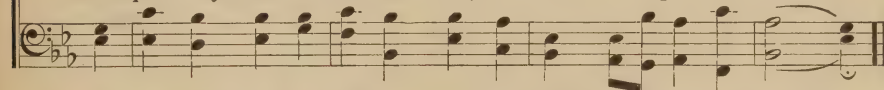
L. M. Lindeman



1. O Lord, how good, how great art Thou, In heaven and earth the same!
 2. When glo-rious in the night-ly sky Thy moon and stars I see,
 3. To him Thou hour-ly deign'st to give New mer-cies from on high;



There an-gels at Thy foot-stool bow, Here babes Thy grace pro-claim.
 O what is man! I wondering cry, To be so loved by Thee!
 Didst quit Thy throne with him to live, For him in pain to die.



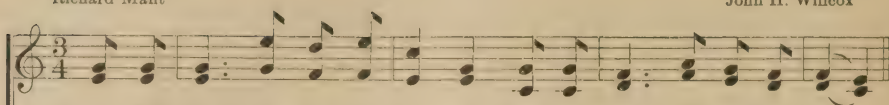
- 4 Close to Thine own bright seraphim
 His favored path is trod;
 And all beside are serving him,
 That he may serve his God.
- 5 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
 In heaven and earth the same!
 There angels at Thy footstool bow,
 Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

Lord, Thy Glory Fills the Heaven


FABEN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Richard Mant


John H. Willeox




1. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its ful-ness stored;
 2. Ev - er thus in God's high prais - es, Breth - ren, let our tongues u - nite,
 3. Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en; Earth is with its ful-ness stored;



Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!
 While our thoughts His greatness rais - es, And our love His gifts ex - cite;
 Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!



Heaven is still with an-thems ring - ing; Earth takes up the an-gels' cry,
 With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly church be - low,
 Thus Thy glo - rious name con - fess - ing, We a - dopt the an - gels' cry,



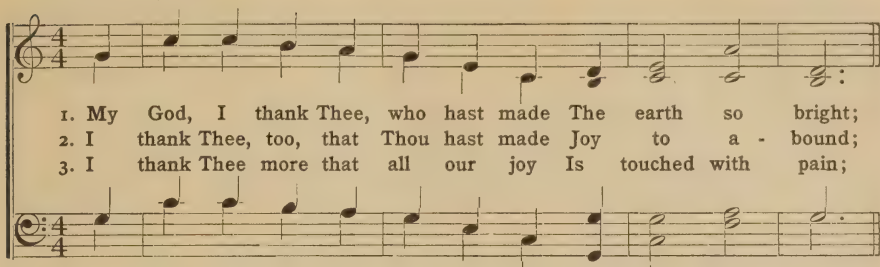
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, sing - ing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.
 Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow.
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

90 My God, I Thank Thee, Who Hast Made

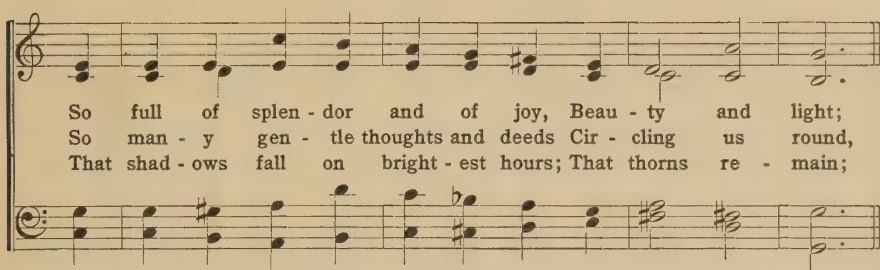
WENTWORTH 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 4.

Adelaide A. Procter

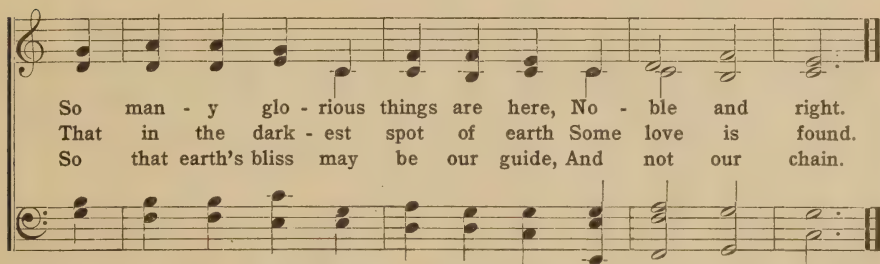
F. C. Maker



1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright;
 2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;
 3. I thank Thee more that all our joy Is touched with pain;



So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
 So man - y gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round,
 That shad - ows fall on bright - est hours; That thorns re - main;



So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.
 That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide, And not our chain.

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
 The best in store;
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more;
 A yearning for a deeper peace,
 Not known before.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find although they seek,
 A perfect rest,
 Nor never shall, until they lean
 On Jesus' breast.

Summer Suns Are Glowing

ORESUND 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

W. Walsham How

J. P. E. Hartmann

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea,
 2. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world
 3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness, Thy pure ra - diance pour;
 4. We will nev - er doubt thee, Though thou vail thy light:

Hap - py light is flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free.
 And his ban - ner gleam - eth Ev - ery - where un - furled.
 For thy lov - ing - kind - ness Makes us love thee more.
 Life is dark with - out thee; Death with thee is bright.

Ev - ery - thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays,
 Broad and deep and glo - rious, As the heaven a - bove,
 And when clouds are drift - ing Dark a - cross our sky,
 Light of light! shine o'er us On our pil - grim way,

All earth's thou - sand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.
 Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.
 Then, the vail up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be thou nigh.
 Go thou still be - fore us To the end - less day.

God, the Lord, a King Remaineth

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

John Keble

Henry Smart

1. God, the Lord, a King re-main-eth, Robed in His own
 2. In her ev-er-last-ing sta-tion Earth is poised, to
 3. Lord, the wa-ter-floods have lift-ed, O - cean floods have

glo-rious light; God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth;
 swerve no more; Thou hast laid Thy throne's foun-da-tion,
 lift their roar; Now they pause where they have drift-ed,

He hath gird-ed Him with might. Al-le-lu-ia!
 From all time where thought can soar. Al-le-lu-ia!
 Now they burst up-on the shore. Al-le-lu-ia!

Al-le-lu-ia! God is King in depth and height.
 Al-le-lu-ia! Lord Thou art for ev-er-more.
 Al-le-lu-ia! For the o-cean's sound-ing store!

4 With all tones of waters blending,
 Glorious is the breaking deep;
 Glorious, beauteous, without ending,
 God, who reigns on heaven's high steep.
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Songs of ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling
 Are the perfect verity;
 Of Thine high eternal dwelling,
 Holiness shall inmate be;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Pure is all that lives with Thee.

Sound Aloud Jehovah's Praises

TRONDHJEM 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

H. A. Martin

L. M. Lindeman

1. Sound a - loud Je - ho - vah's prai - ses; Tell a - broad the aw - ful name.
 2. This, the name from ancient a - ges Hid - den in its daz - zling light;
 3. In - to this great name and ho - ly, We all tribes and tongues bap - tise;

Heaven the cease - less an - them rai - ses, Let the earth her God pro - claim.
 This, the name that kings and sag - es, Prayed and strove to know a - right,
 Thus the High - est owns the low - ly, Homeward, heavenward bids them rise,

God, the hope of ev - ery na - tion, God, the source of con - so - la - tion,
 Through God's wondrous in - car - na - tion Now re - vealed the world's sal - va - tion,
 Gath - ers them from ev - ery na - tion, Bids them join in a - dor - a - tion

Ho - ly, bless - ed Trin - i - ty: Ho - ly, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
 Ev - er bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Ev - er bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Of the bless - ed Trin - i - ty, Of the bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

4 In this name the heart rejoices,
 Pouring out its secret prayer;
 In this name we lift our voices,
 And our common faith declare,
 Offering praise and supplication,
 And the thankful life's oblation,
 To the blessed Trinity!

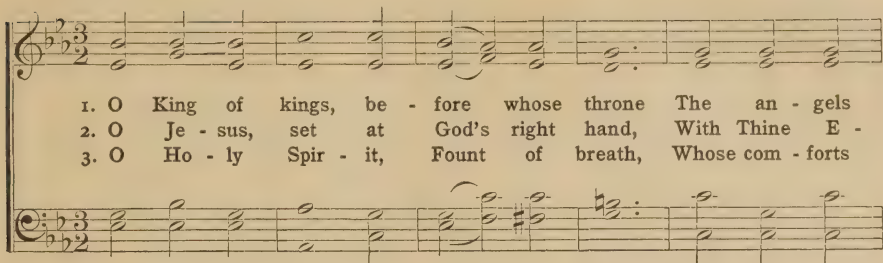
5 Still Thy name o'er earth and ocean,
 Shall be carried, "God is love,"
 Whispered by the heart's devotion,
 Echoed by the choirs above,
 Hallowed through all worlds forever,
 Lord of life, the only Giver,
 Blessed, glorious Trinity!

94 O King of Kings, Before Whose Throne

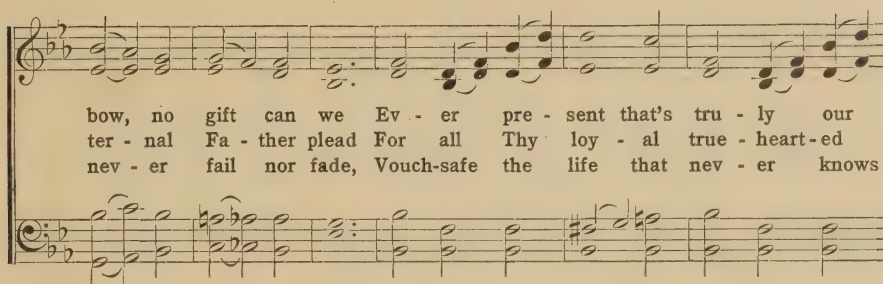
DUPRATO 8. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8.

Anonymous

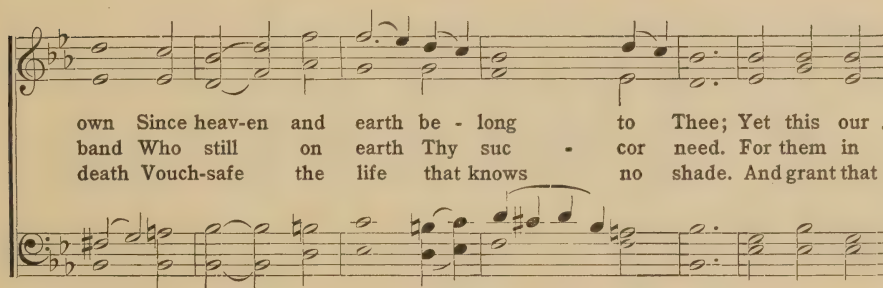
Duprato



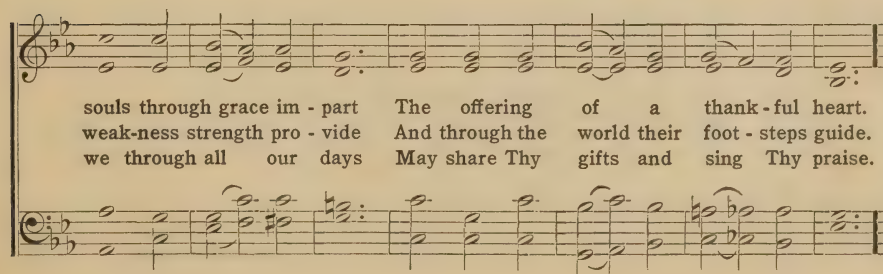
1. O King of kings, be - fore whose throne The an - gels
2. O Je - sus, set at God's right hand, With Thine E -
3. O Ho - ly Spir - it, Fount of breath, Whose com - forts



bow, no gift can we Ev - er pre - sent that's tru - ly our
ter - nal Fa - ther plead For all Thy loy - al true - heart - ed
nev - er fail nor fade, Vouch-safe the life that nev - er knows



own Since heav - en and earth be - long to Thee; Yet this our
band Who still on earth Thy suc - cor need. For them in
death Vouch-safe the life that knows no shade. And grant that



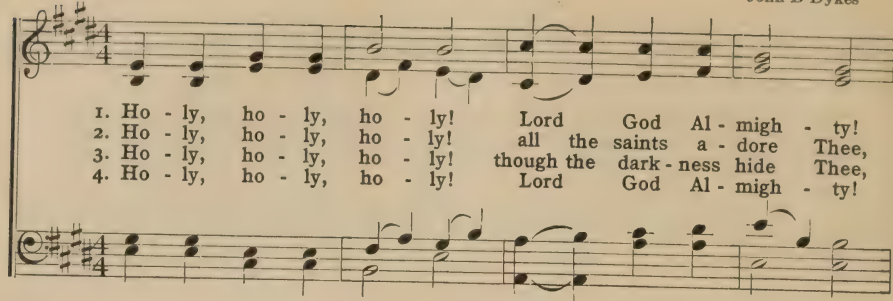
souls through grace im - part The offering of a thank - ful heart.
weak - ness strength pro - vide And through the world their foot - steps guide.
we through all our days May share Thy gifts and sing Thy praise.

Holy Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

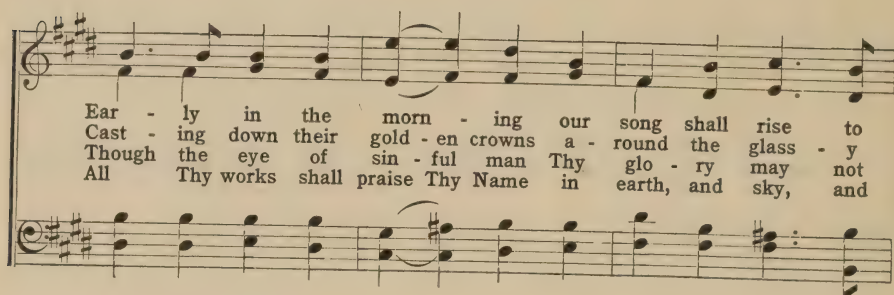
NICÆA II. 12. 12. 10.

Reginald Heber

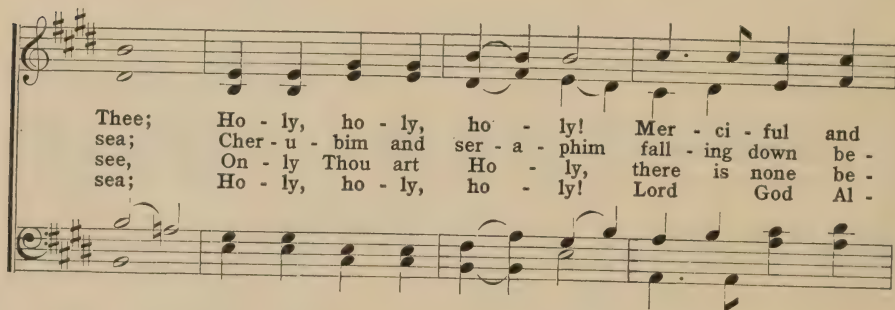
John B Dykes



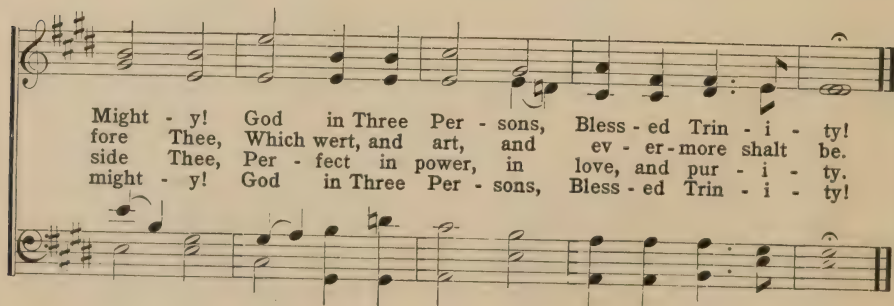
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark - ness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and sky, and



Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and
 sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be -
 see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be -
 sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al -



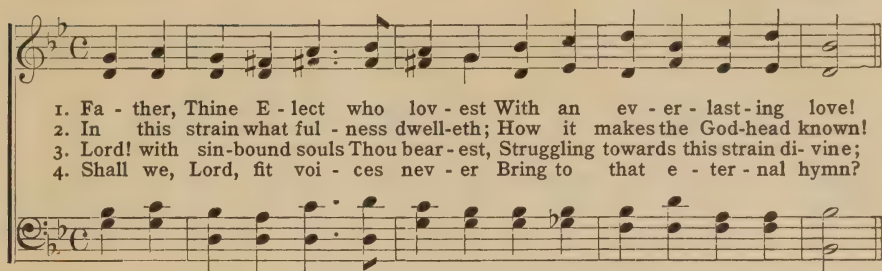
Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 might - y! God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

Father, Thine Elect Who Lovest

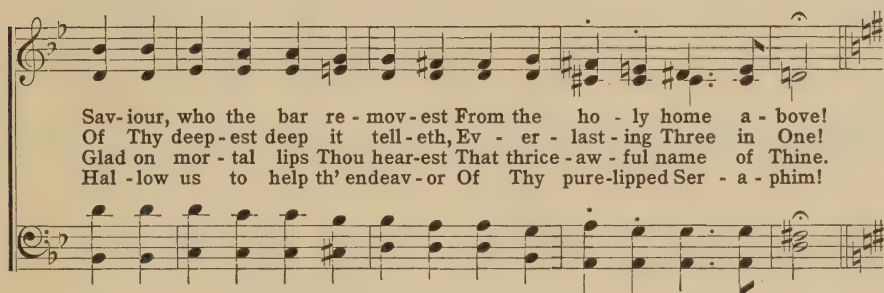
ABBOTSFORD 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Thomas H. Gill

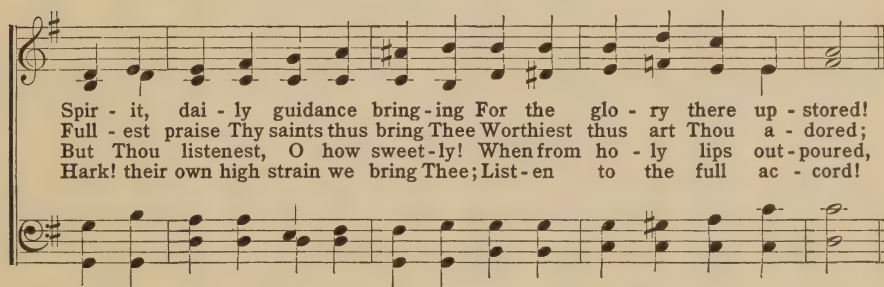
J. Barnby



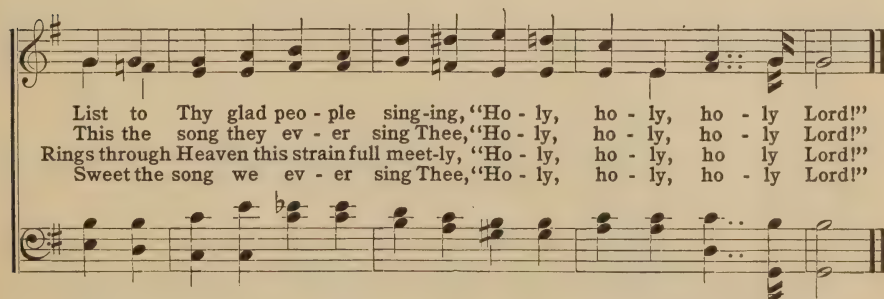
1. Fa - ther, Thine E - lect who lov - est With an ev - er - last - ing love!
 2. In this strain what ful - ness dwell - eth; How it makes the God - head known!
 3. Lord! with sin - bound souls Thou bear - est, Struggling towards this strain di - vine;
 4. Shall we, Lord, fit voi - ces nev - er Bring to that e - ter - nal hymn?



Sav - iour, who the bar re - mov - est From the ho - ly home a - bove!
 Of Thy deep - est deep it tell - eth, Ev - er - last - ing Three in One!
 Glad on mor - tal lips Thou hear - est That thrice - aw - ful name of Thine.
 Hal - low us to help th' endeav - or Of Thy pure - lip - ped Ser - a - phim!



Spir - it, dai - ly guidance bring - ing For the glo - ry there up - stored!
 Full - est praise Thy saints thus bring Thee Worthiest thus art Thou a - dored;
 But Thou listenest, O how sweet - ly! When from ho - ly lips out - poured,
 Hark! their own high strain we bring Thee; List - en to the full ac - cord!



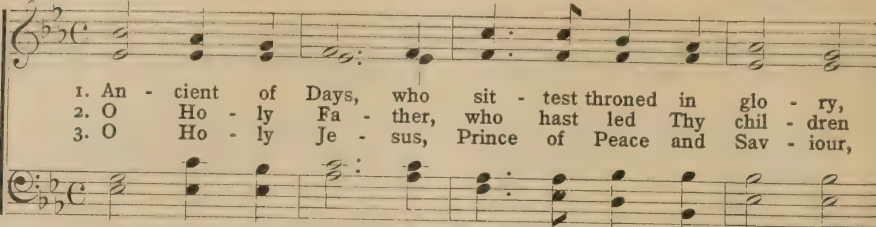
List to Thy glad peo - ple sing - ing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"
 This the song they ev - er sing Thee, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"
 Rings through Heaven this strain full meet - ly, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"
 Sweet the song we ev - er sing Thee, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"

97 Ancient of Days, who Sittest Throned in Glory

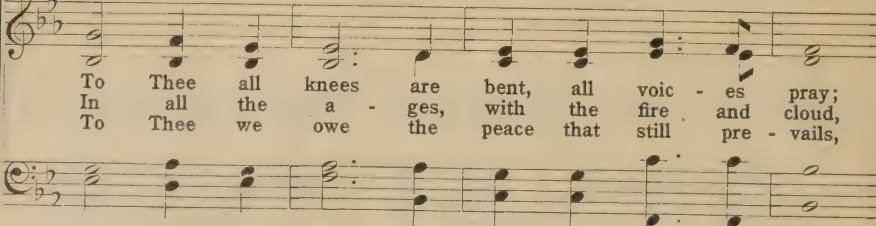
SKODSBORG II. IO. II. IO.

William C. Doane

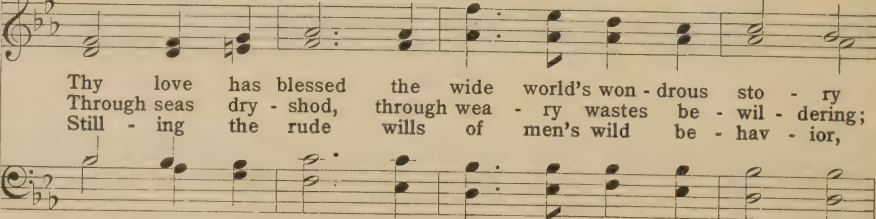
A. P. Berggreen



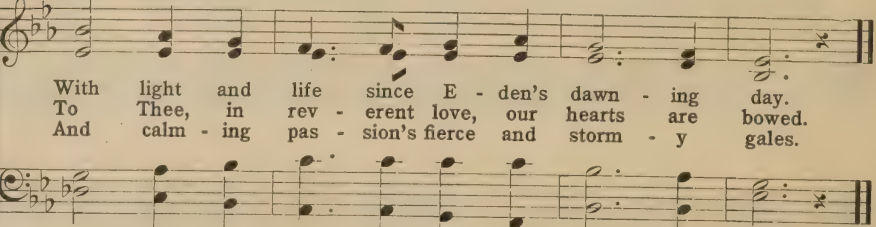
1. An - cient of Days, who sit - test throned in glo - ry,
 2. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, who hast led Thy chil - dren
 3. O Ho - ly Je - sus, Prince of Peace and Sav - iour,



To Thee all knees are bent, all voic - es pray;
 In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud,
 To Thee we owe the peace that still pre - vails,



Thy love has blessed the wide world's won - drous sto - ry
 Through seas dry - shod, through wea - ry wastes be - wil - dering;
 Still - ing the rude wills of men's wild be - hav - ior,



With light and life since E - den's dawn - ing day.
 To Thee, in rev - erent love, our hearts are bowed.
 And calm - ing pas - sion's fierce and storm - y gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
 Thine is the quickening power that gives increase;
 From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
 Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
 Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
 Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
 Thy love and favor kept to us always.

To the Name of God on High

GEWANDHAUS 7. 5. 7. 7.

Horatius Bonar, adapted

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

1. To the name of God on high, God of ma - jes - ty,
 2. To the name of Christ the Lord, The in - car - nate Word,
 3. To the Ho - ly Spir - it be Praise e - ter - nal - ly

God of heaven and earth and sea, Bles-sing, praise and glo - ry be.
 Christ, by whom all things were made, Be an end - less hon - or paid.
 With the Fa - ther and the Son, One in name, in glo - ry one.

4 This the song of ages past
 Shall for ever last;
 Let the ages yet to be
 Join the joyful melody.

5 Glorious is our God the Lord:
 Praise with one accord
 To His holy name be given
 By the sons of earth and heaven.

There's not a Bird, with Lonely Nest

MARYTON L. M.

Baptist W. Noel

Henry P. Smith

1. There's not a bird, with lone - ly nest In pathless wood or moun-tain crest,
 2. In bu - sy mart and crowded street, No less than in the still re-treat,
 3. And ev - ery mo-ment still doth bring Thy blessings on its load - ed wing;

Nor mean-er thing, which does not share, O God, in Thy pa - ter - nal care!
 Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless With all a par - ent's ten - der-ness!
 Wide - ly they spread thro' earth and sky, And last to all e - ter - ni - ty!

4 Through all creation let Thy Name
 Be echoed with a glad acclaim!
 That let thy grateful people sing;
 With that let heaven forever ring!

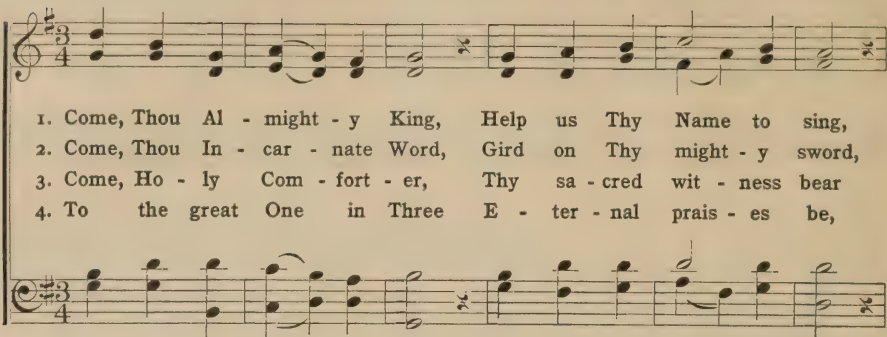
5 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
 While life and thought and feeling last
 Through all our years, in every place,
 Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

Come, Thou Almighty King

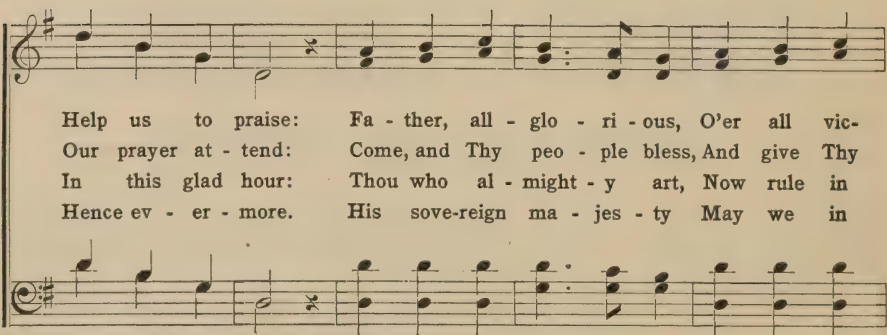
ITALIAN HYMN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Anonymous

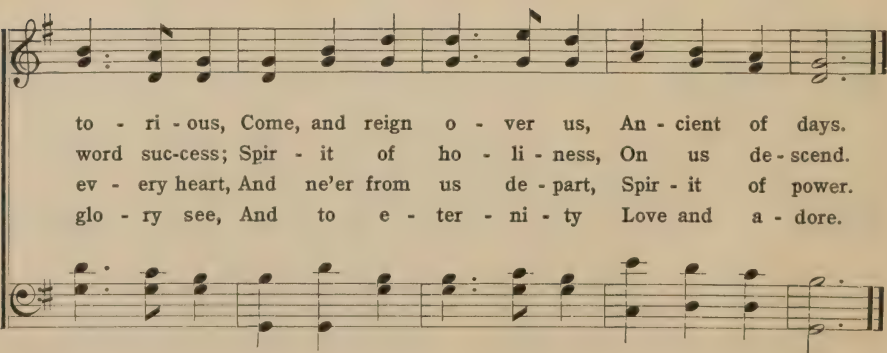
F. Giardini



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be,



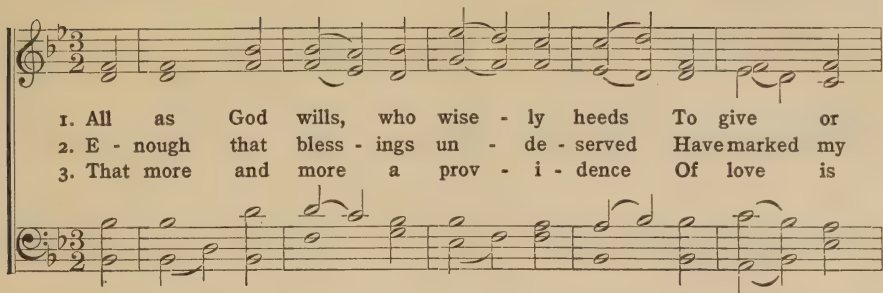
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
 Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more. His sove-reign ma - jes - ty May we in



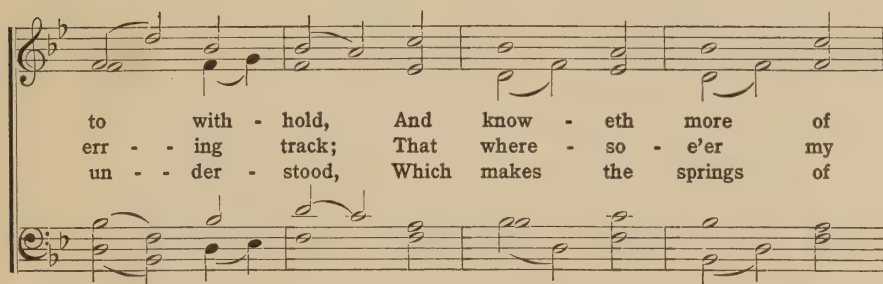
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
 word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - ery heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

John G. Whittier

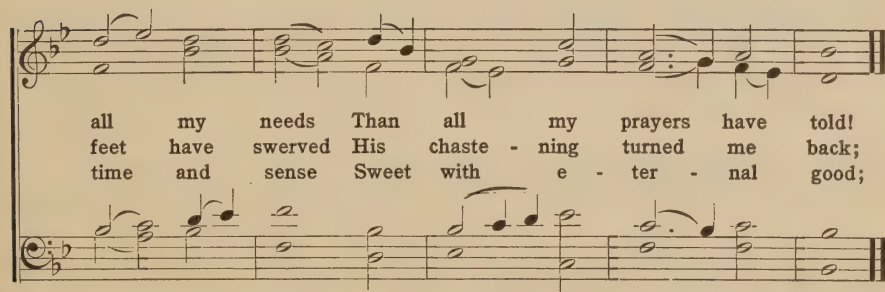
George T. Smart



1. All as God wills, who wise - ly heeds To give or
 2. E - nough that bless - ings un - de - served Have marked my
 3. That more and more a prov - i - dence Of love is



to with - hold, And know - eth more of
 err - - ing track; That where - so - e'er my
 un - - der - stood, Which makes the springs of



all my needs Than all my prayers have told!
 feet have swerved His chaste - ning turned me back;
 time and sense Sweet with e - ter - nal good;

4 That care and trial seem at last
 Through memory's sunset air,
 Like mountain ranges overpast,
 In purple distance fair.

5 And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west winds play;
 And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

The God of Love My Shepherd is

George Herbert

STRATHCATHRO C. M.

Scotch Hymn Melody

1. The God of love my Shep - herd is, And He that doth me feed;
 2. He leads me to the ten - der grass, Where I both feed and rest;
 3. Or if I stray, He doth con - vert, And bring my mind in frame,

While He is mine and I am His, What can I want or need?
 Then to the streams that gen - tly pass: In both I have the best.
 And all this not for my de - sert, But for His ho - ly name.

4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
 Well may I walk, nor fear;
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
 To guide, Thy staff to bear.

5 Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
 Shall measure all my days;
 And as it never shall remove,
 So neither shall my praise.

There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

Frederick W. Faber

WELLESLEY 8. 7. 8. 7.

Lizzie S. Tourjée

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind,

There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour, There is heal - ing in His blood:
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind:

4 There is plentiful redemption
 In the blood that has been shed;
 There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.

5. If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

NETTLETON 8. 7. 8. 7 D.

Thomas Grinfield

Asahel Nettleton

1. O how kind - ly hast Thou led me, Heavenly Fa - ther, day by day!
2. O how slow - ly have I oft - en Follow'd where Thy hand would draw!

Found my dwell - ing, clothed and fed me, Furn - ish'd friends to cheer my way!
How Thy kind - ness failed to soft - en! How Thy chastening fail'd to awe!

Didst Thou bless me, didst Thou chast - en With Thy smile or with Thy rod,
Make me for Thy rest more read - y As Thy path is long - er trod;

'Twas that still my step might hast - en Homeward, heavenward to my God!
Keep me in Thy friendship stead - y, Till Thou call me home, my God!

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Isaac Watts

DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;
 2. Be - neath the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. A thous - and a - ges, in Thy sight, Are like an even - ing gone;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home:
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

God is Our Refuge, Tried and Proved

Henry F. Lyte

ST. STEPHEN C. M.

William Jones

1. God is our Ref - uge, tried and proved, A - mid a storm - y world;
 2. The waves may roar, the moun - tains shake, Our com - forts shall not cease;
 3. A gen - tle stream of hope and love To us shall ev - er flow;
 4. When earth and hell a - gainst us came, He spake, and quelled their powers;

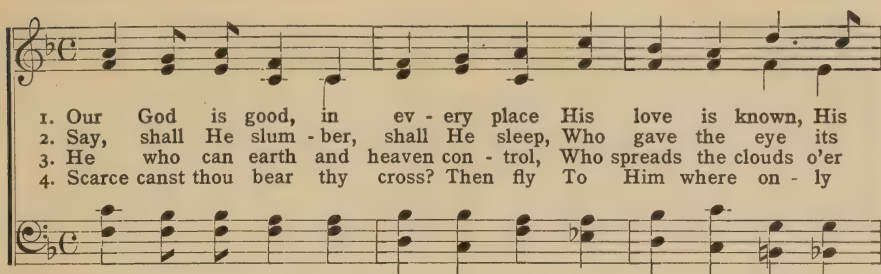
We will not fear, though earth be moved, And hills in o - cean hurled.
 The Lord His saints will not for - sake, The Lord will give us peace.
 It is - sues from His throne a - bove, It cheers His Church be - low.
 The Lord of Hosts is still the same; The God of grace is ours.

Our God is Good, in Every Place

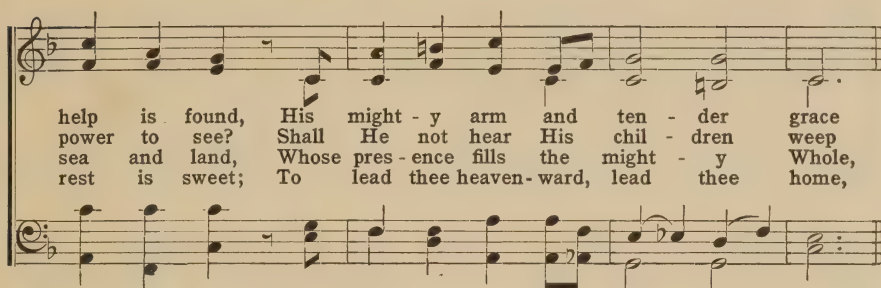
MARTENSEN 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Zinn. Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

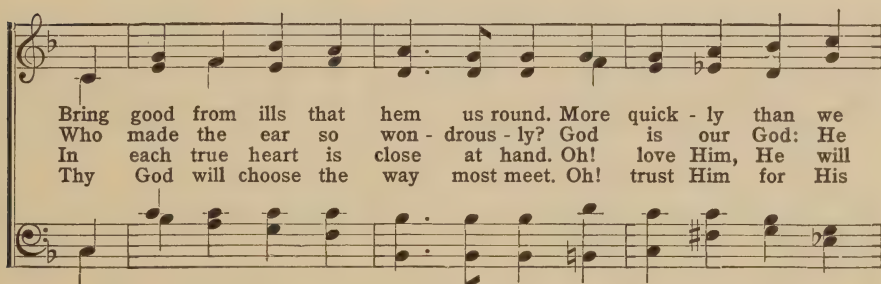
C. Bull



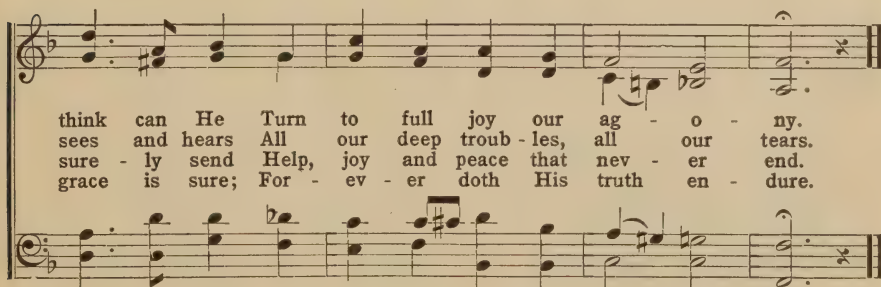
1. Our God is good, in ev - ery place His love is known, His
 2. Say, shall He slum - ber, shall He sleep, Who gave the eye its
 3. He who can earth and heaven con - trol, Who spreads the clouds o'er
 4. Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly To Him where on - ly



help is found, His might - y arm and ten - der grace
 power to see? Shall He not hear His chil - dren weep
 sea and land, Whose pres - ence fills the might - y Whole,
 rest is sweet; To lead thee heaven - ward, lead thee home,



Bring good from ills that hem us round. More quick - ly than we
 Who made the ear so won - drous - ly? God is our God: He
 In each true heart is close at hand. Oh! love Him, He will
 Thy God will choose the way most meet. Oh! trust Him for His



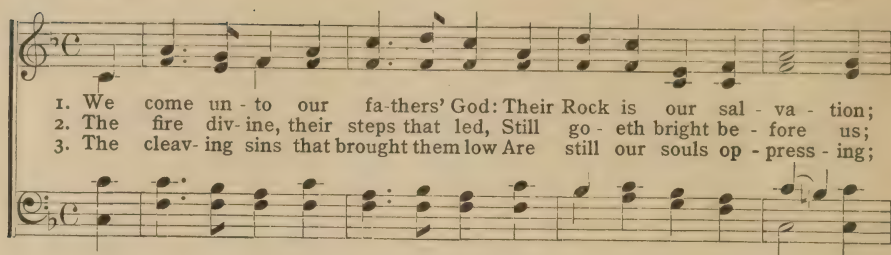
think can He Turn to full joy our ag - o - ny.
 sees and hears All our deep troub - les, all our tears.
 sure - ly send Help, joy and peace that nev - er end.
 grace is sure; For - ev - er doth His truth en - dure.

We Come Unto Our Fathers' God

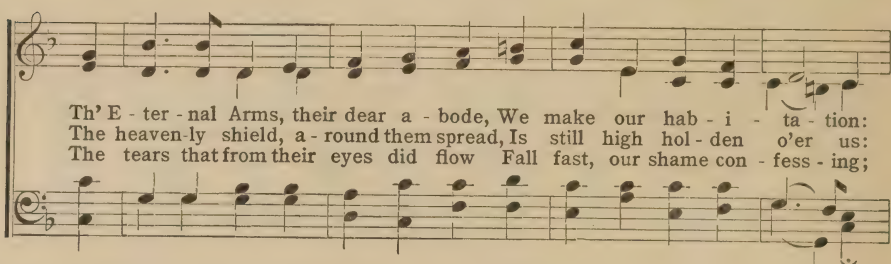
GLAESER 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Thomas H. Gill

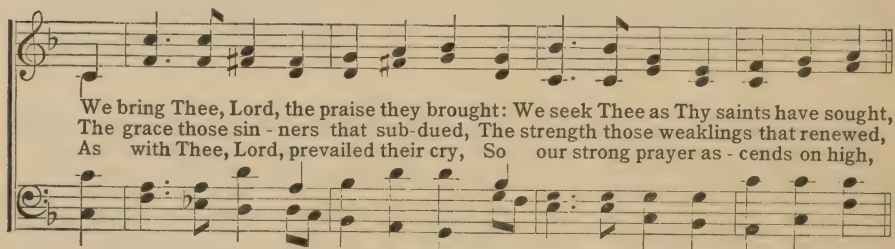
Josef Glaeser



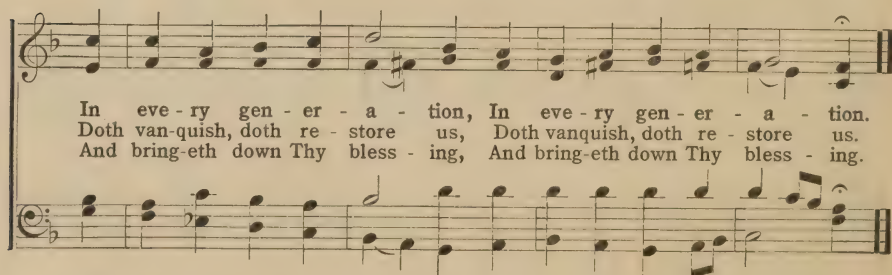
1. We come un-to our fa-thers' God: Their Rock is our sal - va - tion;
 2. The fire div - ine, their steps that led, Still go - eth bright be - fore us;
 3. The cleav - ing sins that brought them low Are still our souls op - press - ing;



Th' E - ter - nal Arms, their dear a - bode, We make our hab - i - ta - tion:
 The heav - en - ly shield, a - round them spread, Is still high hol - den o'er us:
 The tears that from their eyes did flow Fall fast, our shame con - fess - ing;



We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought: We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought,
 The grace those sin - ners that sub - dued, The strength those weaklings that renewed,
 As with Thee, Lord, prevailed their cry, So our strong prayer as - cends on high,



In eve - ry gen - er - a - tion, In eve - ry gen - er - a - tion.
 Doth van - quish, doth re - store us, Doth vanquish, doth re - store us.
 And bring - eth down Thy bless - ing, And bring - eth down Thy bless - ing.

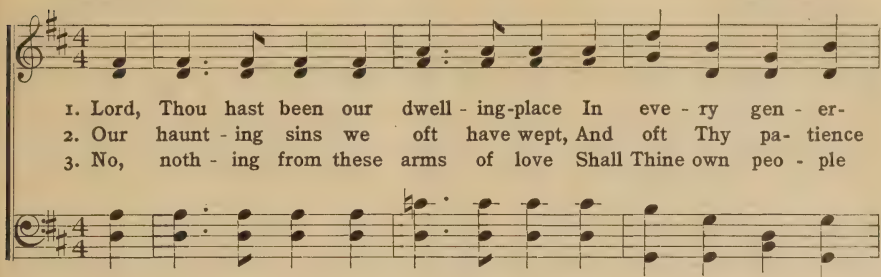
- 4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
 Their song to us descendeth:
 The Spirit who in them did sing
 To us His music lendeth.
 His song in them, in us, is one;
 We raise it high, we send it on,
 The song that never endeth!
- 5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
 The same sweet theme endeavor!
 Unbroken be the golden chain!
 Keep on the song for ever!
 Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
 Rich with the same eternal grace,
 Bless the same boundless Giver!

109 Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Dwelling Place

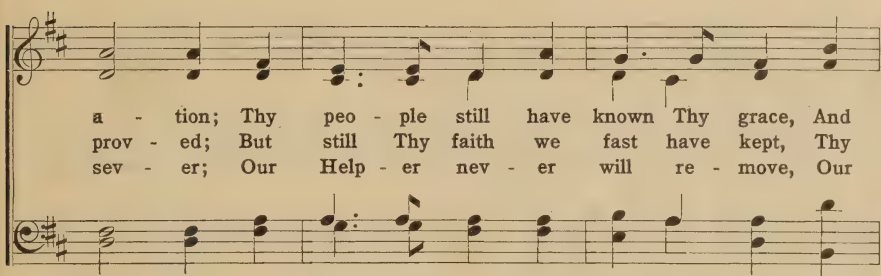
THE GOLDEN CHAIN 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Thomas H. Gill

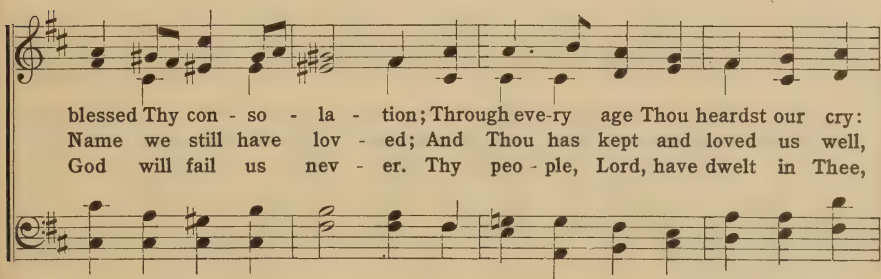
Joseph Barnby



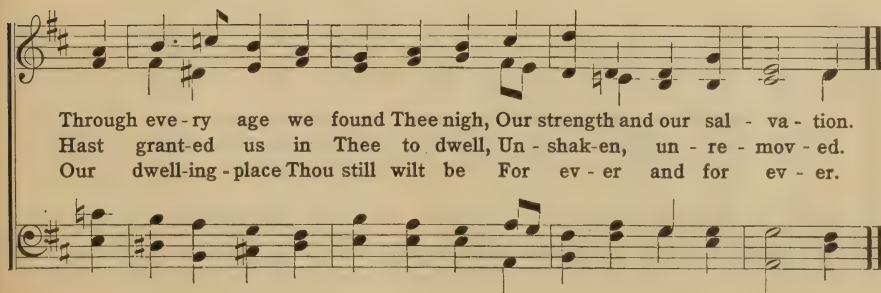
1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell - ing-place In eve - ry gen - er -
 2. Our haunt - ing sins we oft have wept, And oft Thy pa - tience
 3. No, noth - ing from these arms of love Shall Thine own peo - ple



a - tion; Thy peo - ple still have known Thy grace, And
 prov - ed; But still Thy faith we fast have kept, Thy
 sev - er; Our Help - er nev - er will re - move, Our



blessed Thy con - so - la - tion; Through eve - ry age Thou heardst our cry:
 Name we still have lov - ed; And Thou has kept and loved us well,
 God will fail us nev - er. Thy peo - ple, Lord, have dwelt in Thee,




Through eve - ry age we found Thee nigh, Our strength and our sal - va - tion.
 Hast grant - ed us in Thee to dwell, Un - shak - en, un - re - mov - ed.
 Our dwell - ing - place Thou still wilt be For ev - er and for ev - er.

Who Trusts in God, a Strong Abode



BISHOPGARTH 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Joachim Magdeburg. Trans. by B. H. Kennedy and W. W. How



Arthur S. Sullivan





1. Who trusts in God, a strong a - bode In heaven and earth pos - sess - es;
 2. Though sa-tan's wrath be - set our path, And world - ly scorn as - sail us,
 3. In all the strife of mor - tal life Our feet shall stand se - cure - ly;


Who looks in love to Christ a - bove, No fear his heart op - press - es.
 While Thou art near we will not fear, Thy strength shall nev - er fail us:
 Temp - ta-tion's hour shall lose its power, For Thou shalt guard us sure - ly.

In Thee a-lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con - so - la - tion;
 Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe, And guide our steps for ev - er;
 O God, renew, with heavenly dew, Our bod - y, soul, and spir - it,

Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal - va - tion.
 Nor shades of death, nor hell be-neath, Our souls from Thee shall sev - er.
 Un - til we stand at Thy right hand, Through Jesus' sav - ing mer - it.

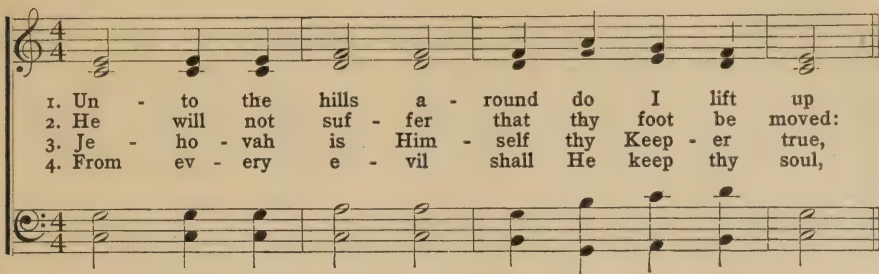


111 Unto the Hills Around Do I Lift up

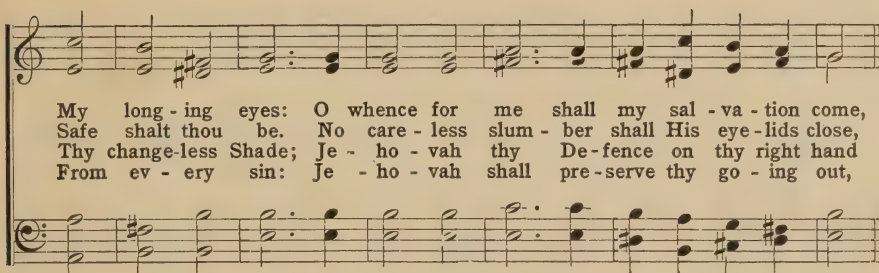
LUX SALVATORIS 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.

John, Duke of Argyll

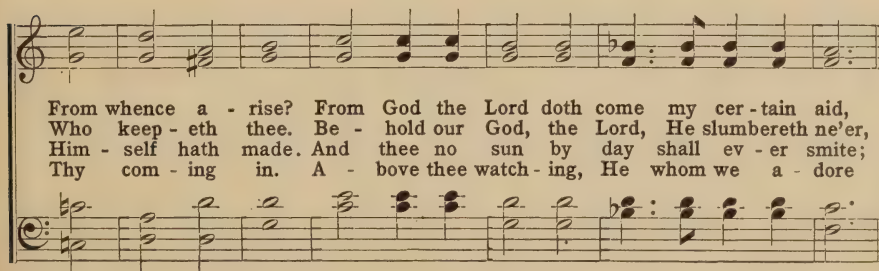
Joseph Barnby



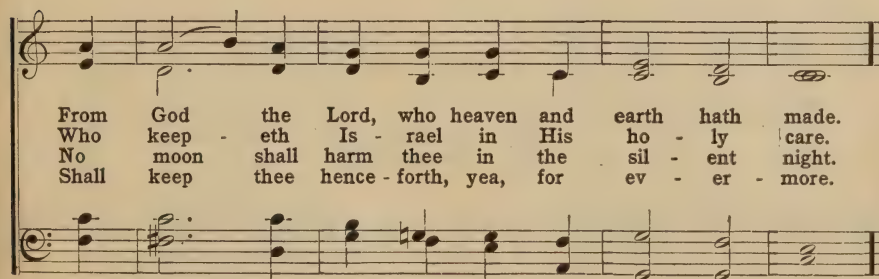
1. Un - to the hills a - round do I lift up
 2. He will not suf - fer that thy foot be moved:
 3. Je - ho - vah is Him - self thy Keep - er true,
 4. From ev - ery e - vil shall He keep thy soul,



My long - ing eyes: O whence for me shall my sal - va - tion come,
 Safe shalt thou be. No care - less slum - ber shall His eye - lids close,
 Thy change-less Shade; Je - ho - vah thy De - fence on thy right hand
 From ev - ery sin: Je - ho - vah shall pre - serve thy go - ing out,



From whence a - rise? From God the Lord doth come my cer - tain aid,
 Who keep - eth thee. Be - hold our God, the Lord, He slumbereth ne'er,
 Him - self hath made. And thee no sun by day shall ev - er smite;
 Thy com - ing in. A - bove thee watch - ing, He whom we a - dore



From God the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made.
 Who keep - eth Is - rael in His ho - ly care.
 No moon shall harm thee in the sil - ent night.
 Shall keep thee hence - forth, yea, for ev - er - more.

Like a River, Glorious

DAVID 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Frances R. Havergal

Thomas Morley

1. Like a riv - er, glori - ous Is God's per - fect peace,
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His Bless - ed Hand,
 3. Ev - ery joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove,

O - ver all vic - to - rious In its bright in - crease;
 Nev - er foe can fol - low, Nev - er trait - or stand;
 Traced up - on our di - al By the Sun of Love.

Per - fect, yet it flow - eth Ful - ler ev - ery day,
 Not a surge of wor - ry, Not a shade of care,
 We may trust Him ful - ly, All for us to do:

Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
 Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
 They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true.

O God, the Rock of Ages

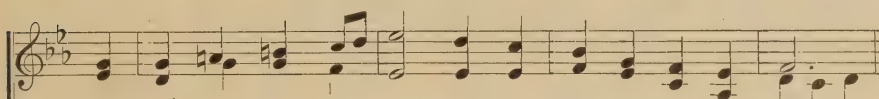
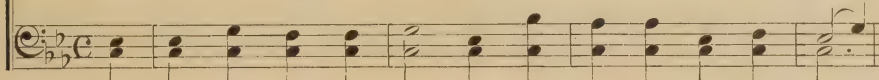
DAHL 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

Edward H. Bickersteth

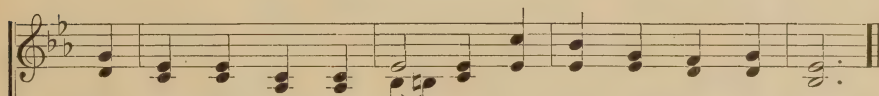
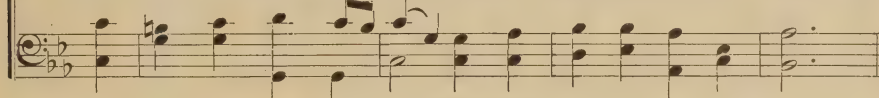
Emma Dahl



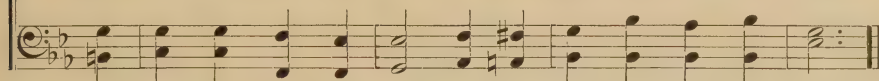
1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
 2. Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
 3. Our years are like the shad - ows On sun - ny hills that lie
 4. A sleep, a dream, a sto - ry, By strang - ers quick - ly told,



- What time the tem - pest rag - es, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene,
 To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou,
 Or grass - es in the mead - ows That blos - som but to die,
 An un - re - main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old,



- What time the temp - est rag - es Our dwell - ing - place se - rene.
 To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou.
 Or grass - es in the mead - ows That blos - som but to die.
 An un - re - main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old.



- 5 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail.

- 7 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
 With beauty and with grace,
 Till clothed in light forever,
 We see Thee face to face,
 Till clothed in light forever,
 We see Thee face to face.

- 6 On us Thy mercy lighten,
 On us Thy goodness rest,
 And let Thy spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed,
 And let thy Spirit brighten
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

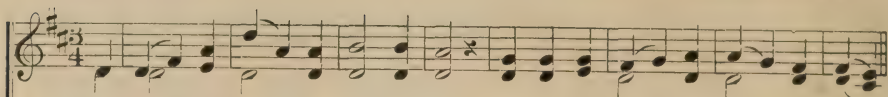
- 8 A joy no language measures,
 A fountain brimming o'er,
 An endless flow of pleasures,
 An ocean without shore,
 An endless flow of pleasures,
 An ocean without shore.

114 When, Streaming From the Eastern Skies

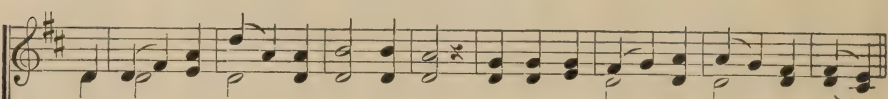
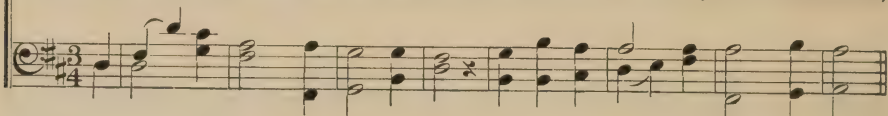
HARDANGER 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William Shrubsole, Jr.

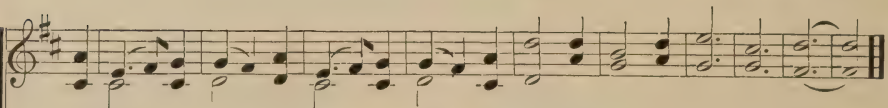
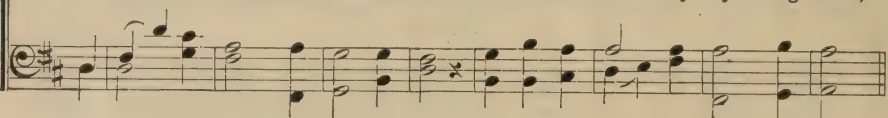
Norwegian Folk-song



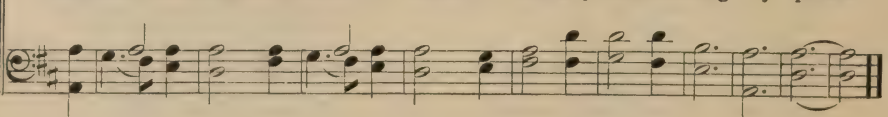
1. When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light sa-lutes mine eyes,
2. And when to heaven's all-glorious King My morning sac - ri - fice I bring,
3. When each day's scenes and la - bors close, And wearied na - ture seeks re - pose,
4. And at my life's last set-ting sun, My con-flicts o'er, my la - bors done,



O Sun of right - eousness di-vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine!
 And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame, Ask mer-cy in my Sav - iour's name;
 With pardoning mer - cy rich - ly blest, Guard me, my Sav - iour, while I rest;
 Je - sus, Thy heavenly radiance shed, To cheer and bless my dy - ing bed;



Oh! chase the clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my darkness in - to day.
 Then, Je - sus, cleanse me with Thy blood, And be my Ad - vo - cate with God.
 And, as each morn - ing sun shall rise, Oh, lead me on - ward to the skies!
 And from death's gloom my spir - it raise, To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

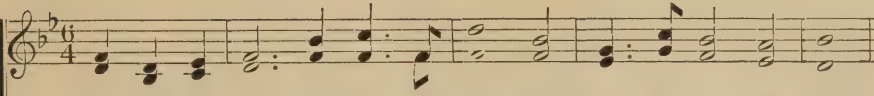


115 Lord of My Life, Whose Tender Care


FINLAND 8. 6. 10. 10. 8. 6.

Anonymous

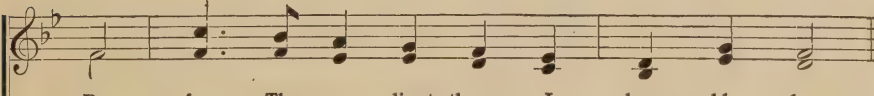
F. Pacius



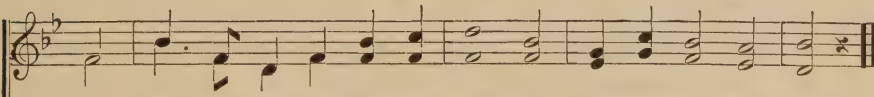
1. Lord of my life, whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,
 2. O may I dai - ly, hour - ly strive In heaven - ly grace to grow;
 3. With prayers my humb - le praise I bring For mer - cies day by day;



Here low - ly at the hour of eve - ning prayer
 To Thee and to Thy glo - ry ev - er live,
 Lord, teach my will - ing heart Thy love to sing;



Be - fore Thy ra - dant throne I hum - bly bow.
 Dead to all oth - er earth - ly things be - low,
 Lord, teach me now and ev - er how to pray;

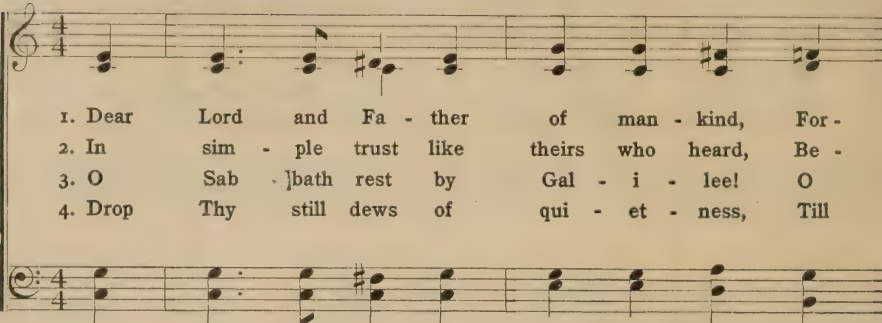


I bless Thy gra - cious hand and pray For - give - ness for this day.
 Tread in the path my Sav - iour trod, Though thorn - y, yet to God.
 All that I have I give to Thee Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

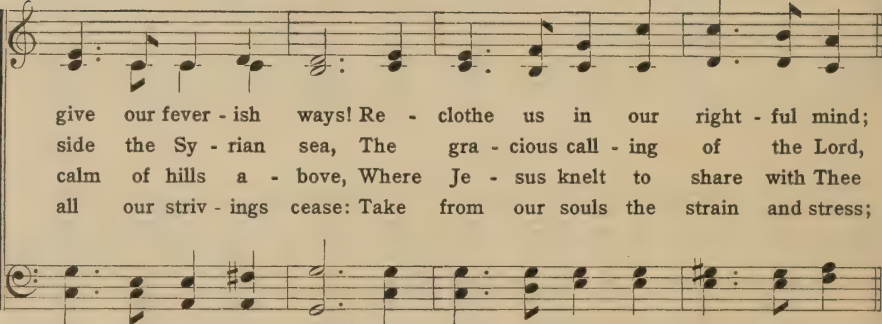
WHITTIER 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

John G. Whittier

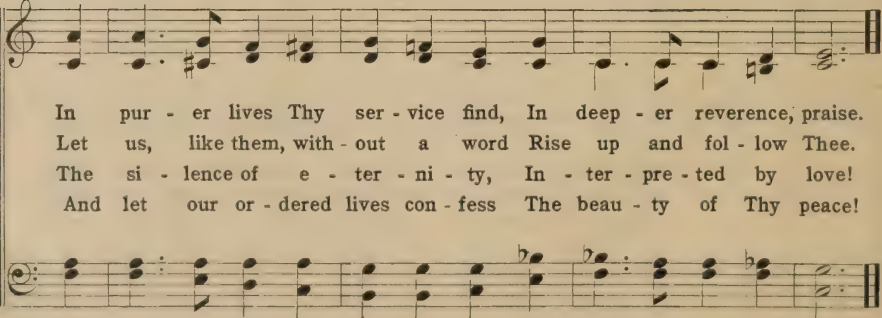
Frederick C. Maker



1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For -
 2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be -
 3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O
 4. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till



give our fever - ish ways! Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind;
 side the Sy - rian sea, The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord,
 calm of hills a - bove, Where Je - sus knelt to share with Thee
 all our striv - ings cease: Take from our souls the strain and stress;



In pur - er lives Thy ser - vice find, In deep - er reverence, praise.
 Let us, like them, with - out a word Rise up and fol - low Thee.
 The si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pre - ted by love!
 And let our or - dered lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace!

Nearer, O God, to Thee

ST. EDMUND 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

W. Walsham How

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. Near - er, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou our prayer!
 2. If where they led the Lord, We too are borne,
 3. If Thou the cup of pain, Giv - est to drink,
 4. Though the great bat - tle rage Hot - ly a - round,

E'en though a hea - vy cross Faint - ing we bear,
 Plant - ing our steps in His, Wea - ry and worn;
 Let not the trem - bling lip From the draught shrink;
 Still where our Cap - tain fights Let us be found;

Still all our prayer shall be, Near - er, O God, to Thee,
 There ev - en let us be Near - er, O God, to Thee,
 So by our woes to be Near - er, O God, to Thee,
 Through toils and strife to be Near - er, O God, to Thee,

Near - er, O God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

5 When, our course finished, we
 Breathe our last breath,
 Entering the shadowy
 Valley of death;
 There even shall we be
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

5 And when Thou, Lord, once more
 Glorious shalt come,
 O for a dwelling-place,
 In Thy bright home!
 Through all eternity
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

Shine on Our Souls, Eternal God

UNIVERSITY C. M.

Philip Doddridge

John Randall

1. Shine on our souls, e - ter - nal God, With rays of beau - ty shine!
 2. Did we not raise our hands to Thee, Our hands might toil in vain.
 3. With Thee let eve - ry week be - gin, With Thee each day be spent:
 4. Thus cheer us through this de - sert road, Till all our la - bors cease,

Oh! let Thy fa - vor crown our days, And all their round be Thine!
 Small joy suc - cess it - self could give, If Thou Thy love re - strain.
 For Thee each fleet - ing hour im - prov'd, Since each by Thee is lent.
 And Heaven re - fresh our wea - ry souls With ev - er - last - ing peace.

119 Hark! the Hosts of Heaven Are Singing

ROSKILDE 8. 7. 8. 7.

Edward H. Plumtre

H. Rung

1. Hark! the hosts of heaven are sing - ing Prais - es to their new-born Lord,
 2. On this night, all nights ex - cel - ling, God's high prais - es sound - ed forth,
 3. Through the darkness, strangely splen - did, Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;

Strains of sweet - est mu - sic fling - ing, Not a note or word un - heard.
 While the an - gel songs were tell - ing Of the Lord's mys - ter - ious birth.
 As their low - ly flocks they tend - ed, Came new tid - ings from the skies.

4 All the hosts of heaven are chanting
 Songs with power to stir and thrill,
 And the universe is panting
 Joy's deep longings to fulfill.

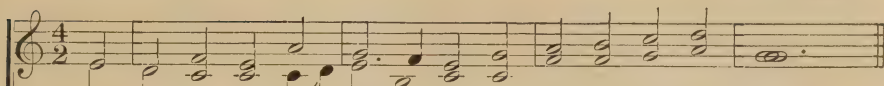
5 On this day then through creation,
 Let the glorious hymn ring out,
 Let men hail the great salvation,
 "God with us" with song and shout.

Joy Fills Our Inmost Heart Today

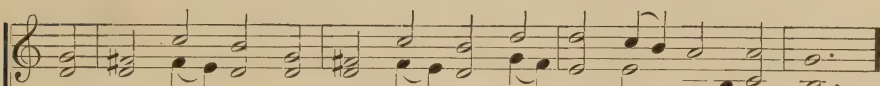
GAUDETE 8. 6. 8. 6. with Refrain

William C. Dix

Samuel Smith

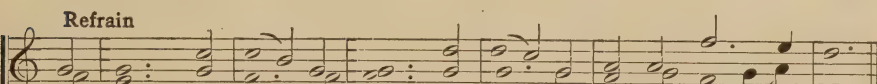


1. Joy fills our in - most heart to - day: The roy - al Child is born:
 2. Low at the cra - dle throne we bend, We won - der and a - dore;
 3. For us the world must lose its charms Be - fore the man - ger shrine,
 4. Thou Light of un - cre - a - ted Light, Shine on us, Ho - ly Child;

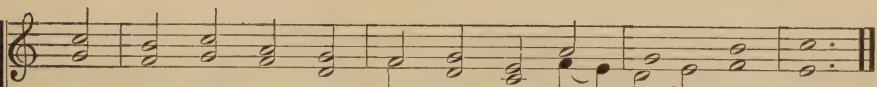


And an - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.
 And feel no bliss can ours tran - scend. No joy was sweet be - fore.
 When, fold - ed in Thy moth - er's arms We see Thee, Babe di - vine.
 That we may keep Thy birth - day bright, With ser - vice un - de - filed.

Refrain



Re - joice, re - joice! Th' in - car - nate Word Has come on earth to dwell;



No sweet - er sound than this is heard—Em - man - u - el.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. D. with Refrain

Charles Wesley

First Tune

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord!
 3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous-ness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb:
 Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail the In-car - nate De - i - ty,
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With the an - gel - ic host pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el.
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them se - cond birth.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

O Come, All Ye Faithful

ADESTE FIDELES P. M.

Latin. Trans. by Frederick Oakeley

J. F. Wade's Cantus Diversi

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant,
 2. — Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
 3. — Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing;

O come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
 — Sing, all ye cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove:
 — Je - sus, to Thee be all glo - ry giv'n;

Come and be - hold Him, Born the King of an - gels;
 Glo - ry to God All glo - ry in the high - est;
 Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

After each verse

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,

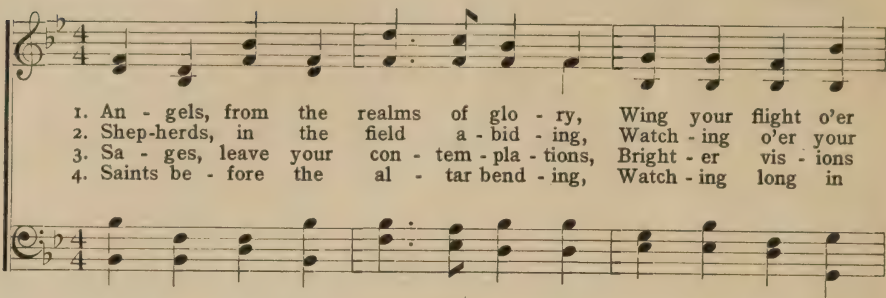
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord.

Angels, From the Realms of Glory

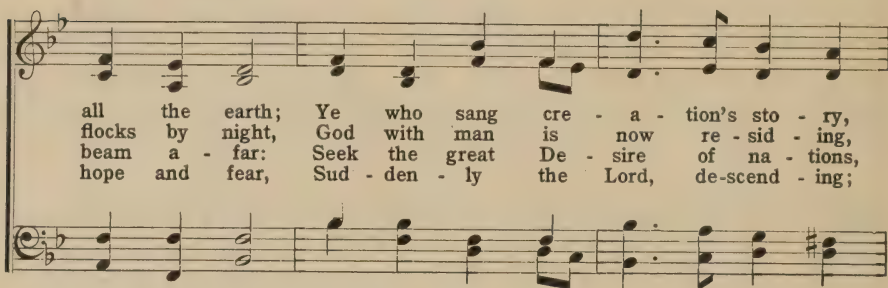
REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

James Montgomery

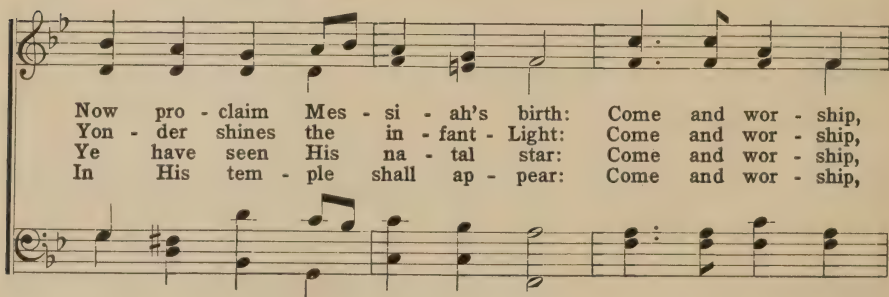
Henry Smart



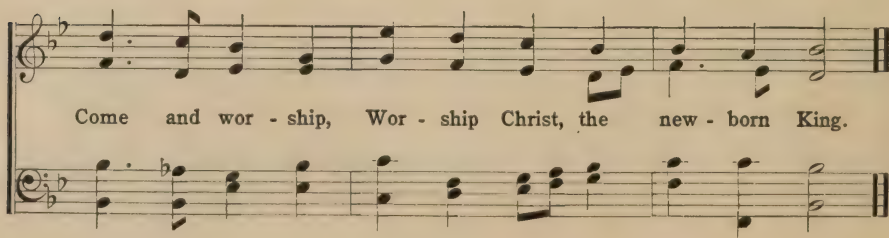
1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er
 2. Shep-herds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your
 3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vis - ions
 4. Saints be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in



all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,
 flocks by night, God with man is now re - sid - ing,
 beam a - far: Seek the great De - sire of na - tions,
 hope and fear, Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing;



Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth: Come and wor - ship,
 Yon - der shines the in - fant - Light: Come and wor - ship,
 Ye have seen His na - tal star: Come and wor - ship,
 In His tem - ple shall ap - pear: Come and wor - ship,



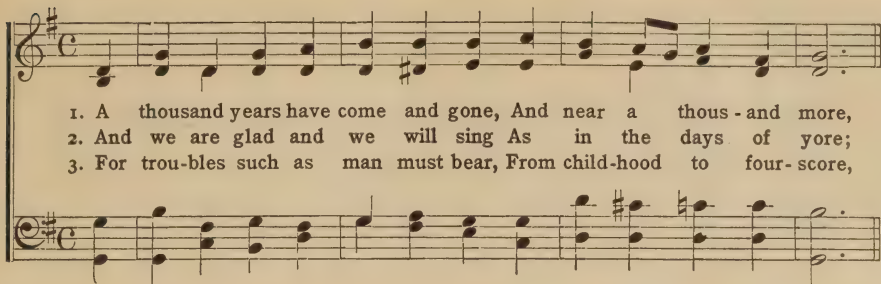
Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

124 A Thousand Years Have Come and Gone

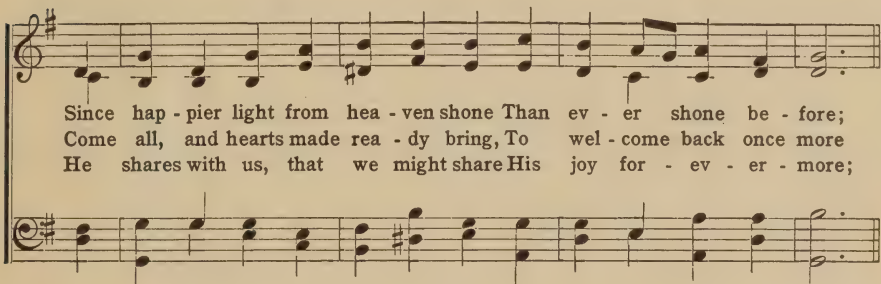
CHRISTNACHT 8. 6. 8. 6. D.

T. T. Lynch

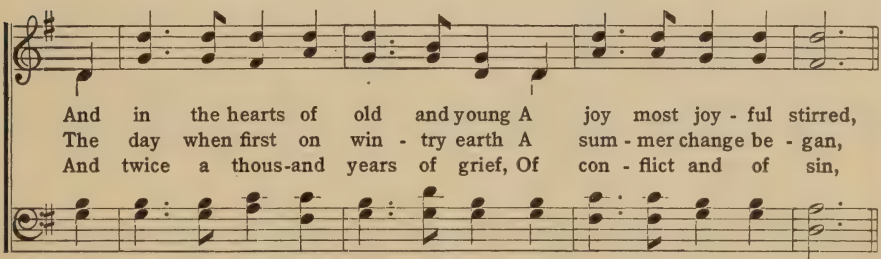
German Traditional



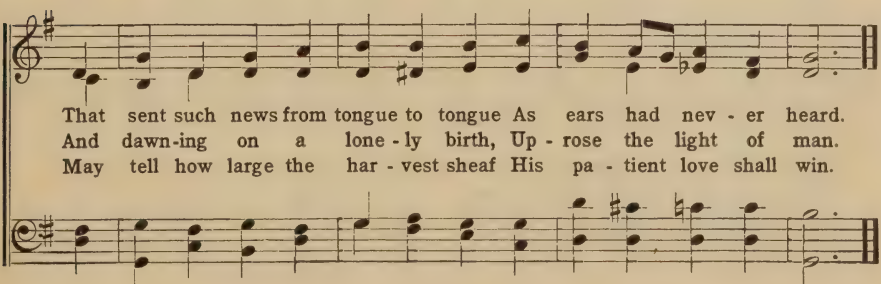
1. A thousand years have come and gone, And near a thous - and more,
2. And we are glad and we will sing As in the days of yore;
3. For trou-bles such as man must bear, From child-hood to four-score,



Since hap - pier light from hea - ven shone Than ev - er shone be - fore;
Come all, and hearts made rea - dy bring, To wel - come back once more
He shares with us, that we might share His joy for - ev - er - more;



And in the hearts of old and young A joy most joy - ful stirred,
The day when first on win - try earth A sum - mer change be - gan,
And twice a thous-and years of grief, Of con - flict and of sin,



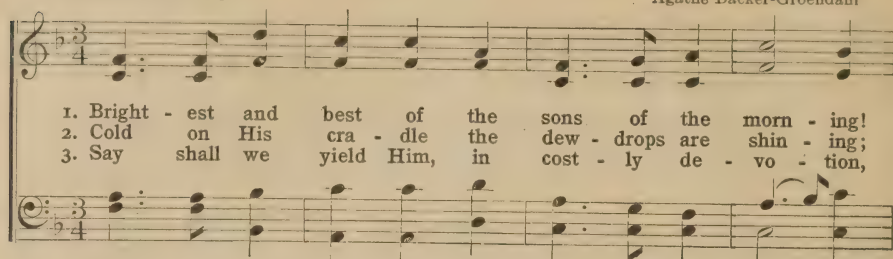
That sent such news from tongue to tongue As ears had nev - er heard.
And dawn-ing on a lone - ly birth, Up - rose the light of man.
May tell how large the har - vest sheaf His pa - tient love shall win.

125 Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning

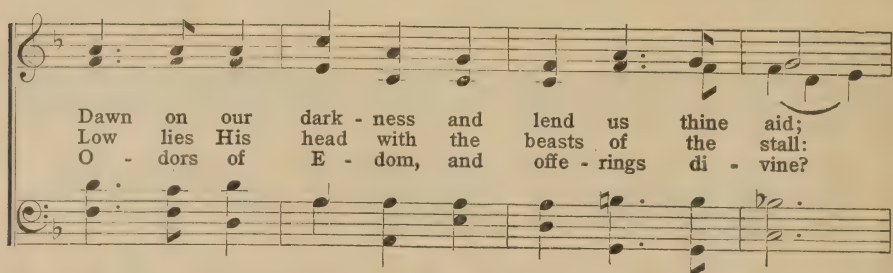
AGATHE 11. 10. 11. 13.

Reginald Heber, adapted

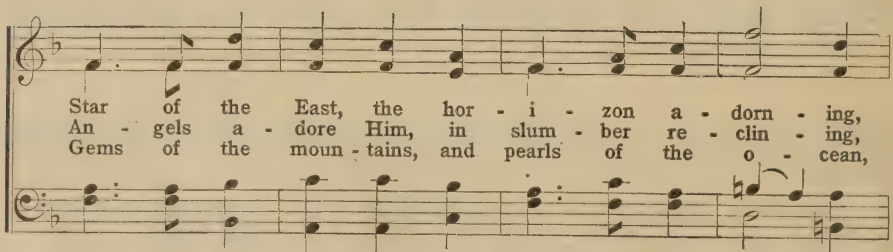
Agathe Backer-Groendahl



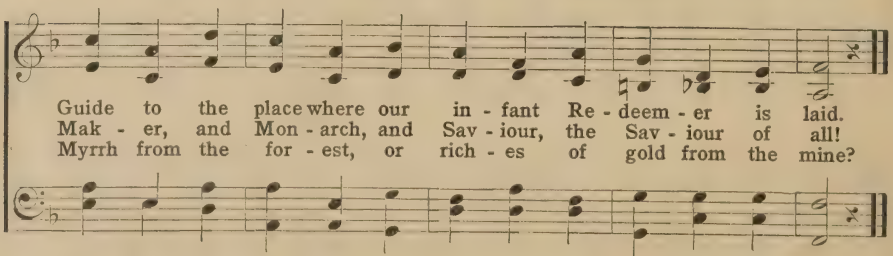
1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing!
 2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing;
 3. Say shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion,



Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us thine aid;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
 O - dors of E - dom, and offe - rings di - vine?



Star of the East, the hor - i - zon a - dorn - ing,
 An - gels a - dore Him, in slum - ber re - clin - ing,
 Gems of the moun - tains, and pearls of the o - cean,



Guide to the place where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
 Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour, the Sav - iour of all!
 Myrrh from the for - est, or rich - es of gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would His favor secure:
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the praises and prayers
 of the poor;

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
 morning!
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide to the place where our infant Re -
 deemer is laid.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

CAROL C. M. D.

Edmund H. Sears

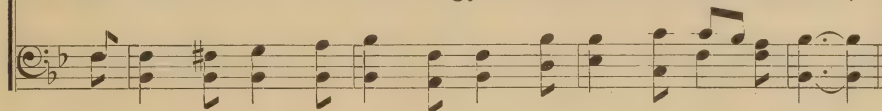
Richard S. Willis



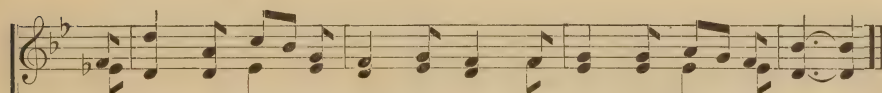
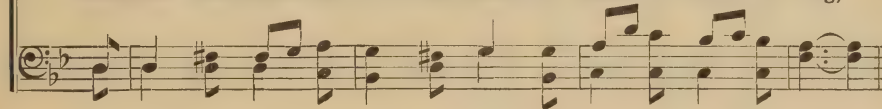
1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
 2. Still through the clov - en skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
 3. And ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
 4. For lo! the days are hasten - ing on By pro - phets seen of old,



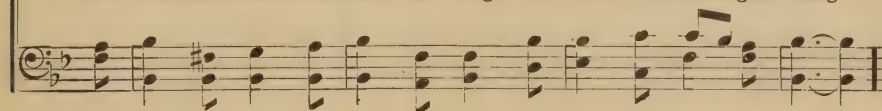
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
 And still their heaven - ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,—
 When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told,



"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all - gra - cious King:"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hovering wing,
 Look now! for glad and gol - den hours Come swift - ly on the wing:
 When the new heaven and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their king,



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Bab - el - sounds The bles - sed an - gels sing.
 O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

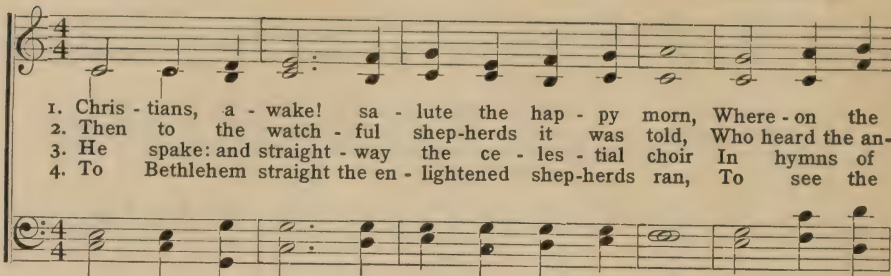


127 Christians, Awake! Salute the Happy Morn

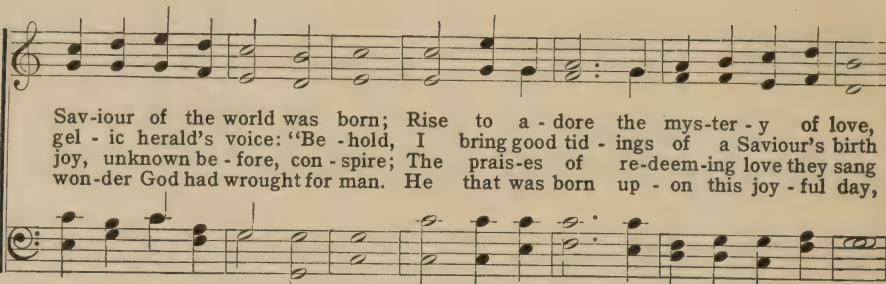
YORKSHIRE 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

John Byrom

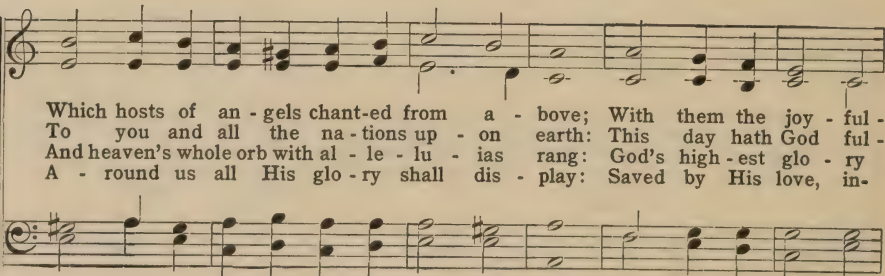
John Wainwright



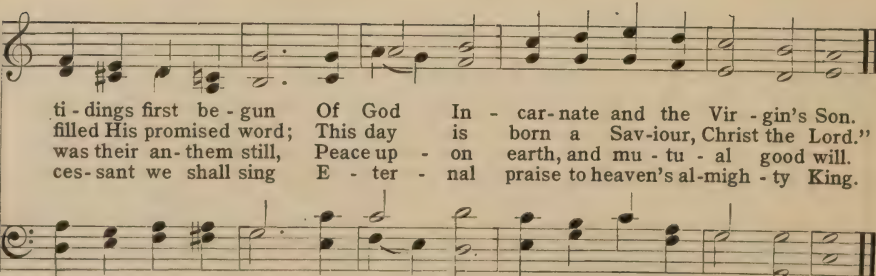
1. Chris - tians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the
 2. Then to the watch - ful shep-herds it was told, Who heard the an-
 3. He spake: and straight - way the ce - les - tial choir In hymns of
 4. To Bethlehem straight the en - lightened shep-herds ran, To see the



Sav-iour of the world was born; Rise to a-dore the mys-ter-y of love,
 gel-ic herald's voice: "Be-hold, I bring good tid-ings of a Saviour's birth
 joy, unknown be-fore, con-spire; The prais-es of re-deem-ing love they sang
 won-der God had wrought for man. He that was born up-on this joy-ful day,



Which hosts of an-gels chant-ed from a-bove; With them the joy-ful-
 To you and all the na-tions up-on earth: This day hath God ful-
 And heaven's whole orb with al-le-lu-ias rang: God's high-est glo-ry
 A-round us all His glo-ry shall dis-play: Saved by His love, in-



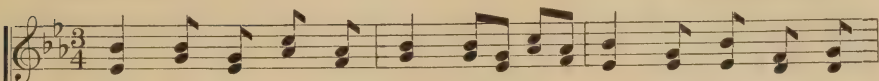
ti-dings first be-gun Of God In-car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son.
 filled His promised word; This day is born a Sav-iour, Christ the Lord."
 was their an-them still, Peace up-on earth, and mu-tu-al good will.
 ces-sant we shall sing E-ter-nal praise to heaven's al-migh-ty King.

From Lands That See the Sun Arise

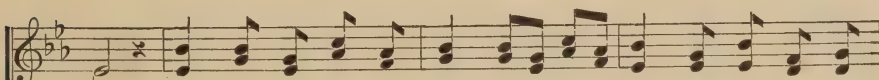
ZISKA 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 6.

Edward Caswall


Bohemian Folk-song



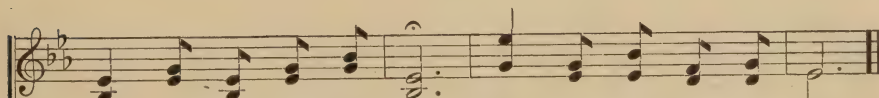
1. From lands that see the sun a - rise To earth's re - mot - est
 2. A spot - less maid - en bears the Babe Fore - told by Ga - briel's
 3. The hosts of heaven His birth - day keep, The an - gels round Him



shore, Let eve - ry tongue give praise to Him, Whom bless - ed Ma - ry
 word; She car - ries on her vir - gin breast Her Sav - iour and her
 sing; And shepherds has - ten to a - dore Their Shep - herd and their



bore. He comes, the world's blest Mak - er, He
 Lord. A man - ger scant - ly strewn with hay
 King. Praise to the Fa - ther; praise to Thee



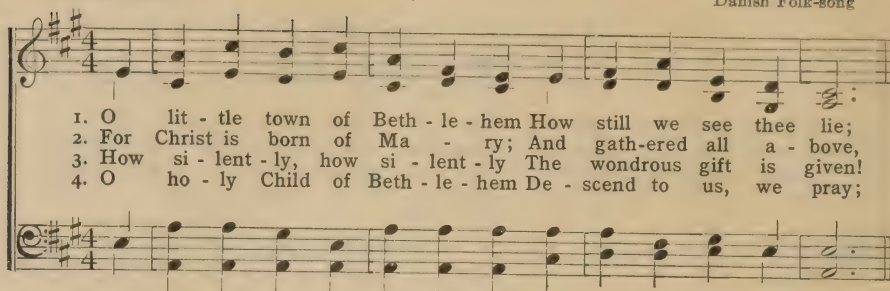
In ser - vile guise ar - rayed, To save the souls He made.
 Be - comes the E - ter - nal's bed; Him - self with milk is fed.
 The Vir - gin's Ho - ly Son While end - less a - ges run.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

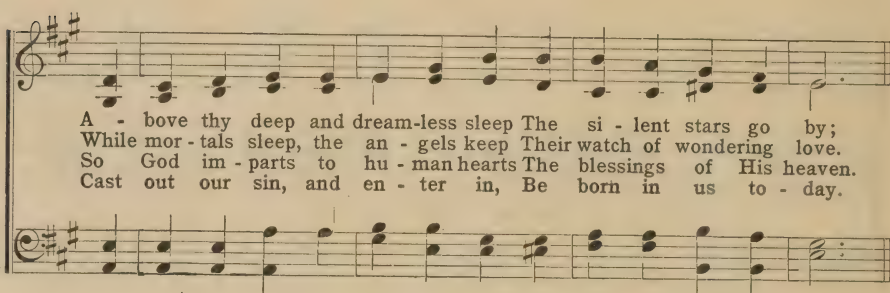
OTTOSEN 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6.

Phillips Brooks

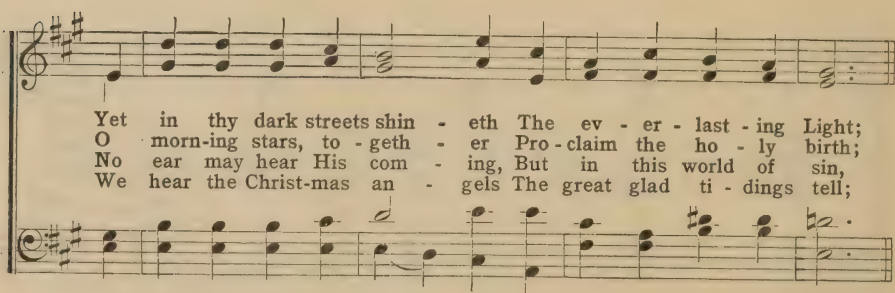
Danish Folk-song



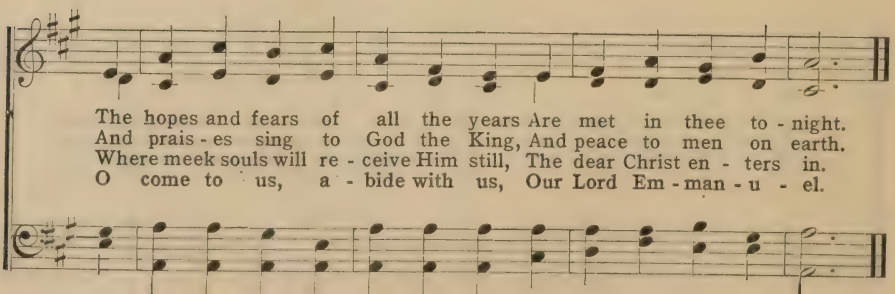
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem How still we see thee lie;
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is given!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wondering love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The blessings of His heaven.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



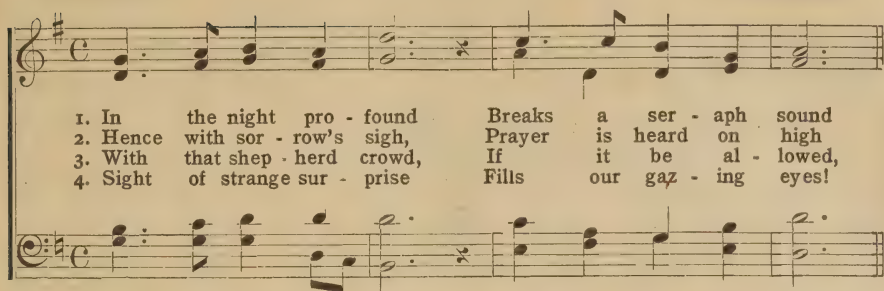
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el.

In the Night Profound

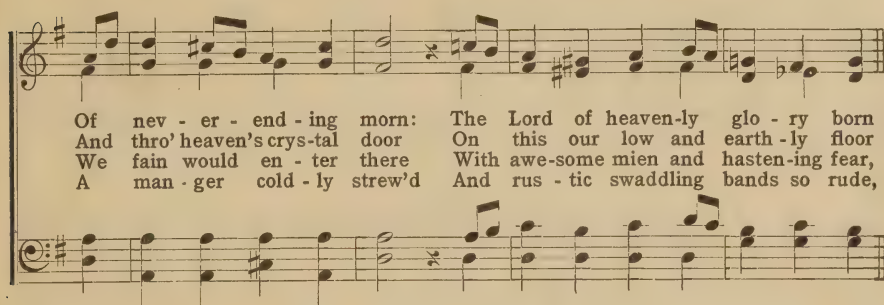
JAEHNIGEN 5. 5. 6. 8. 12.

Isaac Williams

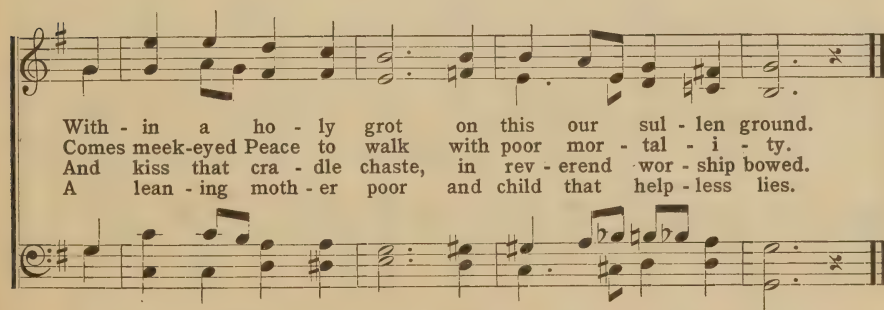
C. F. Jaehnigen



1. In the night pro - found Breaks a ser - aph sound
 2. Hence with sor - row's sigh, Prayer is heard on high
 3. With that shep - herd crowd, If it be al - lowed,
 4. Sight of strange sur - prise Fills our gaz - ing eyes!



Of nev - er - end - ing morn: The Lord of heaven - ly glo - ry born
 And thro' heaven's crys - tal door On this our low and earth - ly floor
 We fain would en - ter there With awe - some mien and hasten - ing fear,
 A man - ger cold - ly strew'd And rus - tic swaddling bands so rude,



With - in a ho - ly grot on this our sul - len ground.
 Comes meek-eyed Peace to walk with poor mor - tal - i - ty.
 And kiss that cra - dle chaste, in rev - erend wor - ship bowed.
 A lean - ing moth - er poor and child that help - less lies.

5 Art Thou, wondrous sight,
 Light of very Light?
 Who holdest in Thy hand
 The spacious sky and sea and land
 Who than the glorious heavens art more exceeding bright?

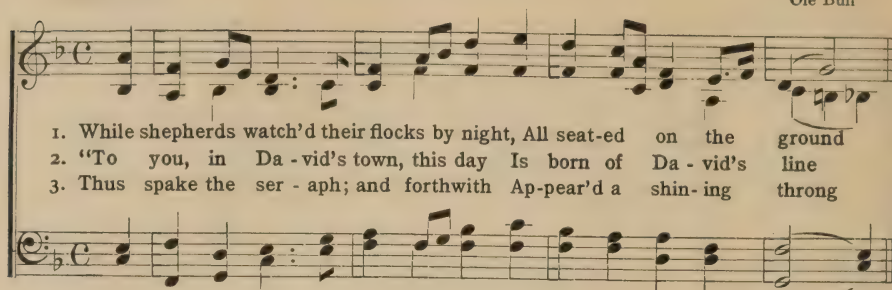
6 In us, Babe divine,
 Be and make us Thine:
 Within our souls reveal
 Thy mighty love and power to heal.
 Be born and make our hearts Thy cradle and Thy shrine.

131 While Shepherds Watch'd Their Flocks by Night

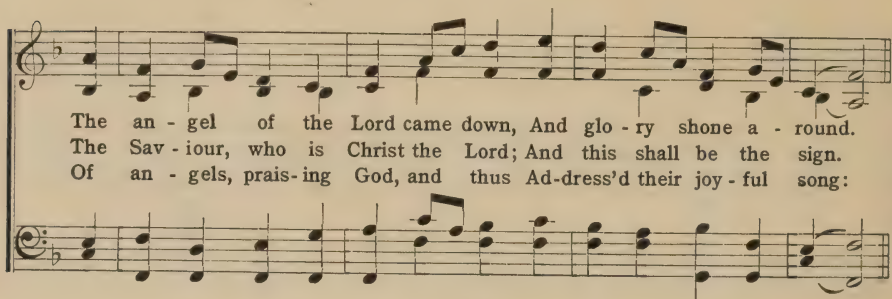
SAETER C. M. D.

Nahum Tate

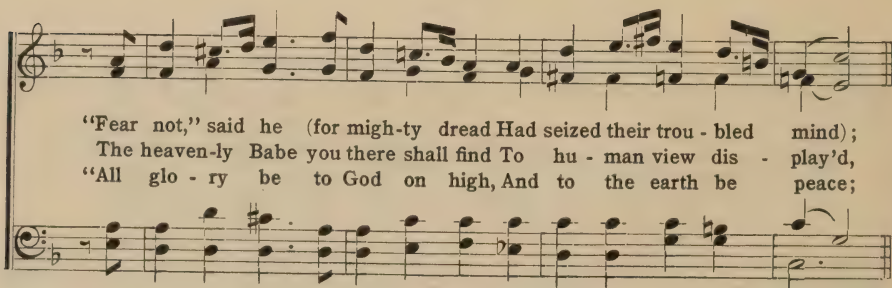
Ole Bull



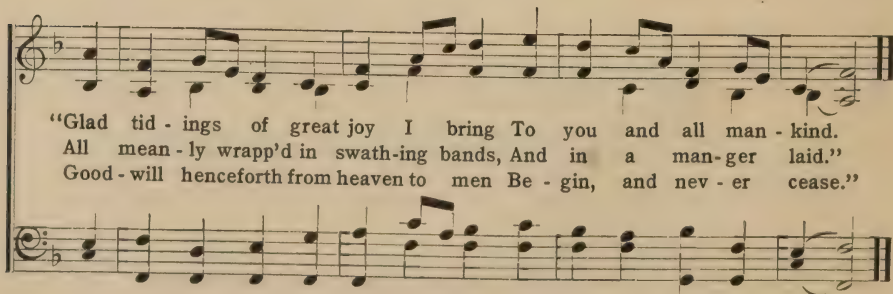
1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground
 2. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day Is born of Da-vid's line
 3. Thus spake the ser-aph; and forthwith Ap-pear'd a shin-ing throng



The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.
 The Sav-iour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign.
 Of an-gels, prais-ing God, and thus Ad-dress'd their joy-ful song:



"Fear not," said he (for migh-ty dread Had seized their trou-bled mind);
 The heav-en-ly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-play'd,
 "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace;



"Glad tid-ings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.
 All mean-ly wrapp'd in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid."
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men Be-gin, and nev-er cease."

To Us a Child of Hope is Born

Anonymous

YULE 8. 4. 8. 4. 4.

Danish Folk-song

1. To us a Child of hope is born, A Son is given;
 2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For aye a - dored,
 3. His power in - creas - ing still shall spread, No end shall know;
 4. To us a Child of hope is born, A Son is given,

Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, The hosts of heaven, The hosts of heaven.
 The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The Mighty God, The Mighty God.
 Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, Peace reign be - low, Peace reign below.
 The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - lor, The Lord of Heaven, The Lord of Heaven.

All Praise to Thee, Eternal Lord

Martin Luther

SCHULZ L. M.

J. A. P. Schulz

1. All praise to Thee, E - ter - nal Lord, Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
 2. Once did the skies be - fore Thee bow; A Vir - gin's arms con - tain Thee now.
 3. A lit - tle Child, Thou art our Guest, That wea - ry ones in Thee may rest;
 4. Ah! dear - est Je - sus, Ho - ly Child, Make Thee a bed, soft, un - de - filed,

Who chose a man - ger for Thy throne, When worlds on worlds were Thine alone.
 An - gels who did in Thee re - joice Now list - en for Thine in - fant voice.
 For - lorn and low - ly is Thy birth, That we may rise to heaven from earth.
 With - in my heart, that it may be A qui - et chamber kept for Thee.

5 My heart for very joy doth leap,
 My lips no more can silence keep;
 I too must sing with joyful tongue
 That sweetest ancient cradle-song,

6 Glory to God in highest heaven
 Who unto man His Son hath given,
 While angels sing with reverent mirth
 A glad New Year to all the earth.


Joy to the World! the Lord is Come

ANTIOCH C. M.


Isaac Watts

First Tune


G. F. Händel



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - iour reigns: Let men their
 3. No more let 'sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the




ceive her King; Let eve - ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 fest the ground; He comes to make His bles - sings flow
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,



And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His

And heaven and na - ture sing



sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

heaven and na - ture sing

Joy to the World! the Lord is Come

WENNERBERG C. M.

Isaac Watts

Second Tune

G. Wennerberg

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - iour reigns: Let
 3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And

earth re - ceive her King; Let eve - ry heart pre -
 men their songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks,
 thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make His
 makes the na - tions prove The glo - ries of His

pare Him room, Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him room, And
 hills and plains, While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re -
 bless - ings flow, He comes to make His bless - ings flow Far
 right - eous - ness, The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And

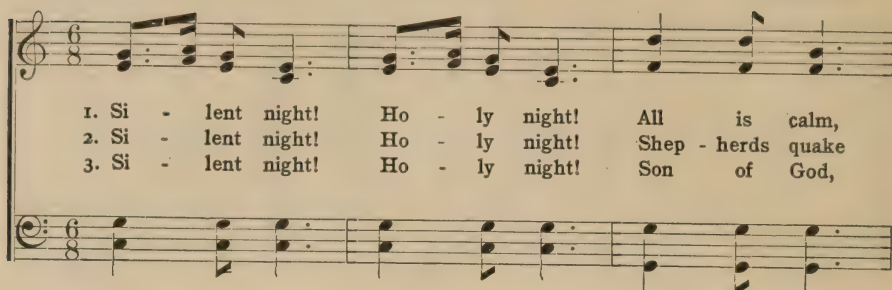
heaven and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
 peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found.
 won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His love.

Silent Night! Holy Night!

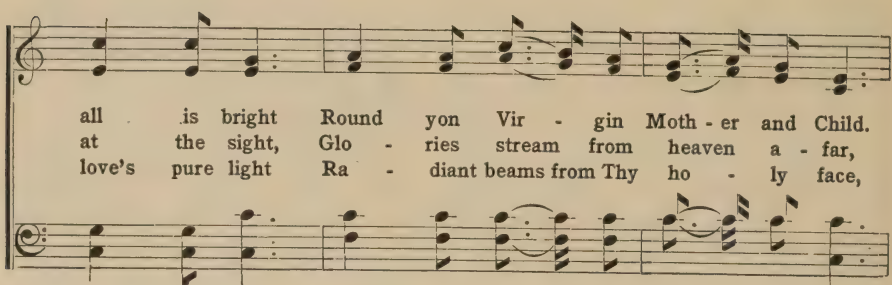
STILLE NACHT 6. 6. 8. 8. 6. 6.

Joseph Mohr. Translator unknown

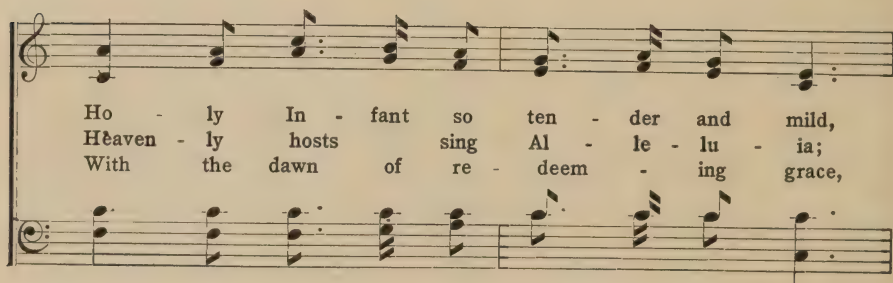
Franz Grüber



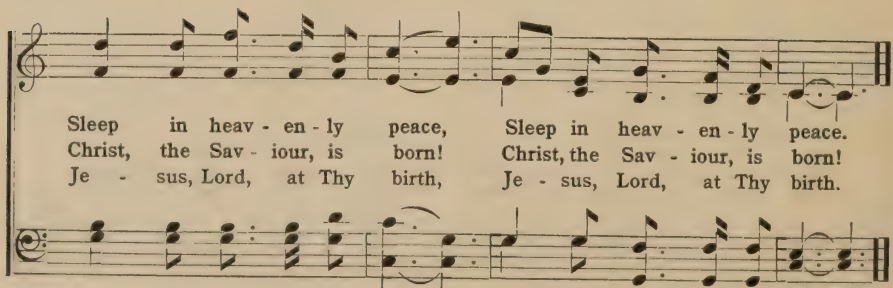
1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm,
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep - herds quake
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God,



all is bright Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child.
 at the sight, Glo - ries stream from heaven a - far,
 love's pure light Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face,



Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
 Heaven - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
 With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,



Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
 Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

HOLY NIGHT P. M.

Joseph Mohr. Translator unknown

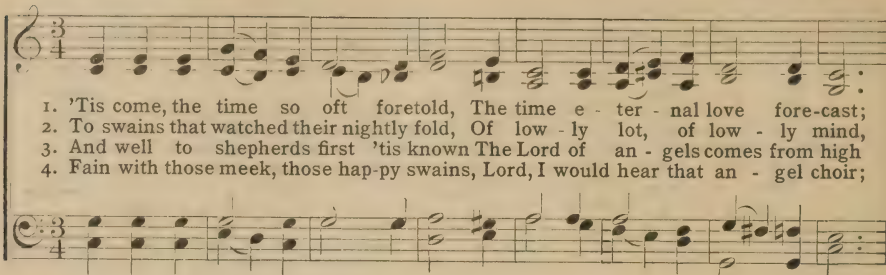
Joseph Barnby

1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Through the dark - ness beams a light,
 2. Si - lent night! ho-li - est night! Dark - ness flies and all is light!
 3. Si - lent night! ho-li - est night! Guid - ing Star, oh, lend thy light!
 4. Si - lent night! ho-li - est night! Won - drous Star! oh, lend thy light!

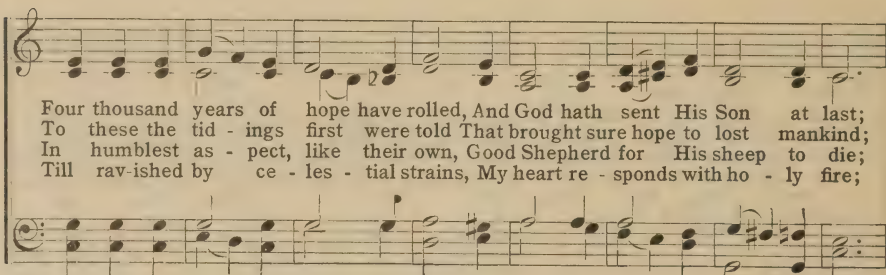
Ho - ly night! peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light, Through the darkness
 Si - lent night! holi - est night! Dark-ness flies and all is light, Dark-ness flies and
 Si - lent night! holi - est night! Guid-ing Star, oh, lend thy light! Guid - ing Star oh,
 Si - lent night! holi - est night! Wondrous Star! oh, lend thy light! Won-drous Star! oh,

beams a light. Yon - der, where they sweet vi-gils keep O'er the Babe, who, in
 all is light! Shepherds hear the an - gels sing —“Hal - le - lu - jah!
 lend thy light! See the east - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom-age
 lend thy light! With the an - gels let us sing Hal - le - lu - jah

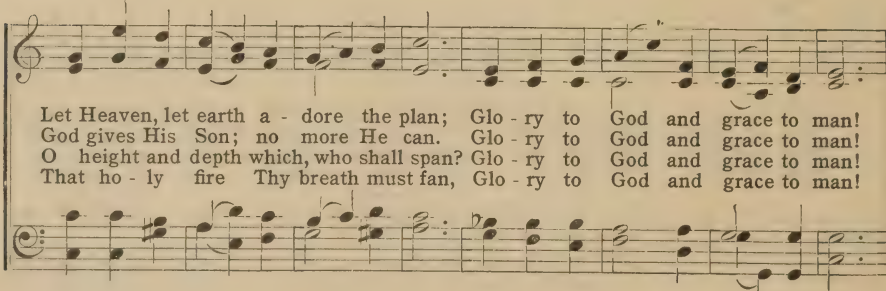
si - lent sleep, Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.
 hail the King! Je - sus Christ is here! Je - sus Christ is here!”
 to our King! Je - sus Christ is here! Je - sus Christ is here!
 to our King! Je - sus Christ is here! Je - sus Christ is here!



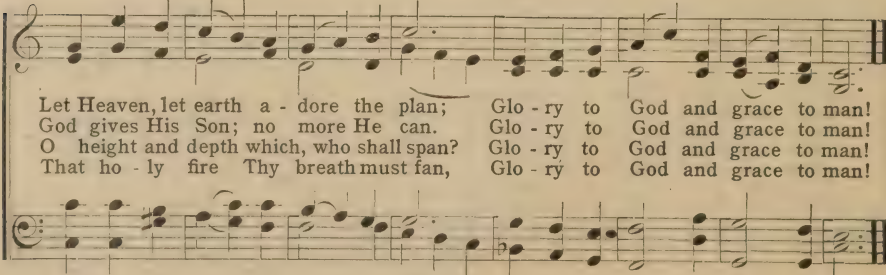
1. 'Tis come, the time so oft foretold, The time e - ter - nal love fore-cast;
 2. To swains that watched their nightly fold, Of low - ly lot, of low - ly mind,
 3. And well to shepherds first 'tis known The Lord of an - gels comes from high
 4. Fain with those meek, those hap-py swains, Lord, I would hear that an - gel choir;



Four thousand years of hope have rolled, And God hath sent His Son at last;
 To these the tid - ings first were told That brought sure hope to lost mankind;
 In humblest as - pect, like their own, Good Shepherd for His sheep to die;
 Till rav-ish-ed by ce - les - tial strains, My heart re - sponds with ho - ly fire;



Let Heaven, let earth a - dore the plan; Glo - ry to God and grace to man!
 God gives His Son; no more He can. Glo - ry to God and grace to man!
 O height and depth which, who shall span? Glo - ry to God and grace to man!
 That ho - ly fire Thy breath must fan, Glo - ry to God and grace to man!

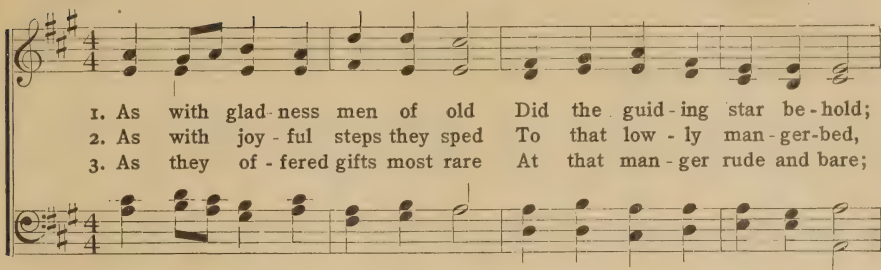


Let Heaven, let earth a - dore the plan; Glo - ry to God and grace to man!
 God gives His Son; no more He can. Glo - ry to God and grace to man!
 O height and depth which, who shall span? Glo - ry to God and grace to man!
 That ho - ly fire Thy breath must fan, Glo - ry to God and grace to man!

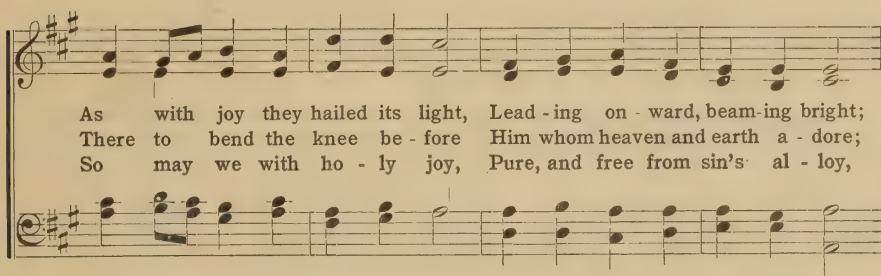
DIX 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

William C. Dix

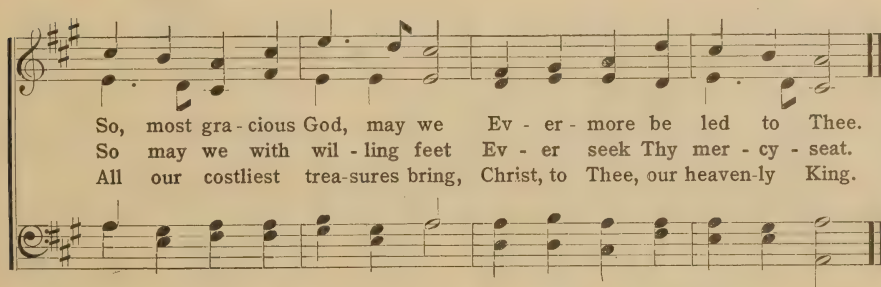
Conrad Koehler



1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
 2. As with joy-ful steps they sped To that low-ly man-ger-bed,
 3. As they of-fered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare;



As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
 There to bend the knee be-fore Him whom heaven and earth a-dore;
 So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure, and free from sin's al-loy,



So, most gra-cious God, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.
 So may we with wil-ling feet Ev-er seek Thy mer-cy-seat.
 All our costliest trea-sures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heaven-ly King.

- 4 Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.

The First Noel the Angel Did Say

THE FIRST NOEL Irregular with Refrain

Ch. & School Hymns

Traditional

1. The first No - el the an - gel did say Was to cer - tain poor
 2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shin - ing in the
 3. And by the light of that same star, Three wise men

shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
 east, be - yond them far; And to the earth it gave great light,
 came from coun - try far; To seek for a king was their in - tent,

Refrain
 On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep.
 And so it con - tin - ued both day and night. No - el, No -
 And to fol - low the star wher - ev - er it went.

el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

4 This star drew nigh to the northwest,
 O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
 And there it did both stop and stay,
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.
 Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
 Born is the King of Israel.

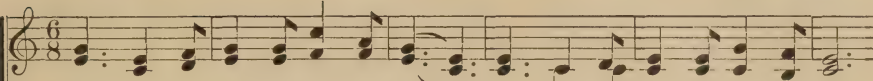
5 Then entered in those wise men three,
 Full reverently upon the knee,
 And offered there, in His presence,
 Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
 Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
 Born is the King of Israel.

141 When Starting From the Shades of Night

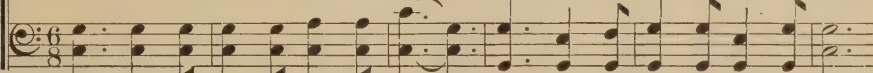
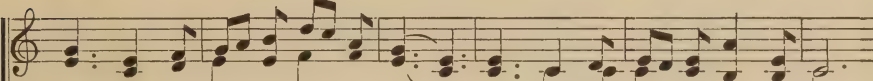
BOWDLER L. M. D.

John Bowdler

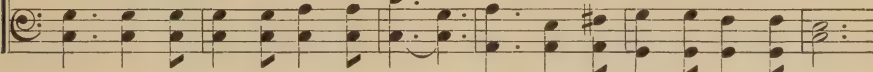
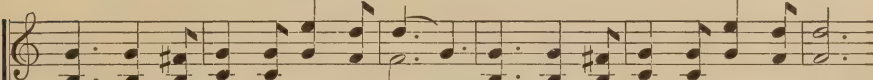
G. A. Rossini



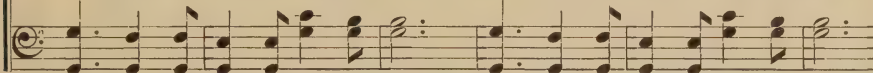
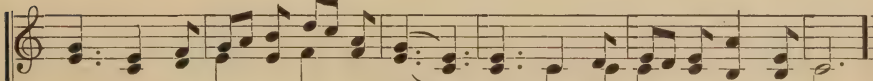
1. When start-ing from the shades of night, At dread Je - ho-vah's high be - hest,
 2. When, bend-ing from His na - tive sky, The Lord of life in mer - cy came,
 3. And shall not man the con - cert join, For whom this bright cre - a - tion rose;
 4. Long as yon glittering arch shall bend, Long as yon orbs in glo - ry roll,


The sun ar - rayed his limbs in light And earth her vir - gin beau - ty drest;
 And laid His bright ef - ful - gence by To bear on earth a hu - man name;
 For whom the fires of morn - ing shine, And eve's still lamps, that woo re - pose?
 Long as the streams of life de - scend To cheer with hope the faint - ing soul,

Thy praise transport - ed na - ture sang In peal - ing chor - us loud and far,
 The song by cher - ub voi - ces raised, Rolled through the dark blue depths above,
 Yea, shall not he the chor - us swell Whose form the In - carnate Godhead wore;
 Thy praise shall fill each grateful voice, Shall bid the song of rap - ture sound:

The vaults with echoing rap - ture rang And shout - ed ev - ery morn - ing star.
 And Is - rael's shepherds heard a - mazed The ser - aph notes of peace and love.
 Whose guilt, whose fears, whose triumph tell How deep the wounds his Saviour bore?
 And heaven's ex - ult - ing sons re - joice To bear the full Ho - san - na round.



142 O Love. How Deep! How Broad! How High!

ABSCHIED L. M.

Latin of Thomas à Kempis. Trans by Benjamin Webb

Wenzel Mueller

1. O Love, how deep! how broad! how high! It fills the heart with ec-sta-sy,
 2. He sent no an-gel to our race Of high-er or of low-er place,
 3. For us He prayed, for us He taught, For us His dai-ly works He wrought
 4. For us to wick-ed men betrayed, Scourged, mocked, in purple robe arrayed,

That God, the Son of God, should take Our mor-tal form for mor-tal's sake.
 But wore the robe of hu-man frame Himself, and to this lost world came.
 By words and signs and actions, thus Still seeking not Him-self, but us.
 He bore the shame ful cross and death; For us at length gave up His breath.

5 For us He rose from death again,
 For us He went on high to reign,
 For us He sent His Spirit here,
 To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

6 To Him whose boundless love has won
 Salvation for us through His Son,
 To God the Father, glory be,
 Both now and through eternity.

143 A Pilgrim Through This Weary World

Edward Denny

DU HERRE KRIST C. M.

A. P. Berggreen

1. A pil-grim through this wea-ry world, The bless-ed Sav-iour passed, A
 2. That ten-der heart that felt for all, For all His life-blood gave. It
 3. Such was our Lord, and shall we fear The cross with all its scorn, Or
 4. No! Fac-ing all its frowns and smiles, Like him o-be-dient still, We

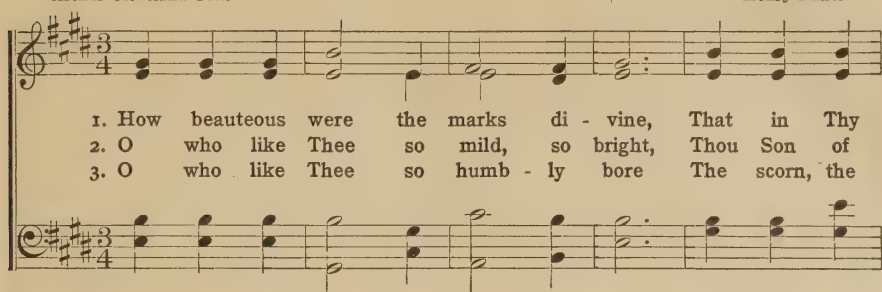
mourner all His life was He. A dy-ing Lamb at last, A dy-ing Lamb at last.
 found on earth no rest-ing-place Save on-ly in the grave, Save only in the grave.
 love a faithless evil world That wreathed His brow with thorn? That wreathed His brow with thorn?
 homeward press through storm or calm To Zion's blessed hill, To Zi-on's blessed hill.

144 How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine

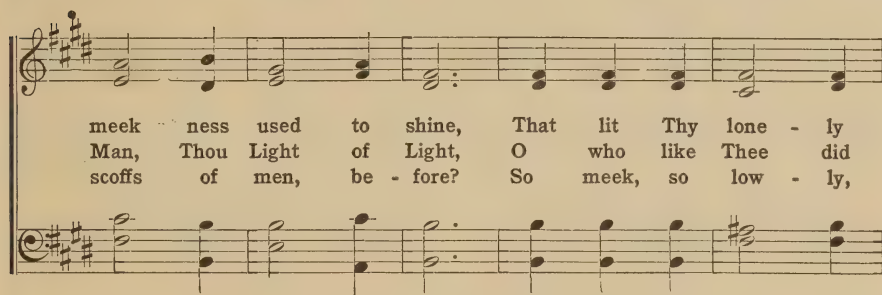
HESPERUS L. M.

Arthur Cleveland Cox

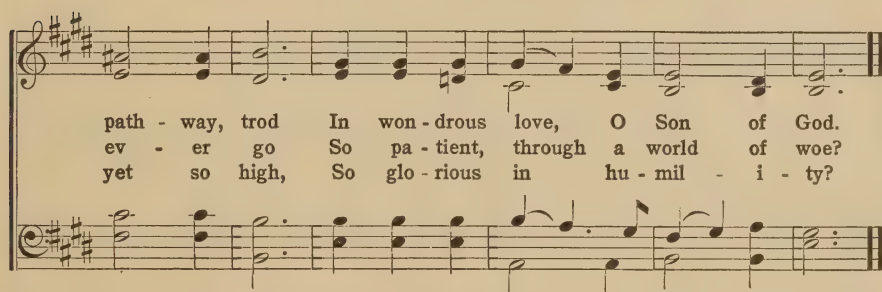
Henry Baker



1. How beauteous were the marks di - vine, That in Thy
 2. O who like Thee so mild, so bright, Thou Son of
 3. O who like Thee so humb - ly bore The scorn, the



meek - ness used to shine, That lit Thy lone - ly
 Man, Thou Light of Light, O who like Thee did
 scoffs of men, be - fore? So meek, so low - ly,



path - way, trod In won - drous love, O Son of God.
 ev - er go So pa - tient, through a world of woe?
 yet so high, So glo - rious in hu - mil - i - ty?

4 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
 Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
 Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
 And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

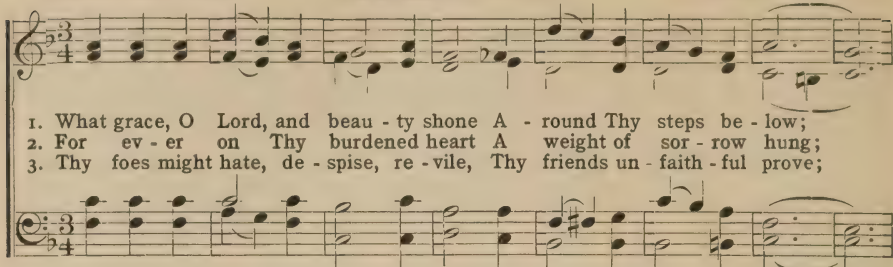
5 O wondrous Lord, my soul would be
 Still more and more conformed to Thee,
 And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
 And like Thee, all my journey run.

145 What Grace, O Lord, and Beauty Shone

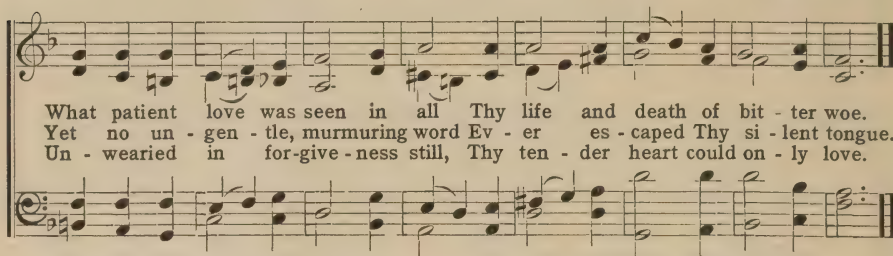
Edward Denny, altered

BARNEKOW 8. 6. 8. 8.

Christian Barnekow



1. What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low;
 2. For ev - er on Thy burdened heart A weight of sor - row hung;
 3. Thy foes might hate, de - spise, re - vile, Thy friends un - faith - ful prove;



What patient love was seen in all Thy life and death of bit - ter woe.
 Yet no un - gen - tle, murmuring word Ev - er es - caped Thy si - lent tongue.
 Un - wearied in for - give - ness still, Thy ten - der heart could on - ly love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee!
 Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
 Far more for others' sins, than all
 The various wrongs that we receive.

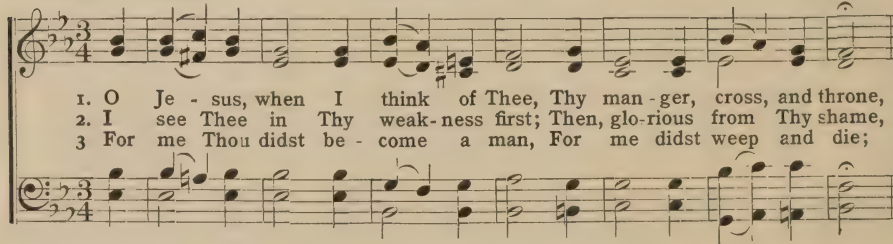
5 One with Thyself, may every eye;
 In us, Thy brethren, see
 The gentleness and grace that spring
 From union, blessed Lord! with Thee.

146 O Jesus, When I Think of Thee

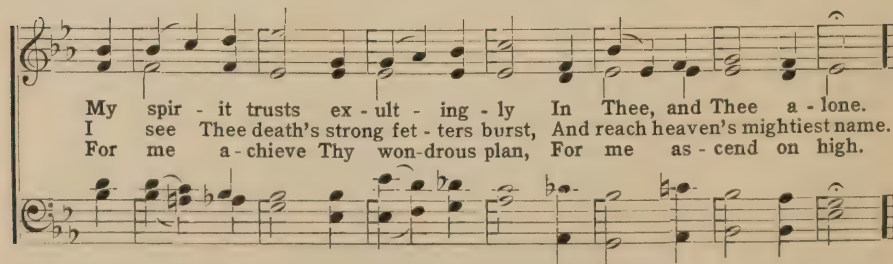
George W. Bethune

PARACLETE C. M.

F. C. Maker



1. O Je - sus, when I think of Thee, Thy man - ger, cross, and throne,
 2. I see Thee in Thy weak - ness first; Then, glo - rious from Thy shame,
 3. For me Thou didst be - come a man, For me didst weep and die;



My spir - it trusts ex - ult - ing - ly In Thee, and Thee a - lone.
 I see Thee death's strong fet - ters burst, And reach heaven's mightiest name.
 For me a - chieve Thy won - drous plan, For me as - cend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
 Thy faith, Thy death to sin!
 And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
 My heavenly life begin.

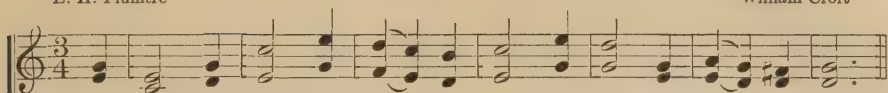
5 Then shall I know what means the strain
 Triumphant of Saint Paul:
 "To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
 "Christ is my all in all."

147 Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of Old

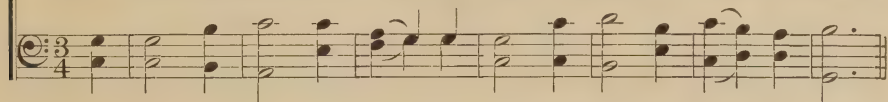
ST. MATTHEW C. M. D.

E. H. Plumtre

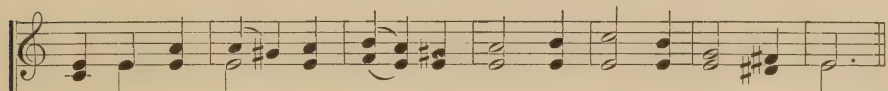
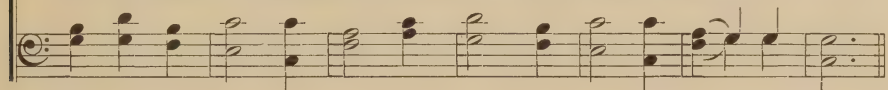
William Croft



1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save:
2. And lo! Thy touch brought life and health, Gave speech and strength and sight;
3. Be Thou our great De - live - rer still, Thou Lord of life and death;



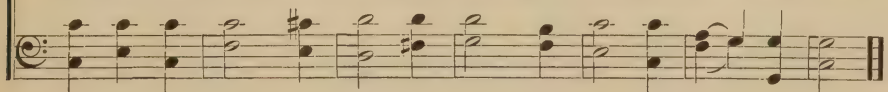
It tri-umphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave;
And youth re - newed and fren - zy calmed Owned Thee the Lord of Light.
Re - store and quick - en, soothe and bless With Thine al - might - y breath.



To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al - might - y as of yore,
To hands that work and eyes that see Give wis - dom's heaven - ly lore,

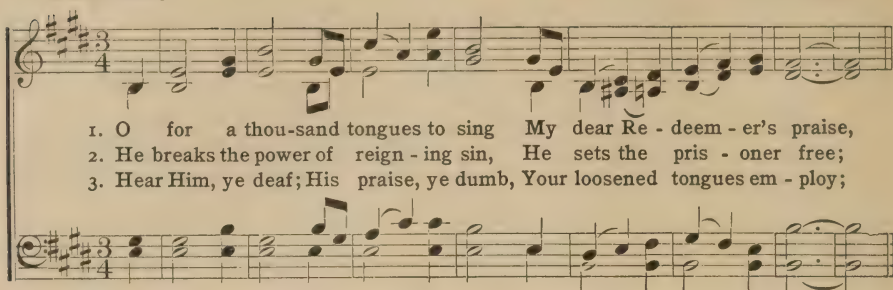


The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fev - ered frame;
In crowd - ed street, by rest - less couch, As by Gennesar - eth's shore.
That whole and sick and weak and strong May praise Thee ev - er - more.

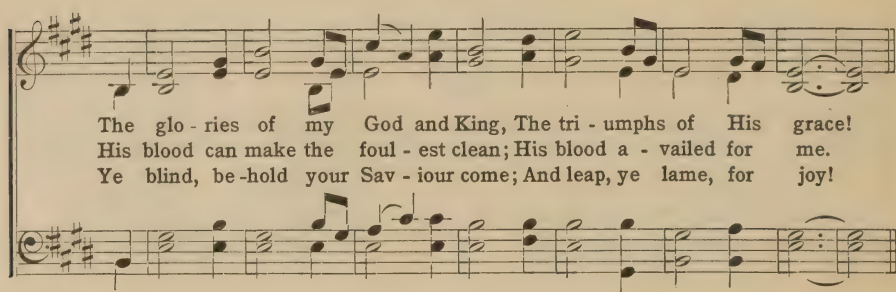


Charles Wesley

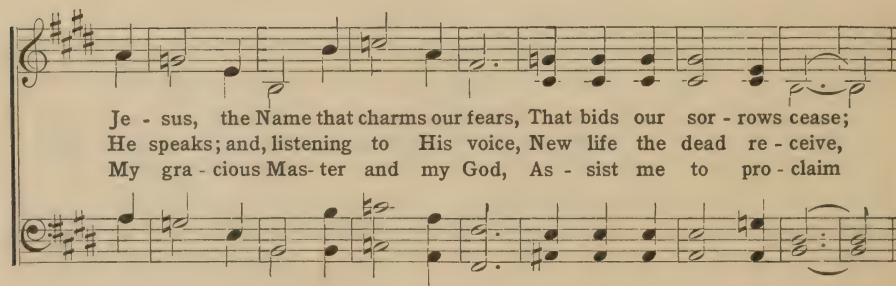
F. J. Haydn



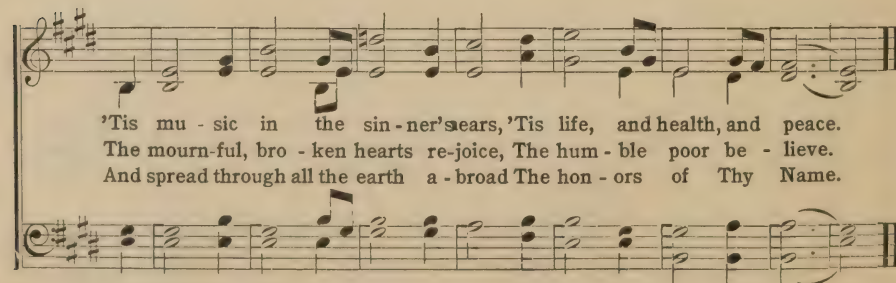
1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise,
 2. He breaks the power of reign - ing sin, He sets the pris - on-er free;
 3. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em - ploy;



The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
 His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.
 Ye blind, be-hold your Sav - iour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy!



Je - sus, the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease;
 He speaks; and, listening to His voice, New life the dead re - ceive,
 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim



'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 The mourn - ful, bro - ken hearts re-joyce, The hum - ble poor be - lieve.
 And spread through all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy Name.

149 Weep Not For Him Who Onward Bears

FLENSBURG C. M. D.

T. B. Pollock

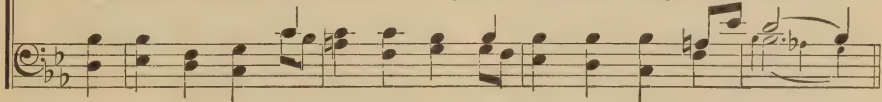
Louis Spohr; harmonized by Joseph Barnby



1. Weep not for Him who on - ward bears His cross to Cal - va - ry;
2. He thinks of all for whom His life Of low - li - ness and pain,
3. Ah! this, my Sav - iour, was the shame That bowed Thy Head so low!



He does not ask man's pit - ying tears Who wills for man to die.
And wea - ri - ness and care and strife Will be, a - las! in vain.
These were the wounds that wracked Thy Frame, And made Thy tears to flow.



There is a deep - er pang of grief, An a - gon - y un-known,
He sees the souls for whom He died Yet cling - ing to their sin,
Oh! may I in Thy sor - row share, And mourn that sins of mine]



In which His love finds no re - lief; He bears it all a - lone.
And heirs of man - sions in the skies Who will not en - ter in.
Should ev - er wound with grief or care That lov - ing Heart of Thine.



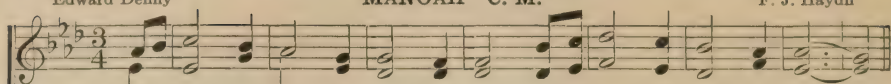
150

To Calv'ry, Lord, in Spirit Now

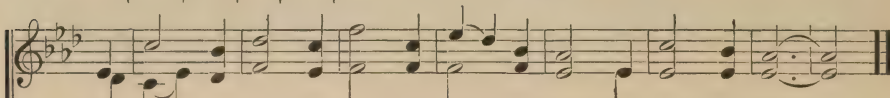
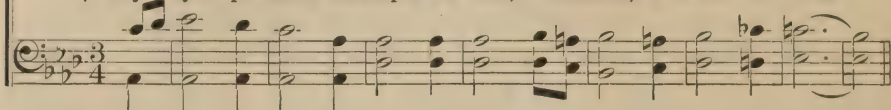
Edward Denny

MANOAH C. M.

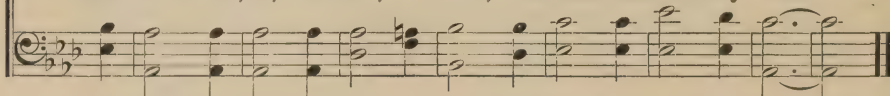
F. J. Haydn



1. To Cal - v'ry, Lord, in spir - it now Our wea - ry souls re - pair,
2. Sweet rest - ing place of ev - 'ry heart That feels the plague of sin,
3. Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds, With cords of love di - vine,
4. Thy sym - pa - thies and hopes are ours; Dear Lord, we wait to see



To dwell up - on Thy dy - ing love, And taste its sweet - ness there.
 Yet knows that deep mys - ter - ious joy, The peace of God with - in.
 Have drawn our wil - ling hearts to Thee, And linked our life with Thine.
 Cre - a - tion, all, — be - low, a - bove, — Redeemed and blest by Thee.



- 5 Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitt' rest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.
- 6 Why linger, then? Come, Saviour, come.
Responsive to our call!
Come, claim Thine ancient power and reign
The heir and Lord of all.

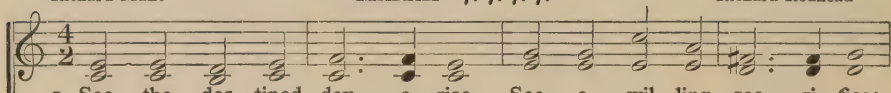
151

See the Destined Day Arise

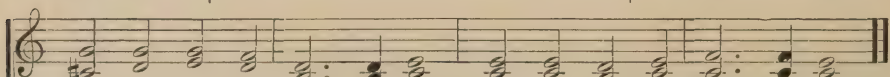
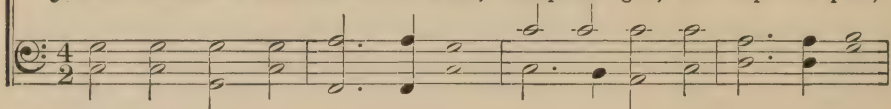
Richard Mant

MARAH 7. 7. 7. 7.

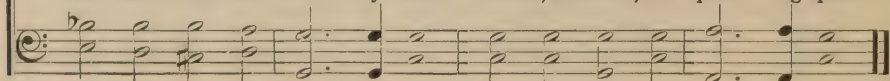
Richard Redhead



1. See the des - tined day a - rise, See a wil - ling sac - ri - fice;
2. Je - sus, who but Thou had borne Lift - ed on that tree of scorn,
3. Who but Thou had dared to drain, Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;



Je - sus, to re - deem our loss, Hangs up - on the shame - ful cross.
 Ev - 'ry pang and bit - ter throe, Fin - ish - ing Thy life of woe?
 And with ten - der bo - dy bear Thorns, and nails, and pierc - ing spear?



- 4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.
- 5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renew'd,
Pardon'd sin, and promised good.

There is a Green Hill Far Away

Mrs. C. F. Alexander

HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley

1. There is a green hill far a - way, Out - side a ci - ty wall,
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains he had to bear,
 3. He died that we might be for - given, He died to make us good,

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin,
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heav'n, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming blood
 And try His works to do.

Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing

James Allen

BATTY 8. 7. 8. 7.

J. Thommen's *Christenschatz*

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bles-sing, Which be - fore the cross I spend,
 2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
 3. Tru - ly bles - sed is the sta - tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie;

Life, and health, and peace pos - ses - sing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
 Pre - cious drops, my soul be - dew - ing, Plead, and claim my peace with God.
 Whilst I see di - vine com - pas - sion Beam - ing in His lan - guid eye.

4 Here it is I find my healing
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
 Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
 Till I taste Thy full salvation,
 And Thine unveil'd glory see.

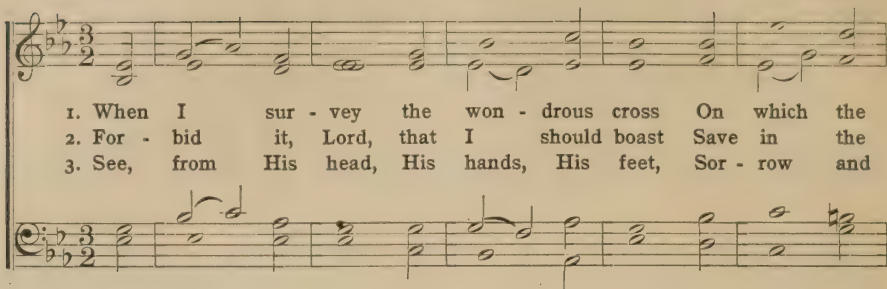
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

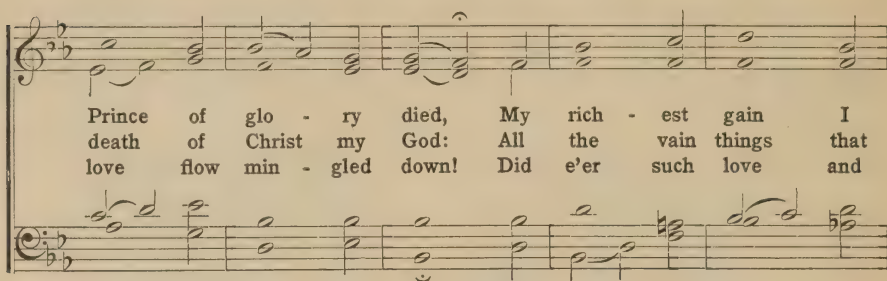
Isaac Watts

First Tune

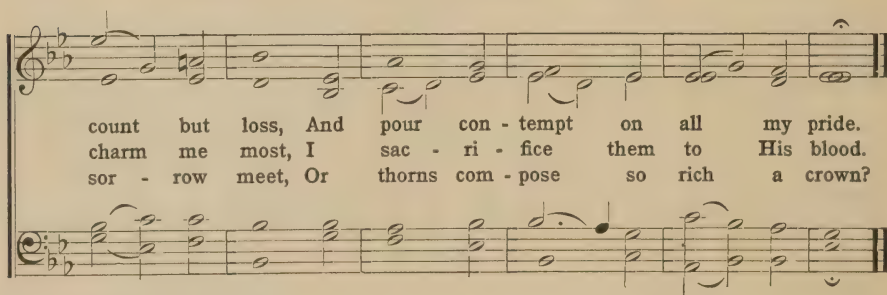
Edward Miller



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and



Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God: All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and



count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
 Then I am dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all!

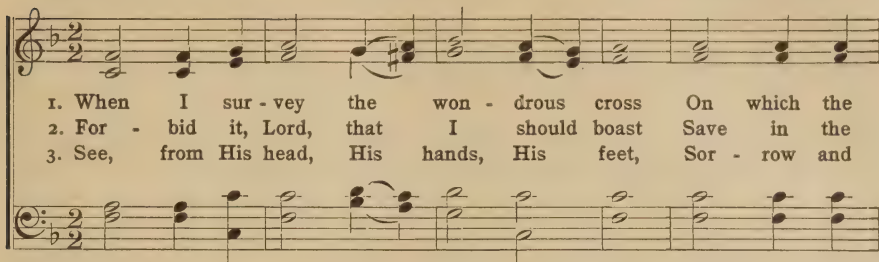
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

HAMBURG L. M.

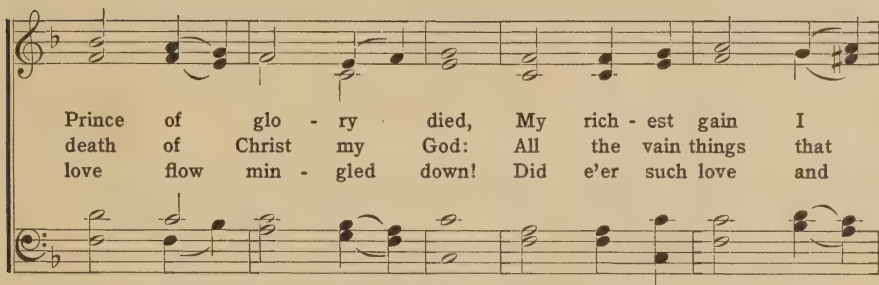
Isaac Watts

Second Tune

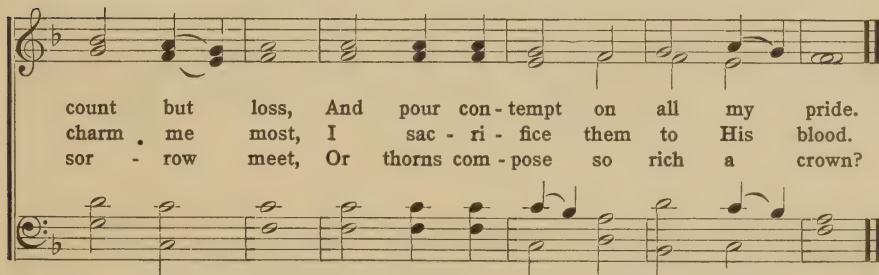
Ad. by Lowell Mason



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and



Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God: All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and



count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
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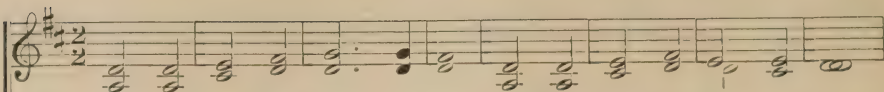
5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Throned Upon the Awful Tree

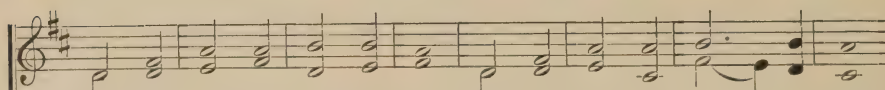
REDHEAD 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

J. Ellerton

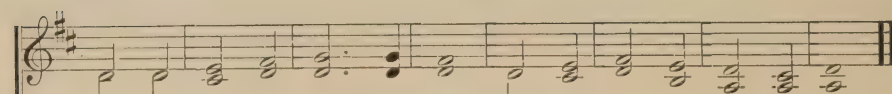
Richard Redhead



1. Throned up - on the aw - ful tree, King of grief, I watch with Thee.
2. Si - lent through those dread three hours, Wrestling with the e - vil powers,
3. Hark that cry that peals a - loud Up-ward through the whelm-ing cloud!
4. Lord, should fear and an - guish roll Dark - ly o'er my sin - ful soul,



Dark - ness veils Thine anguished face; None its lines of woe can trace;
 Left a - lone with hu - man sin, Gloom a - round Thee and with - in,
 Thou, the Fa - ther's on - ly Son, Thou, His own an - oint - ed One,
 Thou, Who once wast thus be - reft That Thine own might ne'er be left,



None can tell what pangs un-known Hold Thee si - lent and a - lone;
 Till the ap-point - ed time is nigh, Till the Lamb of God may die.
 Thou dost ask Him,—can it be!—"Why hast Thou for - sak - en me?"
 Teach me by that bit - ter cry In the gloom to know Thee nigh.



Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed

Isaac Watts

AVON C. M.

Hugh Wilson

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pi - ty! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the great Cre - a - tor, died For man, the crea - ture's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

Jesus, All Thy Labor Vast

T. B. Pollock

MAUNDER 7. 7. 7.

J. A. Maunder

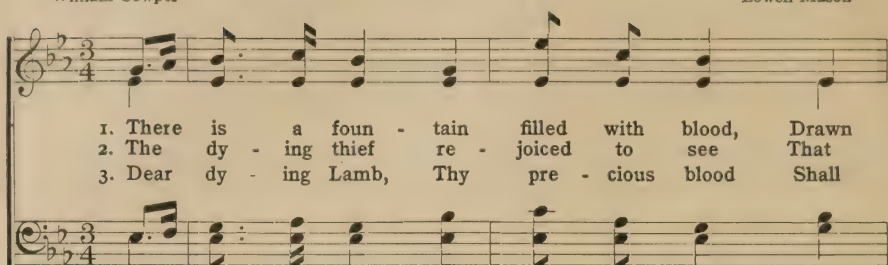
1. Je - sus, all Thy la - bor vast, All Thy woe and
 2. May we in Thy sor - rows share, And for Thee all
 3. Live in us in mer - cy still; All Thy ho - ly
 4. Bright - en all our heavenward way, With an ev - er

work are past, — Yield - ing up Thy soul at last:
 per - il dare, And en - joy Thy ten - der care:
 work ful - fil; Sa - tis - fy Thy lov - ing will:
 ho - lier ray, Till we pass to per - fect day.

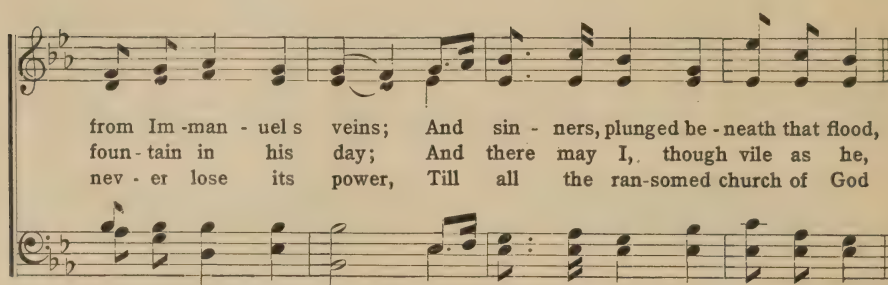
COWPER C. M.

William Cowper

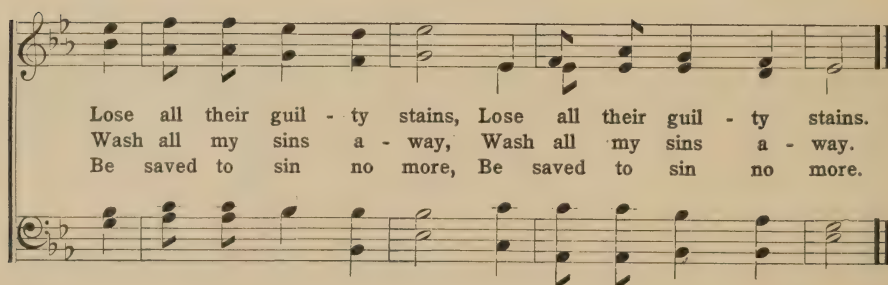
Lowell Mason



1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall



from Im-man - uel's veins; And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood,
 foun - tain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he,
 nev - er lose its power, Till all the ran-somed church of God



Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil - ty stains.
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

His Are the Thousand Sparkling Rills

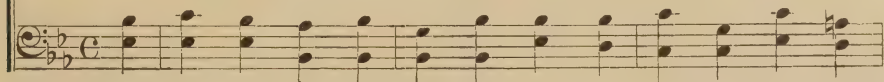
WINGE 8. 8. 8. 6.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander

Per Winge



1. His are the thou - sand spark - ling rills, That from a thou - sand
2. All fi - ery pangs on bat - tle fields, On fev - er beds where
3. But more than pains that wracked Him then Was the deep long - ing
4. O Love most pa - tient, give me grace; Make all my soul a -



foun - tains burst And fill with mu - sic all the hills, And
 sick men toss, Are in that hu - man cry He yields To
 thirst di - vine That thirst - ed for the souls of men: Dear
 thirst for Thee; That parched dry lip, that fad - ing Face, That



yet He saith, "I thirst," And yet He saith, "I thirst."
 an - guish on the cross, To an - guish on the cross.
 Lord! and one was mine, Dear Lord! and one was mine.
 thirst were all for me, That thirst were all for mc.

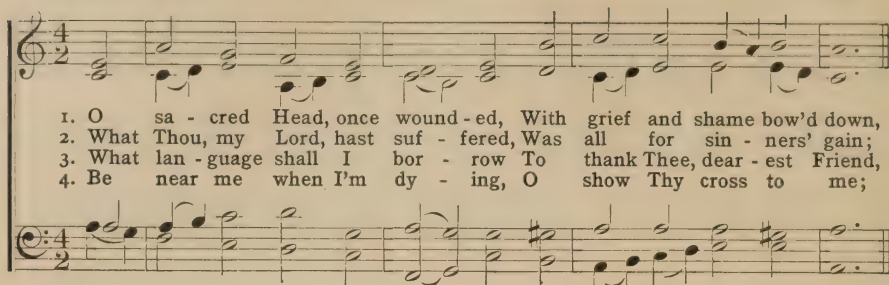


O Sacred Head, Once Wounded

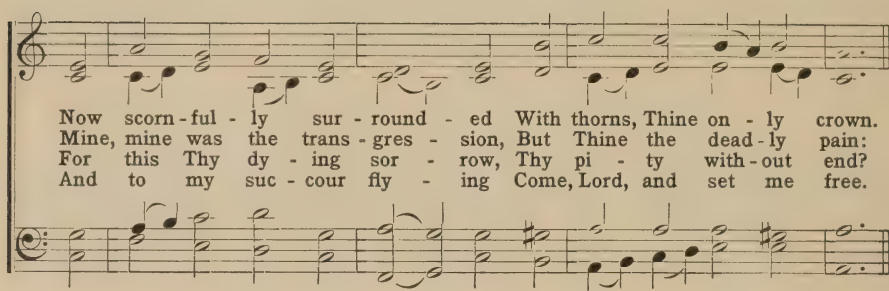
PASSION CHORALE 7.6.7.6.D.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Trans. by J. W. Alexander

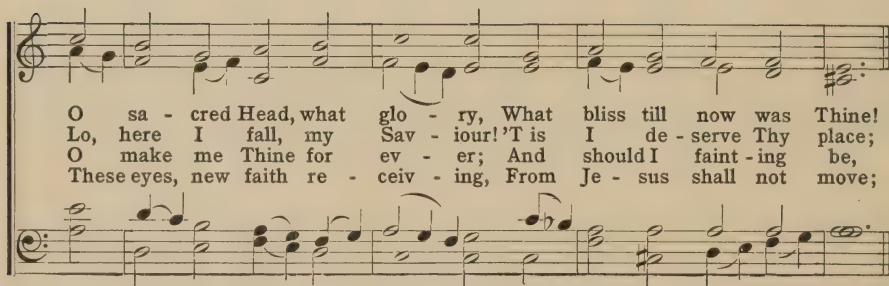
J. S. Bach



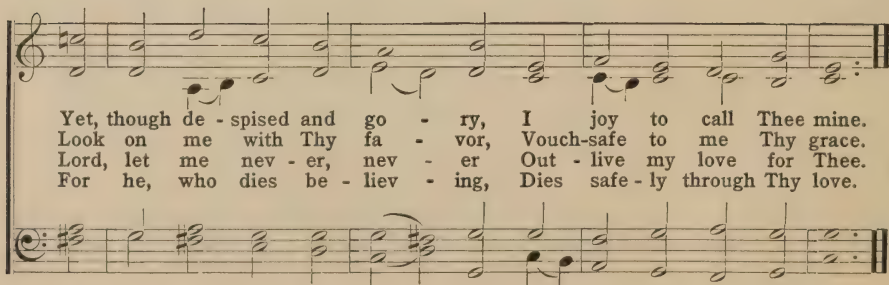
1. O sa - cred Head, once wound - ed, With grief and shame bow'd down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fer'd, Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
 4. Be near me when I'm dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me;



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain:
 For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out end?
 And to my suc - cour fly - ing Come, Lord, and set me free.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 O make me Thine for ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;



Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love for Thee.
 For he, who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly through Thy love.

Frederick W. Faber

John B. Dykes

1. O come and mourn with me a - while, O come ye
 2. Seven times He spake, seven words of love, And all three
 3. O break, O break, hard heart of mine! Thy weak self-

to the Sav - iour's side; Be - hold how pa - tient-
 hours His si - lence cried For mer - cy on the
 love and guil - ty pride Be - trayed, con-demned, and

ly He hangs; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.
 souls of men; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.
 scourged thy Lord; Je - sus, our Lord, is cru - ci - fied.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
 Ask, and thou wilt not be denied:
 A broken heart love's cradle is;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 O love of God, O sin of man,
 In this dread act your strength is tried;
 And victory remains with love;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O Perfect Life of Love

Henry W. Baker

PRAYER S. M.

L. Marshall

1. O per - fect life of love, All, all is fin - ished now,
 2. No work is left un - done, Of all the Fa - ther willed;
 3. No pain that we can share But He has felt the smart;

All that He left His throne a - bove To do for us be - low.
 His toil, His sor - rows, one by one, The Scripture have ful - filled.
 All forms of hu - man grief and care Have pierced that ten - der heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
 And on His sinless soul,
 Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
 That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies;
 For me He dies, for me;
 O all-atoning Sacrifice,
 I cling by faith to Thee!

The Royal Banners Forward Go

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

Venantius Fortunatus Trans by John M. Neale

J. W. Elliott

1. The roy - al banners for - ward go, The cross shines forth in mys - tic glow
 2. There whilst He hung, His sa - cred side, By sol - dier's spear was o - pened wide
 3. O tree of glo - ry, tree most fair, Or - dained those ho - ly limbs to bear,

Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made, Our sentence bore, our ran - som paid.
 To cleanse us in the pre - cious flood Of wa - ter min - gled with His blood.
 How bright in pur - ple robes it stood, The pur - ple of a Saviour's blood.

4 Upon its arms, like balance true,
 He weighed the price for sinners due,
 The price which none but He could pay,
 And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

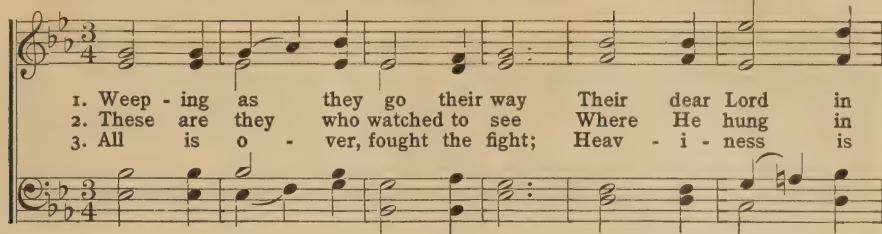
5 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
 Let homage meet by all be done;
 As by the cross Thou dost restore,
 So rule and guide us evermore.

Weeping As They Go Their Way

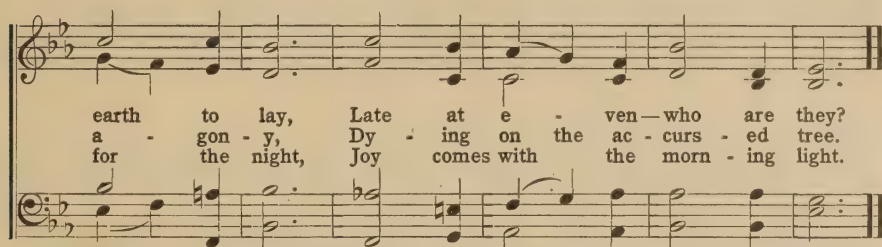
W. S. Raymond

LACHRYMÆ 7. 7. 7.

Arthur S. Sullivan



1. Weep - ing as they go their way Their dear Lord in
 2. These are they who watched to see Where He hung in
 3. All is o - ver, fought the fight; Heav - i - ness is



earth to lay, Late at e - ven—who are they?
 a - gon - y, Dy - ing on the ac - curs - ed tree.
 for the night, Joy comes with the morn - ing light.

4 Leave we in the grave with Him
 Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
 If our souls would rise with Him.

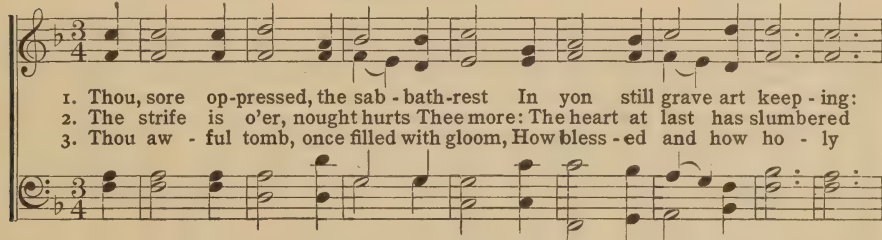
5 Glory to the Lord, Who gave
 His pure body to the grave,
 Us from sin and death to save.

166 Thou, Sore Oppressed, the Sabbath-Rest

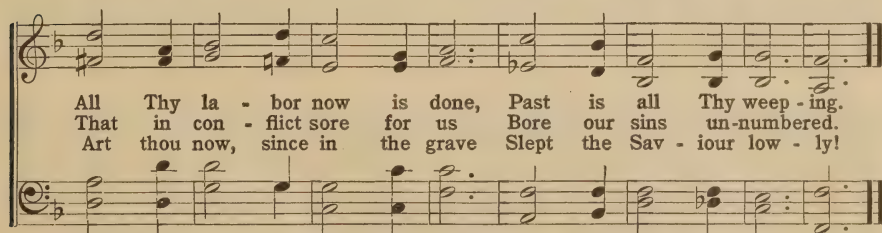
Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

CEMETERIUM 8. 7. 7. 6.

J. Baptiste Calkin



1. Thou, sore op-pressed, the sab - bath-rest In yon still grave art keep - ing:
 2. The strife is o'er, nought hurts Thee more: The heart at last has slumbered
 3. Thou aw - ful tomb, once filled with gloom, How bless - ed and how ho - ly



All Thy la - bor now is done, Past is all Thy weep - ing.
 That in con - flict sore for us Bore our sins un-numbered.
 Art thou now, since in the grave Slept the Sav - iour low - ly!

4 How calm and blest the dead now rest
 Who in the Lord departed:
 All their works do follow them,
 Yea, they sleep glad-hearted!


5 O Lord, our Rock, soon grant Thy flock
 To see Thy Easter morning:
 Strife and pain will all be past
 When that day is dawning.

Alleluia! Alleluia


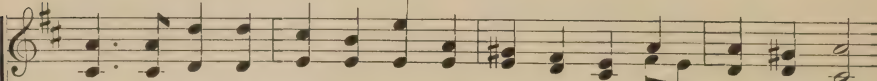
LUX EOI 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Christopher Wordsworth

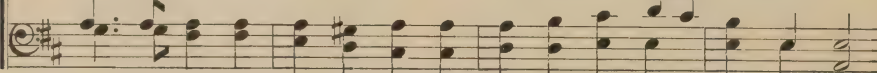

Arthur S. Sullivan





1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heaven and voi - ces raise;
 2. Christ is ris - en, Christ the first-fruits Of the ho - ly har - vest - field,
 3. Christ is ris - en; we are ris - en. Shed up - on us heav - en - ly grace,
 4. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;

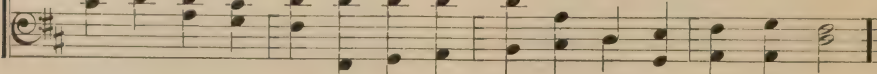
Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:
 Which will all its full a - bundance At His sec - ond com - ing yield:
 Rain and dew and gleams of glo - ry From the bright - ness of Thy face;
 To the Fa - ther, and the Sav - iour Who has gained the vic - to - ry;

He who on the cross a Vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
 Then the gold - en ears of har - vest Will their heads be - fore Him wave,
 That we, Lord, with hearts in heav - en, Here on earth may fruit - ful be,
 Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc - ti - ty:

Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
 Rip - ened by His glo - rious sun - shine From the fur - rows of the grave.
 And by an - gel - hands be gathered, And be ev - er safe with Thee.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To the Tri - une Ma - jes - ty.

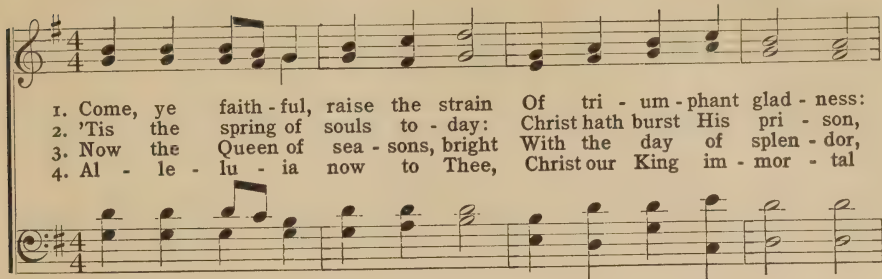


Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

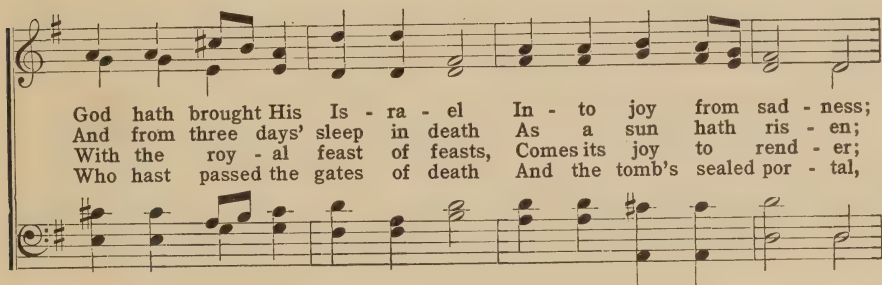
ST. KEVIN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John of Damascus. Trans. by John M. Neale

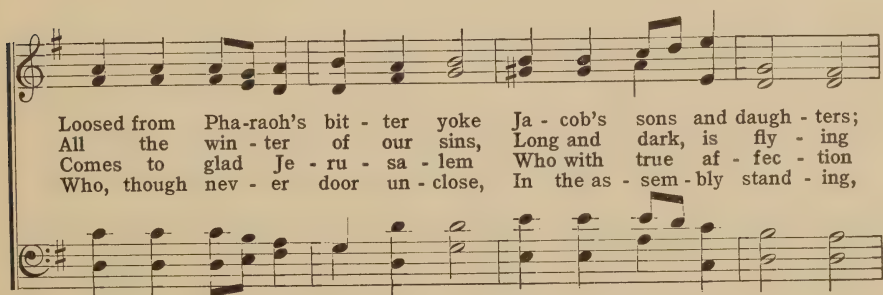
Arthur S. Sullivan



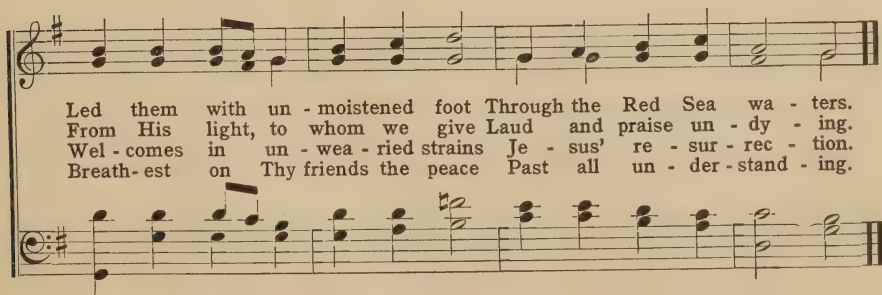
1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um - phant glad - ness:
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ hath burst His pri - son,
 3. Now the Queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,
 4. Al - le - lu - ia now to Thee, Christ our King im - mor - tal



God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
 And from three days' sleep in death As a sun hath ris - en;
 With the roy - al feast of feasts, Comes its joy to rend - er;
 Who hast passed the gates of death And the tomb's sealed por - tal,



Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
 All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
 Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem Who with true af - fec - tion
 Who, though nev - er door un - close, In the as - sem - bly stand - ing,



Led them with un - moistened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 From His light, to whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 Wel - comes in un - wea - ried strains Je - sus' re - sur - rec - tion.
 Breath - est on Thy friends the peace Past all un - der - stand - ing.

The Day of Resurrection

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John of Damascus. Trans. by John M. Neale

Henry Smart

1. The day of re - sur - rec - tion Earth tell it out a - broad:
 2. Our hearts be pure from e - vil, That we may see a - right
 3. Now let the heav'ns be joy - ful; Let earth her song be - gin;

The Pass - ov - er of glad - ness, The Pass - ov - er of God.
 The Lord in rays e - ter - nal Of re - sur - rec - tion light;
 Let the round world keep tri - umph And all that is there - in;

From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky
 And, list - 'ning to His ac - cents, May hear so calm and plain
 In - vis - i - ble and vis - i - ble, Their notes let all things blend,

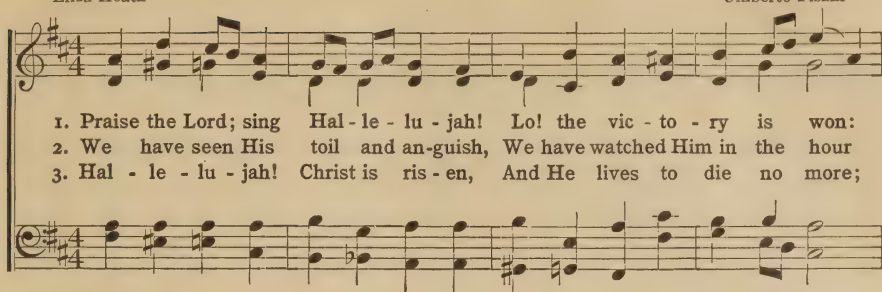
Our Christ hath brought us ov - er, With hymns of vic - to - ry.
 His own "All hail!" and hear - ing, May raise the vic - tor strain.
 For Christ the Lord hath ris - en, Our joy that hath no end.

Praise the Lord; Sing Hallelujah!

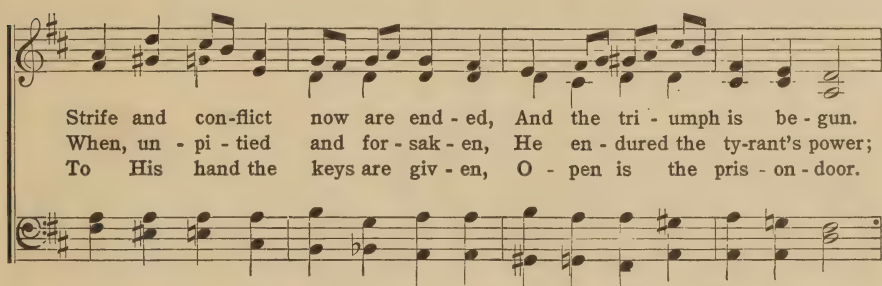
PISANI 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Eliza Heath

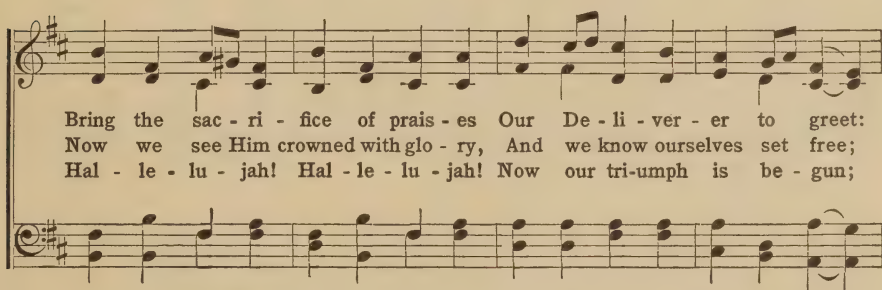
Umberto Pisani



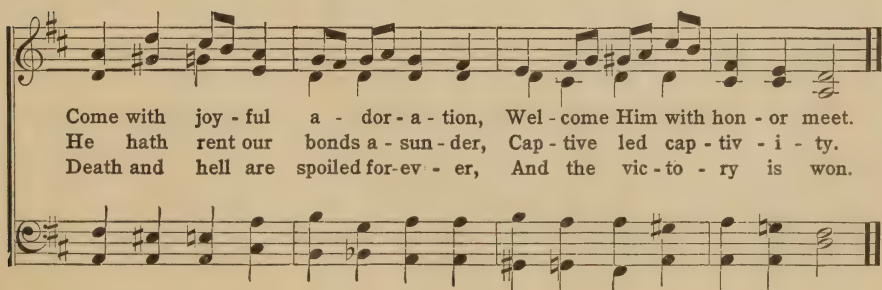
1. Praise the Lord; sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! the vic - to - ry is won:
 2. We have seen His toil and an - guish, We have watched Him in the hour
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en, And He lives to die no more;



Strife and con - flict now are end - ed, And the tri - umph is be - gun.
 When, un - pi - tied and for - sak - en, He en - dured the ty - rant's power;
 To His hand the keys are giv - en, O - pen is the pris - on - door.



Bring the sac - ri - fice of prais - es Our De - li - ver - er to greet:
 Now we see Him crowned with glo - ry, And we know ourselves set free;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Now our tri - umph is be - gun;



Come with joy - ful a - dor - a - tion, Wel - come Him with hon - or meet.
 He hath rent our bonds a - sun - der, Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
 Death and hell are spoiled for - ev - er, And the vic - to - ry is won.

Christ the Lord is Risen Again

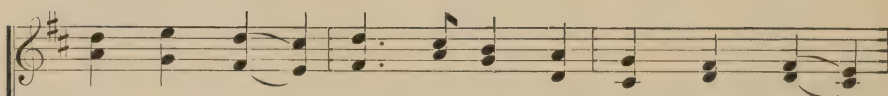
SUDBURY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Bohemian Easter Hymn. Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

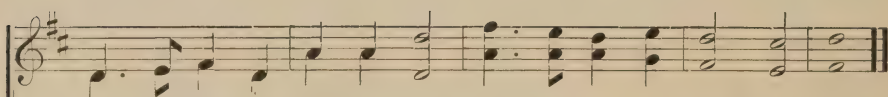
F. Clark



1. Christ the Lord is risen a - gain, Christ hath bro - ken
 2. He who bore all pain and loss, Com - fort - less, up -
 3. He who slum - bered in the grave Is ex - al - ted
 4. Now He bids us tell a - broad How the lost may



ev - ery chain; Hark! an - gel - ic voi - ces cry,
 on the cross, Lives in glo - ry now on high,
 now to save; Now through Chris - ten - dom it rings
 be re - stored, How the pen - i - tent for - given



Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 Pleads for us, and hears our cry: Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 That the Lamb is King of kings: Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 How we, too, may en - ter heaven; Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

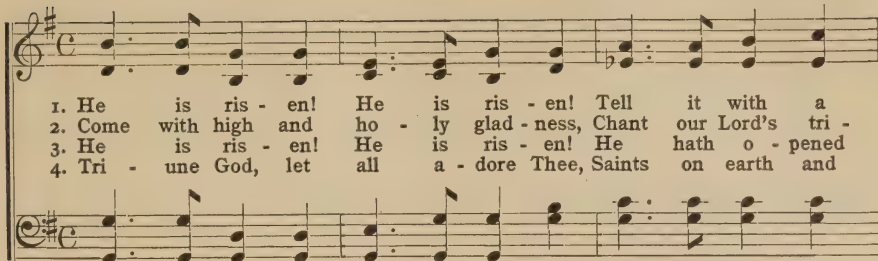


He is Risen! He is Risen!

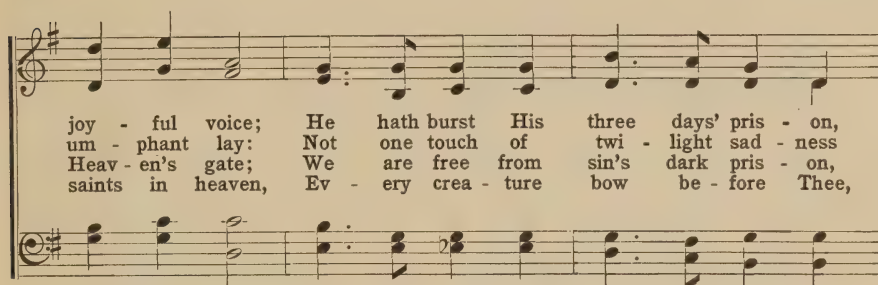
LUND 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander

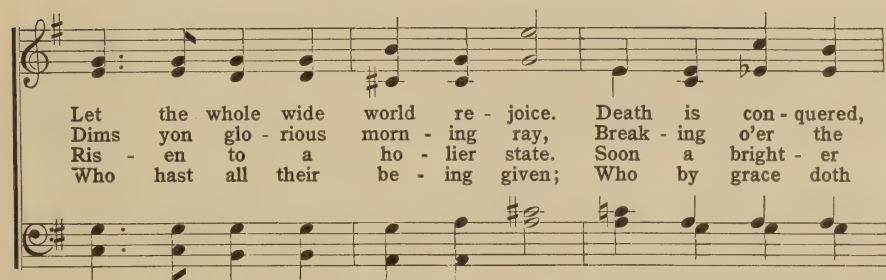
Signe Lund Skabo



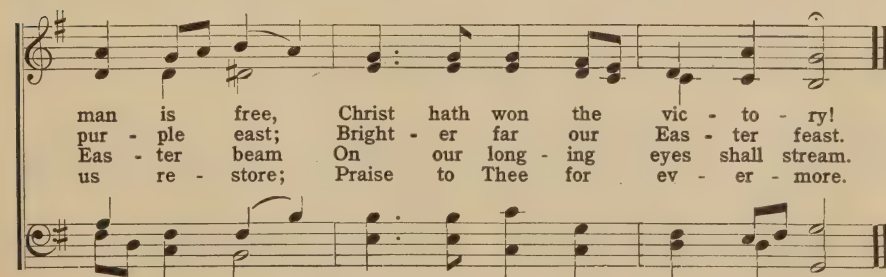
1. He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Tell it with a
 2. Come with high and ho - ly glad - ness, Chant our Lord's tri -
 3. He is ris - en! He is ris - en! He hath o - pened
 4. Tri - une God, let all a - dore Thee, Saints on earth and



joy - ful voice; He hath burst His three days' pris - on,
 um - phant lay: Not one touch of twi - light sad - ness
 Heav - en's gate; We are free from sin's dark pris - on,
 saints in heaven, Ev - ery crea - ture bow be - fore Thee,



Let the whole wide world re - joice. Death is con - quered,
 Dims yon glo - rious morn - ing ray, Break - ing o'er the
 Ris - en to a ho - lier state. Soon a bright - er
 Who hast all their be - ing given; Who by grace doth



man is free, Christ hath won the vic - to - ry!
 pur - ple east; Bright - er far our Eas - ter feast.
 Eas - ter beam On our long - ing eyes shall stream.
 us re - store; Praise to Thee for ev - er - more.

Jesus Christ is Risen Today

THEODORA 7. 7. 7. 7.

Latin: Trans., Tate and Brady

G. F. Handel

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, Our tri - um - phant ho - ly day,
 2. Hymns of praise, then, let us sing Un - to Christ, our heaven - ly King,
 3. But the pains which He en - dured Our sal - va - tion has pro - cured,
 4. Now be God the Fa - ther praised, With the Son from death up - raised,

Who did once up - on the cross Suf - fer to re - deem our loss.
 Who en - dured the cross and grave, Sin - ners to re - deem and save.
 Now a - bove the sky He's King, Where the an - gels ev - er sing.
 And the Spir - it ev - er blest: One true God by all con - fessed.

174 Morn's Roseate Hues Have Decked the Sky

William Cooke

REDCLIFF 8. 8. 8. with Alleluia

E. J. Hopkins

1. Morn's rose - ate hues have decked the sky; The Lord has ris - en
 2. The Prince of Life with death has striven, To cleanse the earth His
 3. And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth, Has given a glo - rious,
 4. And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies, And flesh - ly pas - sions

with vic - tory: Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al - le - lu - ia.
 Blood has given: Has rent the veil, and opened heaven: Al - le - lu - ia.
 har - vest-birth, Re - joice, and sing with ho - ly mirth: Al - le - lu - ia.
 cru - ci - fies, In bod - y, like to Thine, shall rise: Al - le - lu - ia!

5 O grant us then, with Thee to die,
 To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
 And love the things above the sky:
 Alleluia!

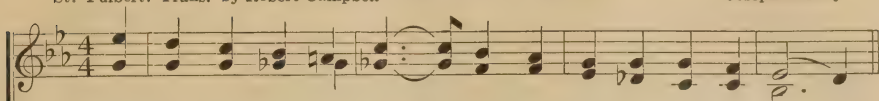
6 Oh, praise the Father, and the Son,
 Who has for us the triumph won,
 And Holy Ghost,—the Three in One:
 Alleluia!

Ye Choirs of New Jerusalem

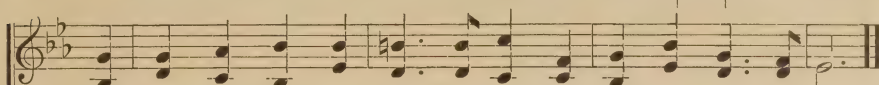
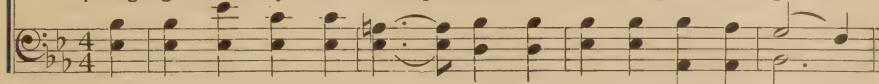
HOLY TRINITY C. M.

St. Fulbert. Trans. by Robert Campbell

Joseph Barnby



1. Ye choirs of new Je - ru - sa - lem, Your sweet-est notes em - ploy;
 2. How Ju - dah's Li - on burst His chains, And bruised the serpent's head;
 3. From hell's de - vour - ing jaws the prey A - lone our Lead - er bore;
 4. Right glo - rious - ly He tri - umphs now; To Him all power is given;



The Pas - chal vic - to - ry to hymn In strains of ho - ly joy:
 And cried a - loud, thro' death's domains, To wake the imprisoned dead.
 His ransomed hosts pur - sue the way Where He hath gone be - fore.
 To Him in one com - mun - ion bow All saints in earth and heaven.



5 And we, as these His deeds we sing,
 His mercy do implore,
 Within His palace bright to bring
 And keep us evermore.

6 All glory to the Father;
 All glory to the Son;
 All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee;
 While endless ages run.

Jesus Lives! No Longer Now

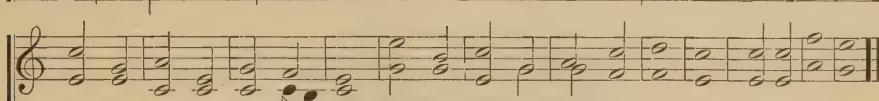
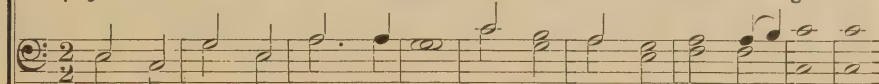
ST. ALBINUS 7. 8. 7. 8. with Alleluia

C. F. Gellert. Trans. by F. E. Cox

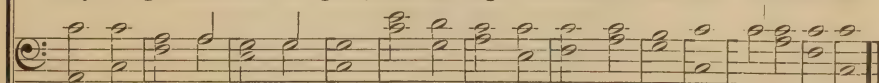
Henry J. Gauntlett



1. Je - sus lives! no long - er now Can thy ter - rors, death, ap - pall us;
 2. Je - sus lives! for us He died; Then, a - lone to Je - sus liv - ing,
 3. Je - sus lives! our hearts know well Nought from us His love shall sev - er;
 4. Je - sus lives! to Him the throne O - ver all the world is giv - en:



Je - sus lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en - thrall us. Al-le-lu - ia!
 Pure in heart may we a - bide, Glo - ry to our Sav - iour giv - ing. Al le-lu - ia!
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell Tear us from His keep - ing ev - er. Al-le-lu - ia!
 May we go where He is gone, Rest and reign with Him in heav - en. Al-le-lu - ia!

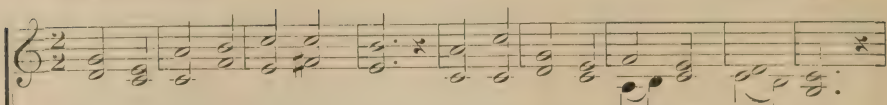


Jesus Lives, and so Shall I

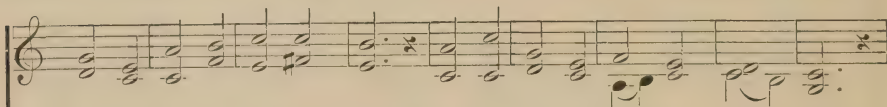
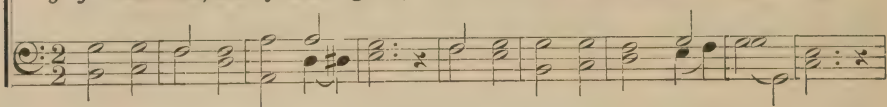
ZUVERSICHT 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Christian F. Gellert

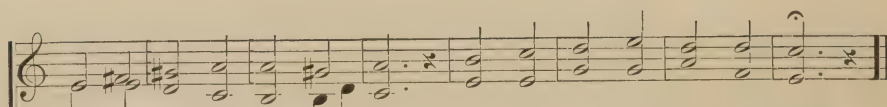
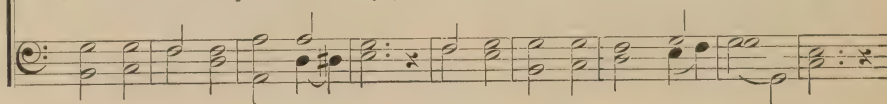
Johann Crueger



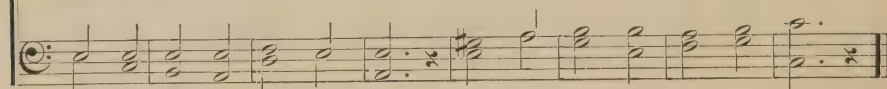
1. Je - sus lives, and so shall I. Death! thy sting is gone for - ev - er!
 2. Je - sus lives and reigns su - preme; And, His kingdom still re - main - ing,
 3. Je - sus lives, and by His grace, Vic - t'ry o'er my pas - sions giv - ing,



He who deigned for me to die, Lives, the bands of death to sev - er.
 I shall al - so be with Him, Ev - er - liv - ing, ev - er - reign - ing.
 I will cleanse my heart and ways, Ev - er to His glo - ry liv - ing.



He shall raise me from the dust: Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.
 God has promised: be it must: Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.
 Me He rais - es from the dust. Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.



4 Jesus lives! I know full well,
 Nought from Him my heart can sever,
 Life nor death nor powers of hell,
 Joy nor grief, henceforth forever.
 None of all His saints is lost;
 Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

5 Jesus lives and death is now
 But my entrance into glory.
 Courage, then, my soul, for thou
 Hast a crown of life before thee;
 Thou shalt find thy hopes were just;
 Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done

VICTORY 8. 8. 8. with Alleluias

Francis Pott

G. P. da Palestrina, Alleluia by W. H. Monk

cres. *f*

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org.

S:

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;
 2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
 3. The three sad days have quick - ly sped; He ris - es glo - rious from the dead;

S:

The song of tri - umph has be - gun:— Al - le - lu - ia!
 Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst: Al - le - lu - ia!
 All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
 Let hymns of praise His triumph tell:
 Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
 That we may live and sing to Thee:
 Alleluia!

Lift Up, Lift Up Your Voices Now

John M. Neale

WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin

1. Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now; The whole wide world re - joi - ces now:
 2. In vain with stone the cave they barred; In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
 3. He binds in chains the an - cient foe; A count-less host He frees from woe,
 4. And all He did, and all He bare, He gives us as our own to share;

The Lord hath triumphed glo - rious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious-ly.
 Ma - jes - tic from the spoil - ed tomb, In pomp of tri-umph Christ is come.
 And heaven's high portal o - pen flies, For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.
 And hope and joy and peace be-gin, For Christ has won, and man shall win.

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
 And lead through death to realms of light:
 We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
 In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
 Glad Alleluias raise to Thee;
 And ever with the heavenly host
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

Fulbert, Trans. by Robert Campbell ST. ANSGAR 7. 7. 7. 7.

J. P. E. Hartmann

Measured

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,
 2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;
 3. Praise we Christ whose blood was shed, Pas - chal vic - tim, pas - chal bread;
 4. Migh - ty vic - tim from the sky Hell's fierce powers be-neath Thee lie;

Who hath washed us in the tide, Flow-ing from His wound - ed side.
 Is - rael's hosts tri - um-ph'ant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.
 With sin - cer - i - ty and love Eat we man - na from a - bove.
 Thou hast conquered in the fight, Thou hast brought us life. and light

5 Now no more can death appal,
 Now no more the grave enthal.
 Thou hast opened Paradise
 And in Thee Thy saints shall rise,

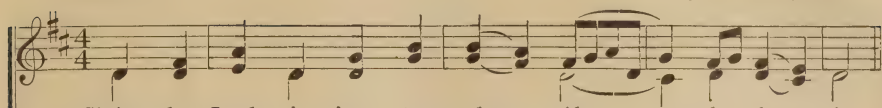
6 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
 Sin alone can this destroy.
 From sin's power do Thou set free
 Souls new-born, O Lord, to Thee.

Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day

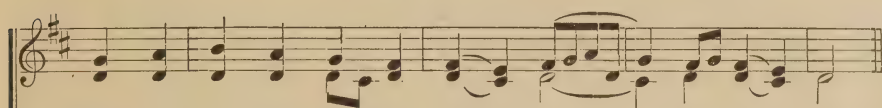
EASTER HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Charles Wesley

Lyra Davidica, 1708



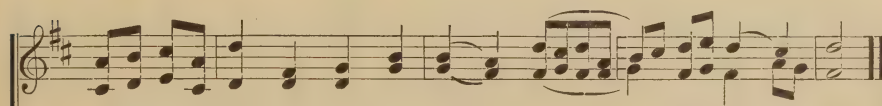
1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia.
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia,
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al - - le - lu - ia,



Sons of men, and an - gels, say; Al - - le - lu - ia
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - - le - lu - ia.
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell; Al - - le - lu - ia,



Raise our joys and tri - umphs high! Al - - le - lu - ia,
 Lo, our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Al - - le - lu - ia,
 Death in vain for - bids His rise; Al - - le - lu - ia,



Sing, ye heavens! and earth, re - ply! Al - - le - lu - ia.
 Lo, He sets in blood no more, Al - - le - lu - ia.
 Christ hath o - pened Par - a - dise, Al - - le - lu - ia.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
 "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
 Once He died our souls to save;
 "Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

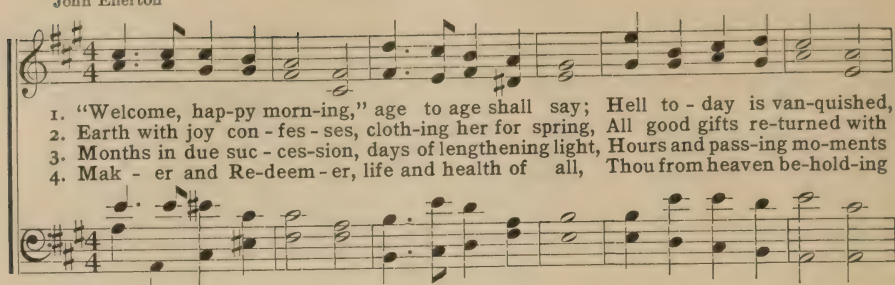
5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Welcome, Happy Morning

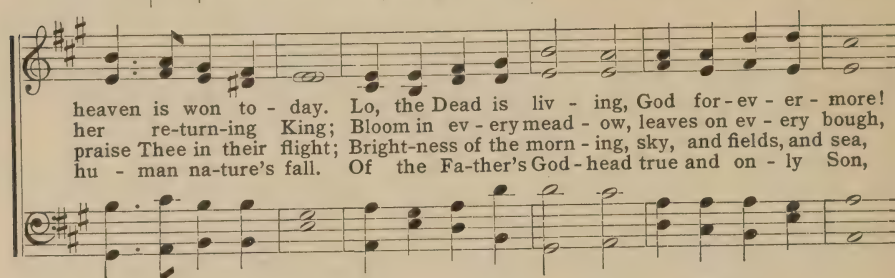
HERMAS II. II. II. II.

John Ellerton

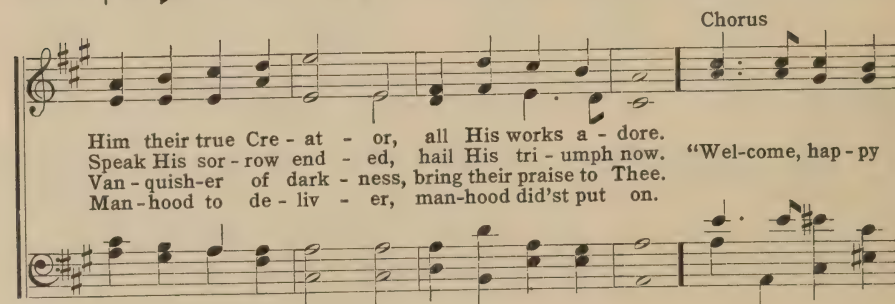
Frances R. Havergal



1. "Welcome, hap-py morn-ing," age to age shall say; Hell to - day is van-quished,
 2. Earth with joy con - fes - ses, cloth-ing her for spring, All good gifts re-turned with
 3. Months in due suc - ces-sion, days of lengthening light, Hours and pass-ing mo-ments
 4. Mak - er and Re-deem - er, life and health of all, Thou from heaven be-hold-ing

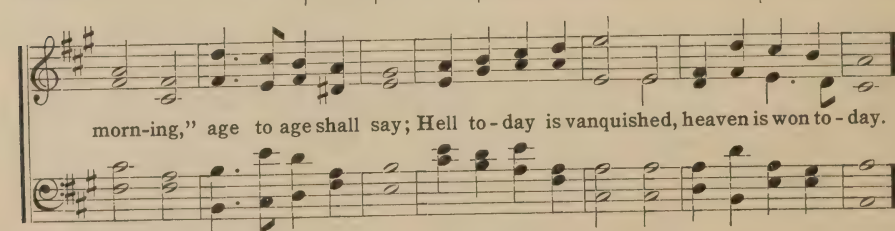


heaven is won to - day. Lo, the Dead is liv - ing, God for-ev - er - more!
 her re-turn-ing King; Bloom in ev - ery mead - ow, leaves on ev - ery bough,
 praise Thee in their flight; Bright-ness of the morn - ing, sky, and fields, and sea,
 hu - man na-ture's fall. Of the Fa-ther's God-head true and on - ly Son,



Chorus

Him their true Cre - at - or, all His works a - dore.
 Speak His sor - row end - ed, hail His tri - umph now. "Wel-come, hap - py
 Van - quish-er of dark - ness, bring their praise to Thee.
 Man-hood to de - liv - er, man-hood did'st put on.



morn-ing," age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

- 5 Thou, of life the Author, death did'st undergo,
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
 Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
 'T is Thine own third morning; rise, my buried Lord! Chorus.

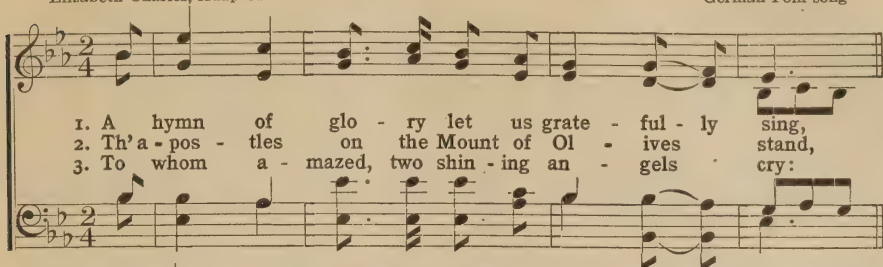
- 6 Loose the hearts long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
 All that now is fallen raise to life again;
 Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
 Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee. Chorus.

183 A Hymn of Glory Let us Gratefully Sing

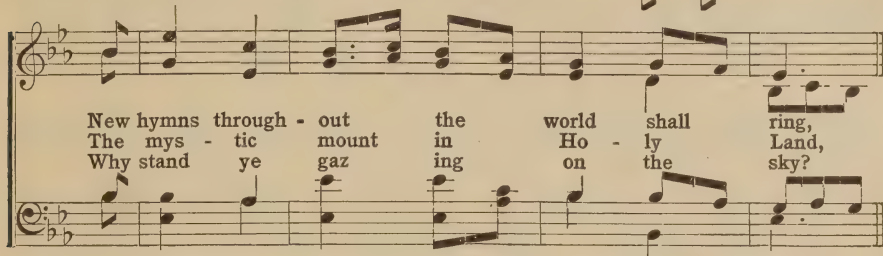
ERFURT 10. 8. 8. 10. Irregular

Elizabeth Charles, Adapted

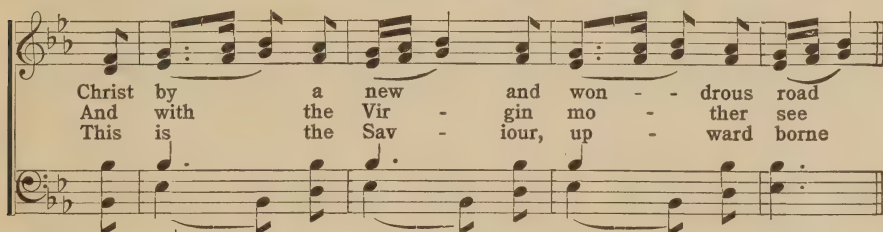
German Folk-song



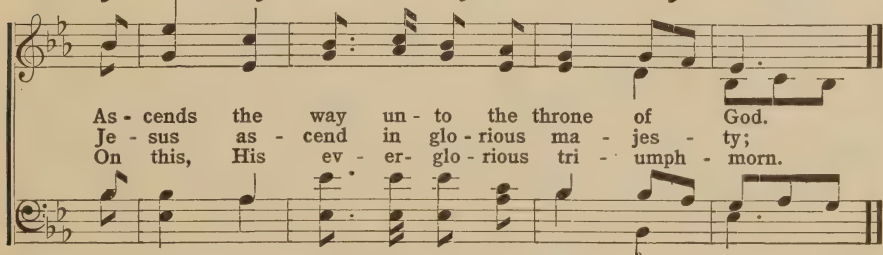
1. A hymn of glo - ry let us grate - ful - ly sing,
 2. Th'a - pos - tles on the Mount of Ol - ives stand,
 3. To whom a - mazed, two shin - ing an - gels cry:



New hymns through - out the world shall ring,
 The mys - tic mount Ho - ly Land,
 Why stand ye gaz - ing on the sky?



Christ by a new and won - - drous road
 And with the Vir - gin mo - - ther see
 This is the Sav - iour, up - ward borne



As - cends the way un - to the throne of God.
 Je - sus as - cend in glo - rious ma - jes - ty;
 On this, His ev - er - glo - rious tri - umph - morn.

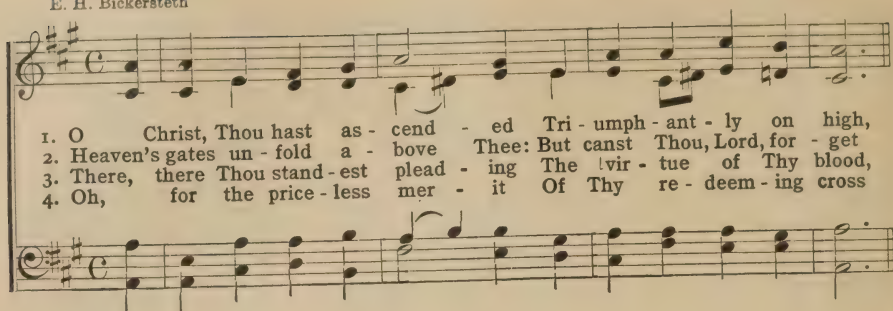
- 4 Ye see Him now at last ascending high
 To seek the portals of the sky.
 Hereafter Jesus ye shall see
 Again return in equal majesty.
- 5 Lord, grant that also we may thither tend
 And with unwearied hearts ascend,
 Where, seated on Thy Father's throne,
 Thee reigning, blessed King of kings, we own.
- 6 Be Thou our perfect joy on earth, O Lord,
 Who art to be our great Reward:
 And, as the countless ages flee,
 Let all our glory ever be in Thee.

O Christ, Thou Hast Ascended

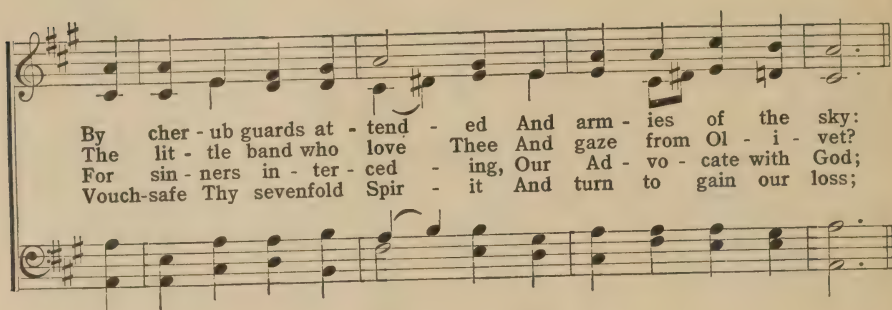
LOVSANG 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

E. H. Bickersteth

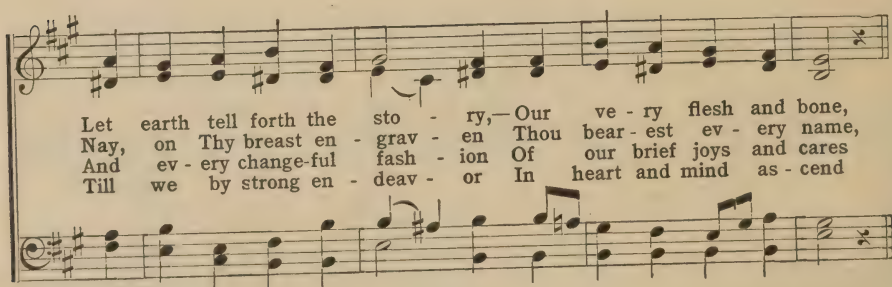
L. M. Lindeman



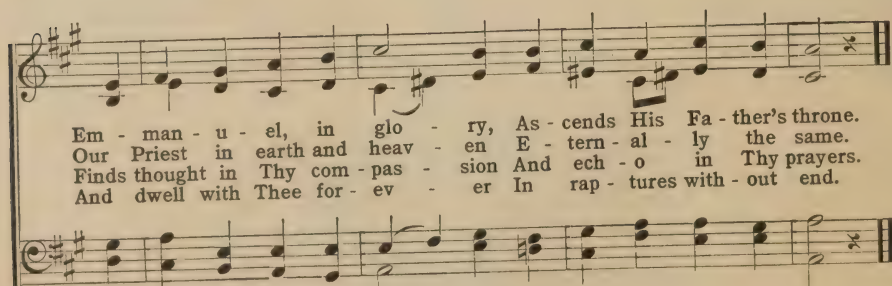
1. O Christ, Thou hast as - cend - ed Tri - umph - ant - ly on high,
 2. Heaven's gates un - fold a - bove Thee: But canst Thou, Lord, for - get
 3. There, there Thou stand - est plead - ing The vir - tue of Thy blood,
 4. Oh, for the price - less mer - it Of Thy re - deem - ing cross



By cher - ub guards at - tend - ed And arm - ies of the sky:
 The lit - tle band who love Thee And gaze from Ol - i - vet?
 For sin - ners in - ter - ced - ing, Our Ad - vo - cate with God;
 Vouch - safe Thy sevenfold Spir - it And turn to gain our loss;



Let earth tell forth the sto - ry, — Our ve - ry flesh and bone,
 Nay, on Thy breast en - grav - en Thou bear - est ev - ery name,
 And ev - ery change - ful fash - ion Of our brief joys and cares
 Till we by strong en - deav - or In heart and mind as - cend



Em - man - u - el, in glo - ry, As - cends His Fa - ther's throne.
 Our Priest in earth and heav - en E - tern - al - ly the same.
 Finds thought in Thy com - pas - sion And ech - o in Thy prayers.
 And dwell with Thee for - ev - er In rap - tures with - out end.

He is Gone

HUSELIUS 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 5.

A. P. Stanley

Elizabeth Huselius

1. He is gone; a cloud of light Has re-ceived Him from our sight,
 2. He is gone; and we re-main In this world of sin and pain,
 3. He is gone; we heard Him say: "Good that I should go a-way!"

High in Heaven where eye of men Fol-lows not, nor an-gels ken;
 In the void which He has left, On this earth of Him be-reft.
 Gone is that dear form and face, But not gone His pre-sent grace;

Through the veils of time and space Passed in-to the ho-liest place;
 We have still His work to do, We can still His path pur-sue;
 Though Him-self no more we see, Com-fort-less we can-not be;

All the toil, the sor-row done, All the bat-tle won.
 Seek Him both in friend and foe, And His like-ness show.
 No, His Spir-it still is ours, Quickening all our powers.

4 He is gone; towards their goal
 World and church must onward roll;
 Far behind we leave the past,
 Forward are our glances cast:
 Still His words before us range
 Through the ages as they change;
 Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
 He supplies our need.

5 He is gone; but we once more
 Shall behold Him as before,
 In the heaven of heavens the same
 As on earth He went and came:
 In the many mansions there,
 Place for us He will prepare:
 In that world, unseen, unknown,
 With Him we are one.

Crown Him With Many Crowns

DIADEMATA S. M. D.

Matthew Bridges and Godfrey Thring

George J. Elvey

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Vir - gin's Son, The God In - car - nate born,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—

Hark! how the heav - en - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
 Whose arm those crim - son tro - phies won, Which now His brow a - dorn:
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
 The Sav - iour long fore - told, The Branch of Jes - se's stem,
 No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,

And hail Him as thy match - less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 Th' E - ter - nal Shep - herd of His fold, The Babe of Beth - le - hem!
 But down - ward bends his wondering eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of life!
 Who triumphed o'er the grave;
 Who rose victorious to the strife
 For those He came to save;
 His glories now we sing,
 Who died and rose on high,
 Who died eternal life to bring,
 And lives that death may die.

5 Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
 Enthroned in worlds above;
 Crown Him the King, to whom is given
 The wondrous name of Love;
 To Thee be endless praise,
 For Thou for us hast died;
 Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days
 Adored and magnified.

Round the Lord in Glory Seated

AMADEUS 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Richard Mant

W. A. Mozart

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and
 2. Heaven is still with glo - ry ring - ing, Earth takes up the
 3. "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy

ser - a - phim Filled his Tem - ple and re - peat - ed,
 an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly" sing - ing
 ful - ness stored; Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en,

Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn: Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en,
 "Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High." With His ser - aph train be - fore Him,
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord. Thus Thy glo - rious Name con - fess - ing,

Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored: Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en,
 With His ho - ly church be - low, Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him,
 With Thine an - gel hosts we cry, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly," blessing

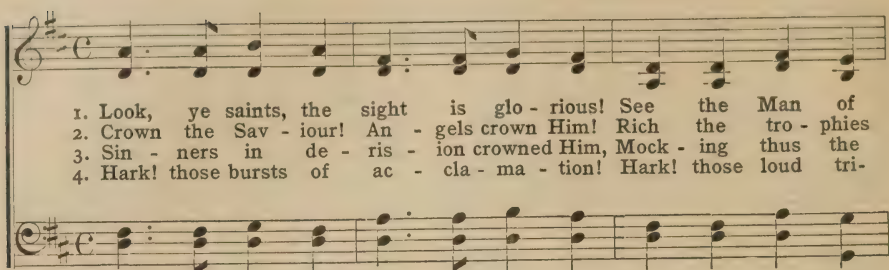
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord.
 Bid we thus our an - them flow, Bid we thus our an - them flow.
 Thee the Lord of Hosts most High, Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.

188 Look, Ye Saints, the Sight is Glorious!

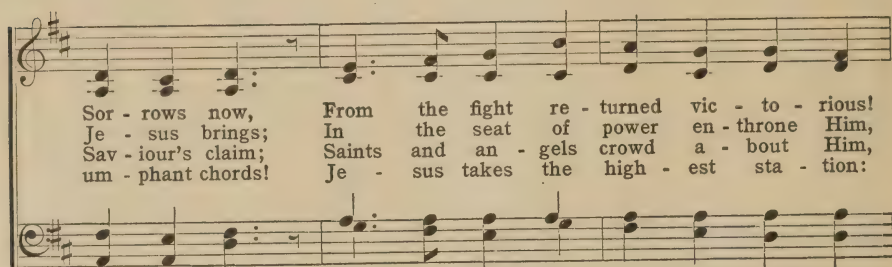
JUTLAND 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Thomas Kelly

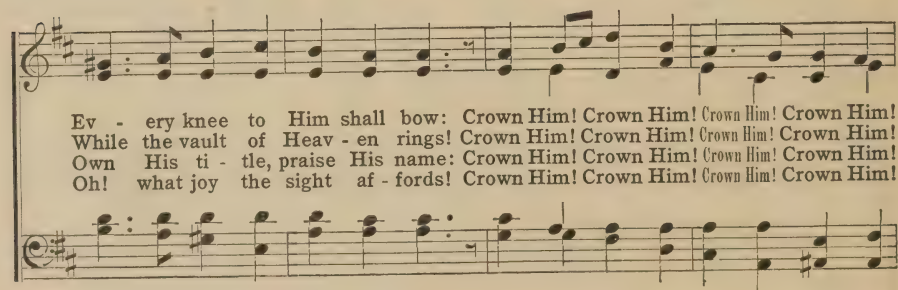
P. Heise



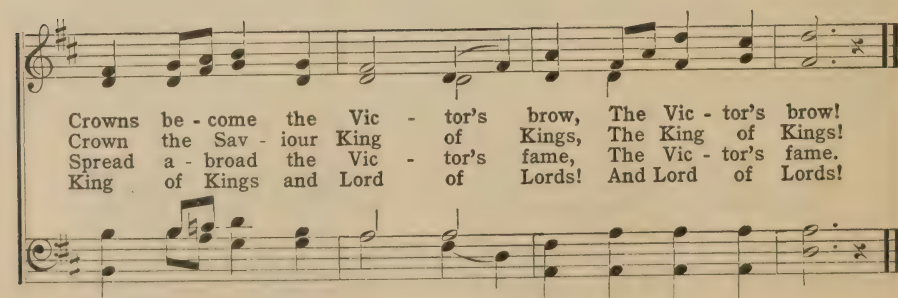
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious! See the Man of
 2. Crown the Sav - iour! An - gels crown Him! Rich the tro - phies
 3. Sin - ners in de - ris - ion crowned Him, Mock - ing thus the
 4. Hark! those bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! those loud tri -



Sor - rows now, From the fight re - turned vic - to - rious!
 Je - sus brings; In the seat of power en - throne Him,
 Sav - iour's claim; Saints and an - gels crowd a - bout Him,
 um - phant chords! Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion:



Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow: Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!
 While the vault of Heav - en rings! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Own His ti - tle, praise His name: Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!
 Oh! what joy the sight af - fords! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!



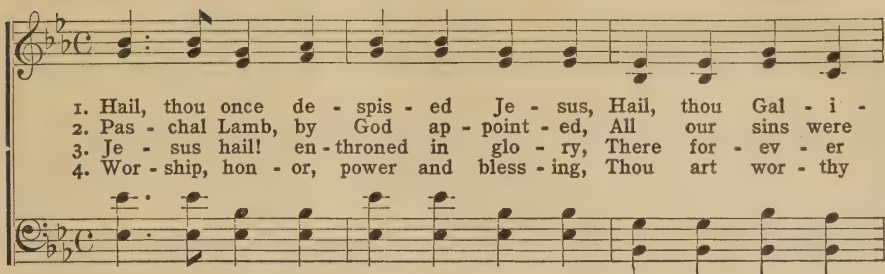
Crowns be - come the Vic - tor's brow, The Vic - tor's brow!
 Crown the Sav - iour King of Kings, The King of Kings!
 Spread a - broad the Vic - tor's fame, The Vic - tor's fame.
 King of Kings and Lord of Lords! And Lord of Lords!

Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus!

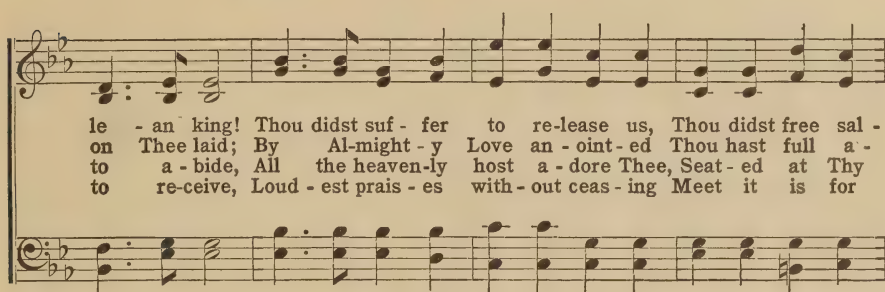
ROSENGAARD 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

John Bakewell

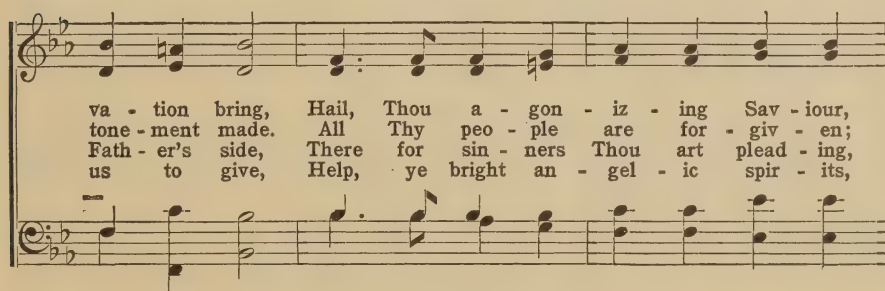
J. P. E. Hartmann



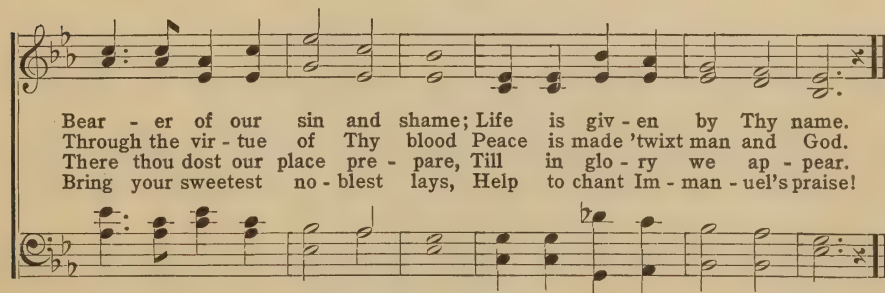
1. Hail, thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus, Hail, thou Gal - i -
 2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins were
 3. Je - sus hail! en - throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er
 4. Wor - ship, hon - or, power and bless - ing, Thou art wor - thy



le - an king! Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us, Thou didst free sal -
 on Thee laid; By Al - might - y Love an - oint - ed Thou hast full a -
 to a - bide, All the heav - en - ly host a - dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy
 to re - ceive, Loud - est prais - es with - out ceas - ing Meet it is for



va - tion bring, Hail, Thou a - gon - iz - ing Sav - iour,
 tone - ment made. All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en;
 Fath - er's side, There for sin - ners Thou art plead - ing,
 us to give, Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its,



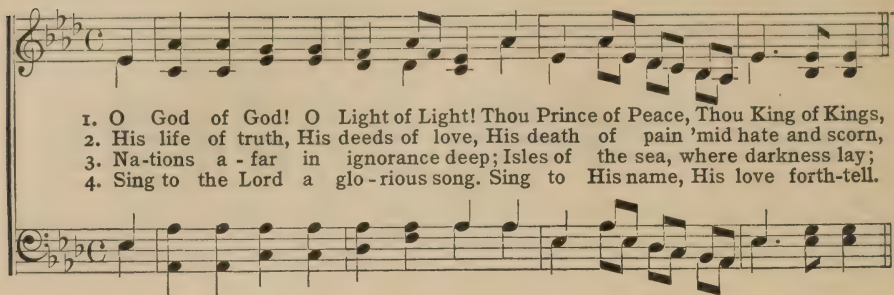
Bear - er of our sin and shame; Life is giv - en by Thy name.
 Through the vir - tue of Thy blood Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
 There thou dost our place pre - pare, Till in glo - ry we ap - pear.
 Bring your sweetest no - blest lays, Help to chant Im - man - uel's praise!

O God of God! O Light of Light!

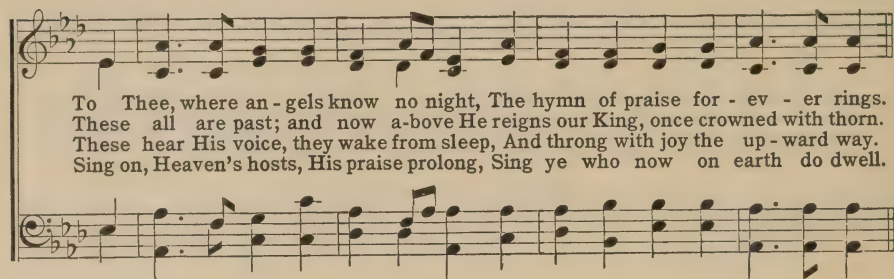
SUOMI L. M. D.

Finnish Cavalry March
Thirty Years' War

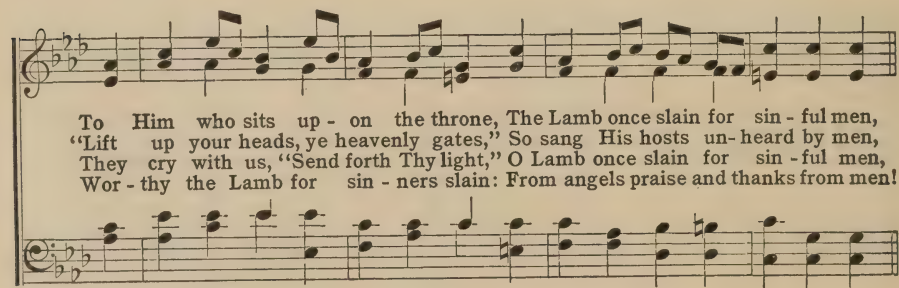
John Julian



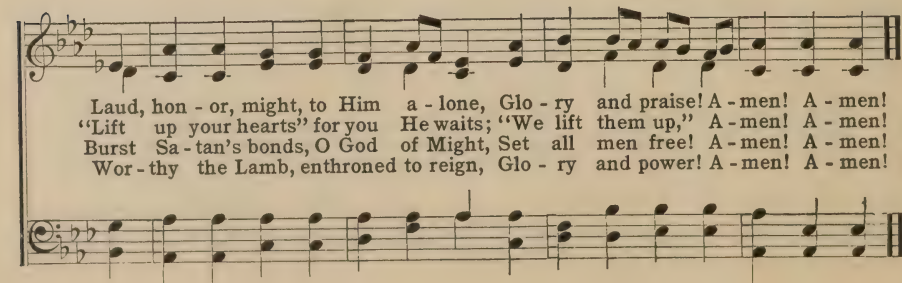
1. O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of Kings,
2. His life of truth, His deeds of love, His death of pain 'mid hate and scorn,
3. Na-tions a - far in ignorance deep; Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
4. Sing to the Lord a glo - rious song. Sing to His name, His love forth-tell.



To Thee, where an - gels know no night, The hymn of praise for - ev - er rings.
These all are past; and now a - bove He reigns our King, once crowned with thorn.
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep, And throng with joy the up - ward way.
Sing on, Heaven's hosts, His praise prolong, Sing ye who now on earth do dwell.



To Him who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin - ful men,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates," So sang His hosts un - heard by men,
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light," O Lamb once slain for sin - ful men,
Wor - thy the Lamb for sin - ners slain: From angels praise and thanks from men!



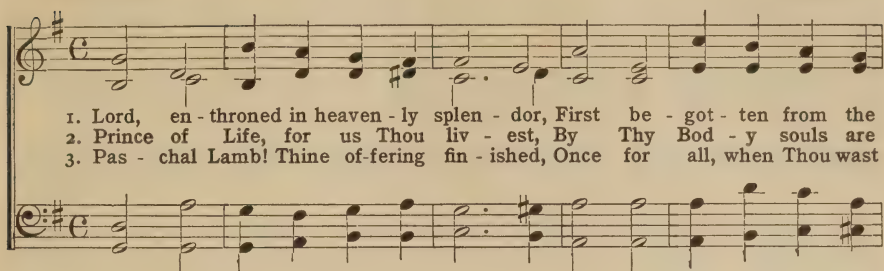
Laud, hon - or, might, to Him a - lone, Glo - ry and praise! A - men! A - men!
"Lift up your hearts" for you He waits; "We lift them up," A - men! A - men!
Burst Sa - tan's bonds, O God of Might, Set all men free! A - men! A - men!
Wor - thy the Lamb, enthroned to reign, Glo - ry and power! A - men! A - men!

191 Lord, Enthroned in Heavenly Splendor

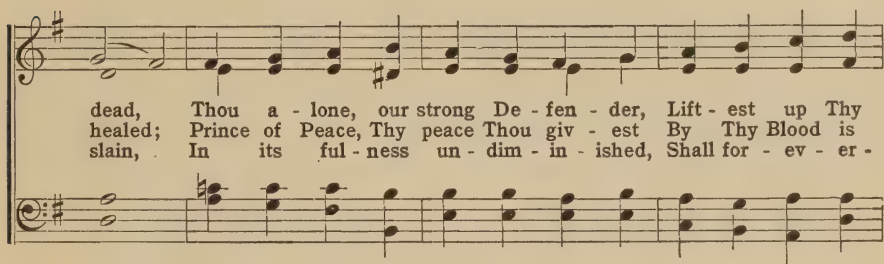
HOFFMAN 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

G. H. Bourne

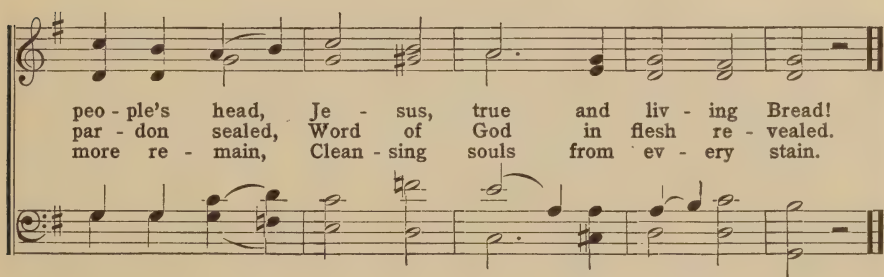
C. C. Hoffman



1. Lord, en - throned in heav - en - ly splen - dor, First be - got - ten from the
 2. Prince of Life, for us Thou liv - est, By Thy Bod - y souls are
 3. Pas - chal Lamb! Thine of - fer - ing fin - ished, Once for all, when Thou wast



dead, Thou a - lone, our strong De - fen - der, Lift - est up Thy
 healed; Prince of Peace, Thy peace Thou giv - est By Thy Blood is
 slain, In its ful - ness un - dim - in - ished, Shall for - ev - er -



peo - ple's head, Je - sus, true and liv - ing Bread!
 par - don sealed, Word of God in flesh re - vealed.
 more re - main, Clean - sing souls from ev - ery stain.

- 4 Thou shalt dwell in us, preserving
 Weak and sinful souls from wrong,
 Hearts to perseverance nerving
 Though the battle strife be long;
 Thou art Holy, Thou art strong.
- 5 Great High Priest of our profession,
 Through the veil Thou enterest in:
 By Thy mighty intercession,
 Grace and mercy Thou canst win:
 Only Sacrifice for sin.
- 6 Life-imparting heavenly Manna,
 Stricken Rock, with streaming side,
 Heaven and earth with loud hosanna
 Worship Thee, the Lamb who died,
 Risen, ascended, glorified.

The Veil is Rent

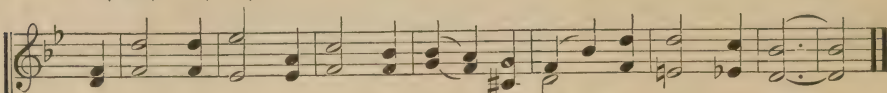
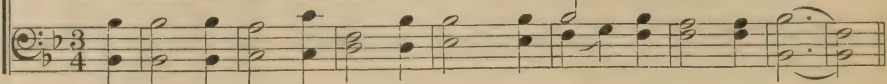
James G. Deck

RAPHAEL C.M.

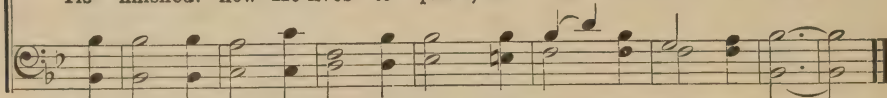
G. Donizetti



1. The veil is rent:—lo! Je - sus stands Be - fore the throne of grace;
 2. His prec-ious blood is sprinkl-ed there, Be - fore and on the throne;
 3. "'Tis finished!" on the cross He said, In ag - o-nies and blood;



- And clouds of in-cense from His hands Fill all that glo-rious place.
 And His own wounds in heaven de-clare His work on earth is done.
 "'Tis finished!" now He lives to plead, Be - fore the face of God.



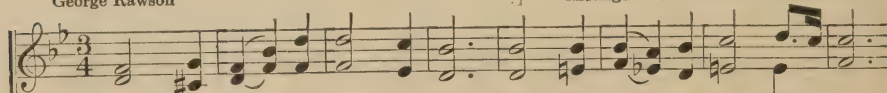
- 4 "'Tis finished!" here our souls can rest, 5 Boldly our hearts and voice we raise,
 His work can never fail: His name, His blood, our plea;
 By Him, our Sacrifice and Priest, Assur'd our prayers and songs of praise
 We enter through the veil. Ascend by Him to Thee.

Christ to Heaven is Gone Before

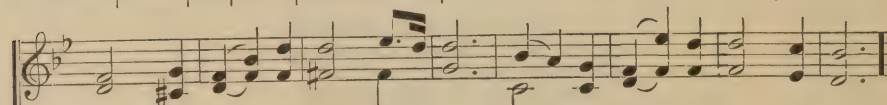
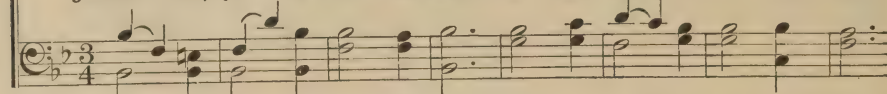
GOTTSCALK 7. 7. 7. 7.

George Rawson

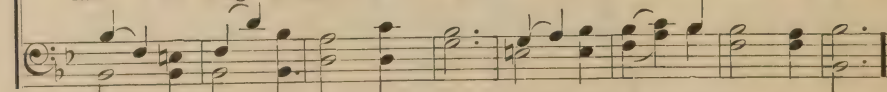
Arranged from Louis M. Gottschalk



1. Christ to heaven is gone be-fore In the bod - y here He wore;
 2. All the an - gels wondering own, 'Tis our na - ture on the throne;
 3. Fear not, ye of lit - tle faith, For He hath a - bol - ished death;



- He, that as our Broth - er died, Is our Broth-er glo - ri - fied.
 "How He lov - ed them, be - hold!" Trem - bles on the harps of gold.
 And no long - er now we die, We but fol - low Christ on high.



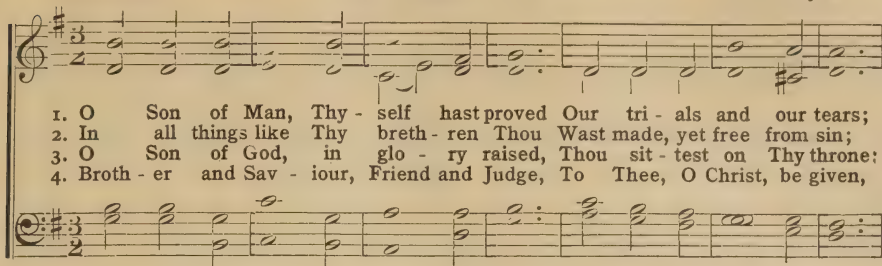
- 4 And before each fainting one,
 Dreading the dark way alone,
 Now appear His footsteps bright,
 Far diffusing holiest light.
 5 As our Shepherd He is there,
 With the comfort of His care;
 Fear no evil, doubt no more,
 Christ to heaven is gone before.

194 O Son of Man, Thyself Hast Proved

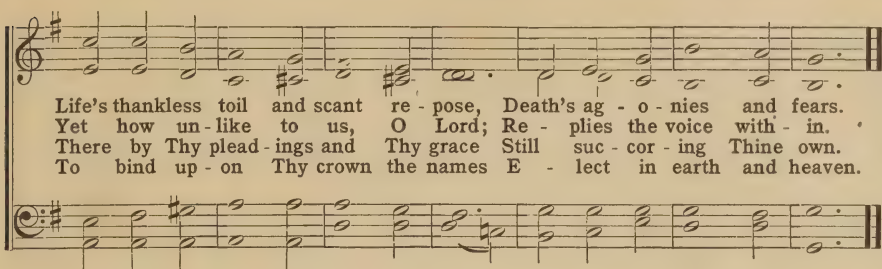
Joseph Anstice

ST. AGNES C. M.

John B. Dykes



1. O Son of Man, Thy - self hast proved Our tri - als and our tears;
 2. In all things like Thy breth - ren Thou wast made, yet free from sin;
 3. O Son of God, in glo - ry raised, Thou sit - test on Thy throne;
 4. Broth - er and Sav - iour, Friend and Judge, To Thee, O Christ, be given,



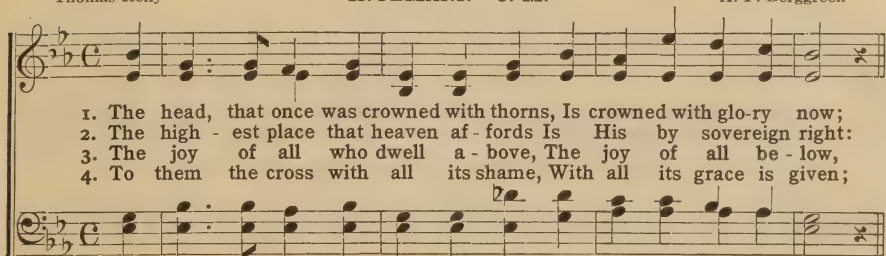
Life's thankless toil and scant re - pose, Death's ag - o - nies and fears.
 Yet how un - like to us, O Lord; Re - plies the voice with - in.
 There by Thy plead - ings and Thy grace Still suc - cor - ing Thine own.
 To bind up - on Thy crown the names E - lect in earth and heaven.

195 The Head, That Once Was Crowned With Thorns

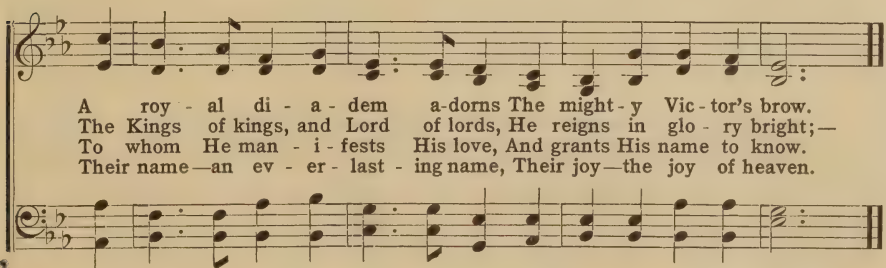
Thomas Kelly

INGEMANN C. M.

A. P. Berggreen



1. The head, that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;
 2. The high - est place that heaven af - fords Is His by sovereign right:
 3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
 4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace is given;



A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.
 The Kings of kings, and Lord of lords, He reigns in glo - ry bright;—
 To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.
 Their name—an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with Him above;
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
 Though shame and death to Him;
 His people's hope, His people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

William Pollock

LADDS 7. 5. 7. 5.

F. A. Ladds

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, Thou dost dwell with - in;
 2. All Thy seven - fold gifts be - stow On Thy ser - vants now,
 3. All our e - vil pas - sions slay, With Thy flam - ing sword;
 4. Ho - ly, lov - ing, true Thou art, Live with - in our breast;

Breath of life, and fire of love, Cleans - ing from all sin.
 All Thy ful - ness let us know, While in prayer we bow.
 Com - fort, heal us day by day, With Thy gen - tle word.
 In the tem - ple of our heart, Find Thy con - stant rest.

197 Our Bless'd Redeemer, Ere He Breathed

Harriet Auber

WREFORD 8. 6. 8. 4.

E. S. Carter

1. Our bless'd Re-deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der, last fare-well,
 2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub - due;
 3. He came sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra - cious will - ing Guest,
 4. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,

A Guide, a Com - fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
 All power - ful as the wind He came, As view - less too.
 While He can find one hum - ble heart Where-in to rest.
 That checks each thought, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see;
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And meet for Thee.

O Blessed Paraclete

A. J. Gordon

ST. ANDREW S. M.

Joseph Barnby

1. O Bless - ed Par - a - clete, As - sert Thine in - ward sway;
 2. Too long this house of Thine, By a - lien loves pos - sessed,
 3. Now rend, O Spir - it blest, The veil of my poor heart;
 4. O to be filled with Thee! I ask not aught be - side;

My bod - y make the tem - ple meet For Thy per - pet - ual stay.
 Has shut from Thee its in - ner shrine, Kept Thee a slight - ed guest.
 En - ter Thy long for - bid - den rest, And nev - er - more de - part.
 For all un - ho - ly guests must flee, If Thou in me a - bide.

O Holy Ghost! Arise

A J. Gordon

GOTTIEB 6. 4. 6. 4.

F. C. Maker

1. O Ho - ly Ghost! a - rise, Thy tem - ple fill:
 2. Breath from a - bove, re - fine My wait - ing heart:
 3. Thou ver - y Light of Light, Poured from on high,
 4. Cleanse, and il - lume, and fill— It shall be so:

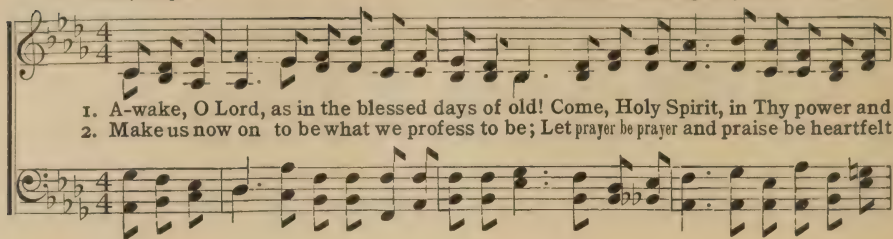
With cleans - ing fire bap - tize My yield - ed will.
 Im - pulse and power di - vine To me im - part.
 Kin - dle with vis - ion bright Mine in - ward eye.
 Then send me where Thou will And I will go.

200 Awake, O Lord, as in the Blessed Days of Old

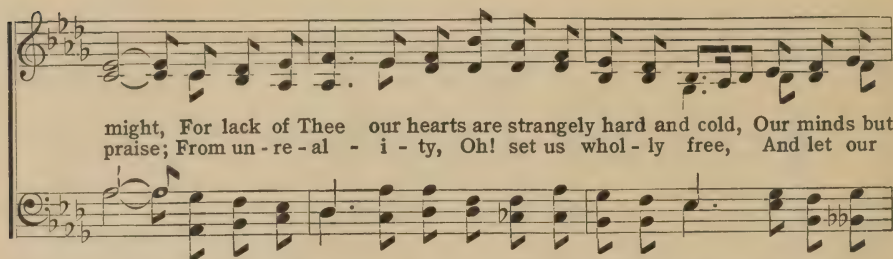
LONDONDERRY 12. 10. 12. 10. D.

H. Twells, adapted

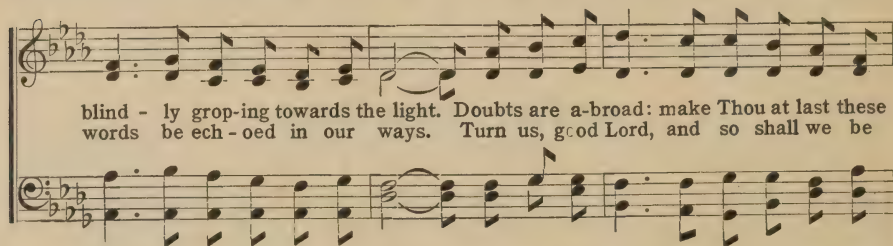
Irish Traditional, arranged by Carl F. Price



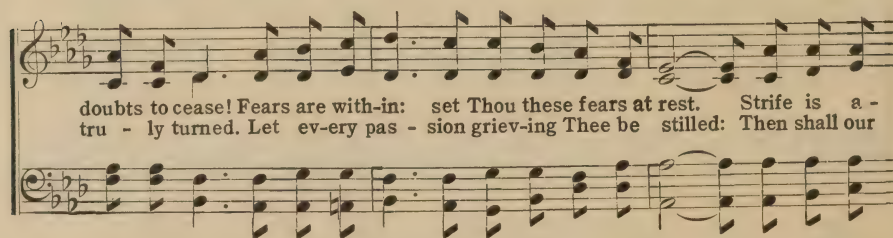
1. A-wake, O Lord, as in the blessed days of old! Come, Holy Spirit, in Thy power and
2. Make us now on to be what we profess to be; Let prayer be prayer and praise be heartfelt



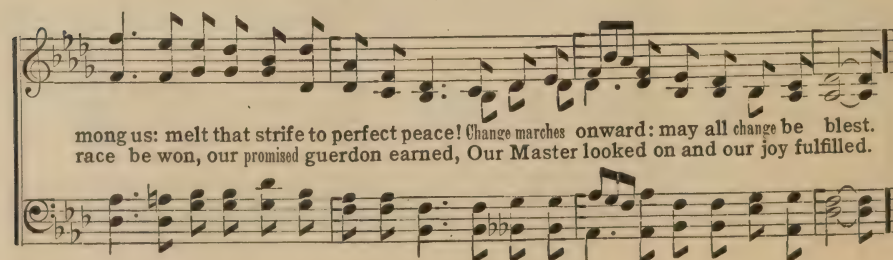
might, For lack of Thee our hearts are strangely hard and cold, Our minds but
praise; From un-re-al-i-ty, Oh! set us whol-ly free, And let our



blind-ly grop-ing towards the light. Doubts are a-broad: make Thou at last these
words be ech-oed in our ways. Turn us, good Lord, and so shall we be



doubts to cease! Fears are with-in: set Thou these fears at rest. Strife is a-
tru-ly turned. Let ev-ery pas-sion griev-ing Thee be stilled: Then shall our



mong us: melt that strife to perfect peace! Change marches onward: may all change be blest.
race be won, our promised guerdon earned, Our Master looked on and our joy fulfilled.

Come, Holy Ghost, Our Souls Inspire

HUMILITY L. M.

Latin Hymn. Trans. by John Cosin

S. P. Tuckerman

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce - les - tial fire;
 2. Thy bless - ed unct - ion from a - bove Is com - fort, life, and fire of love;
 3. An - oint and cheer our soil - ed face With the a - bund - ance of Thy grace;
 4. Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee, of Both, to be but One;

Thou the an - oint - ing Spir - it art, Who dost Thy seven - fold gifts im - part.
 En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light The dul - ness of our blind - ed sight:
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home; Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.
 That thro' the a - ges all a - long This Name may be our end - less song.

To Thee, O Comforter Divine

Frances R. Havergal

PIETAS 8. 8. 6.

Arranged by W. C. Filby

1. To Thee, O Com - fort - er Di - vine, For all Thy
 2. To Thee, whose faith - ful voice doth win The wand - 'ring
 3. To Thee, whose faith - ful power doth heal, En - light - en,
 4. To Thee, whose faith - ful truth is shown By ev - ery

grace and pow'r be - nign, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!
 from the ways of sin, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!
 sanc - ti - fy, and seal, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!
 prom - ise made our own, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!

5 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
 Of all His gifts, the sum and crown,
 Sing we Alleluia!

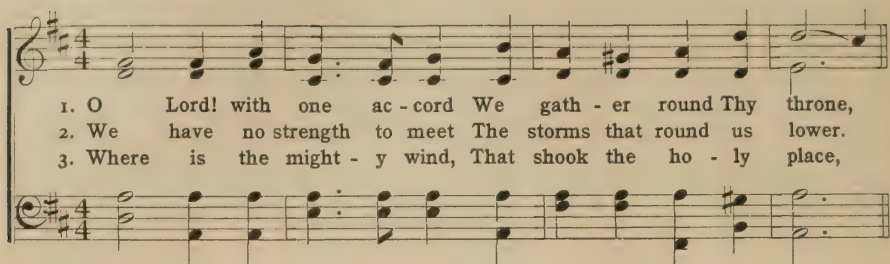
6 To Thee, who art with God the Son,
 And God the Father, ever One,
 Sing we Alleluia!

O Lord! With One Accord

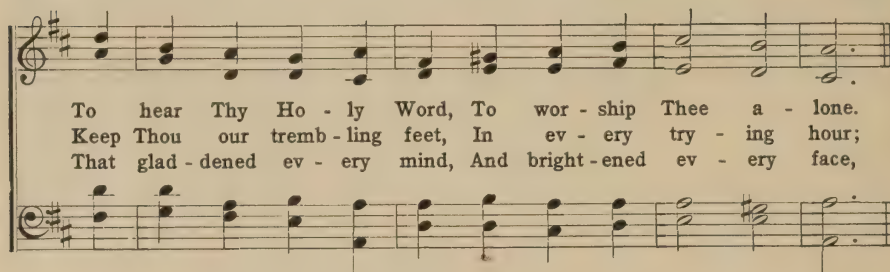
ST. MAURA 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

William Pennefather

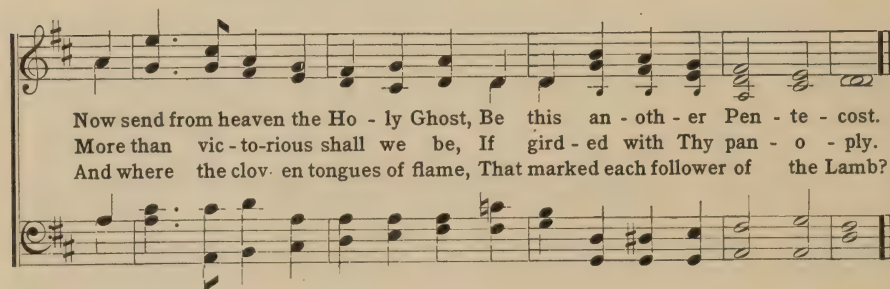
Arthur S. Sullivan



1. O Lord! with one ac - cord We gath - er round Thy throne,
 2. We have no strength to meet The storms that round us lower.
 3. Where is the might - y wind, That shook the ho - ly place,



To hear Thy Ho - ly Word, To wor - ship Thee a - lone.
 Keep Thou our tremb - ling feet, In ev - ery try - ing hour;
 That glad - ened ev - ery mind, And bright - ened ev - ery face,



Now send from heaven the Ho - ly Ghost, Be this an - oth - er Pen - te - cost.
 More than vic - to - rious shall we be, If gird - ed with Thy pan - o - ply.
 And where the clov - en tongues of flame, That marked each follower of the Lamb?

4 There is no change in Thee,
 Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
 Thy glorious Majesty
 Is as at Pentecost.
 Oh! may our loosened tongues proclaim
 That Thou our God art still the same.

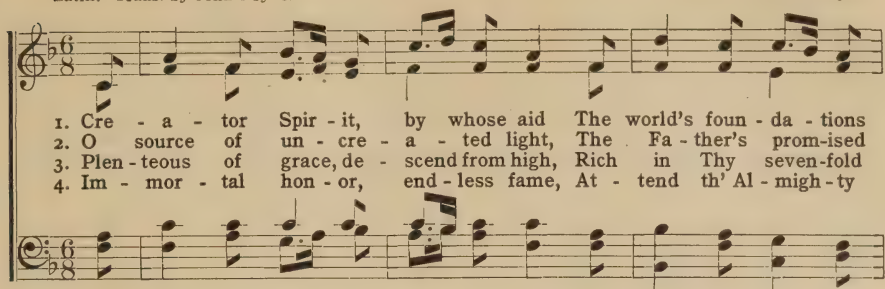
5 And may that living wave,
 That issues from on high,
 Whose golden waters lave
 Thy throne eternally,
 Flow down in power on us today,
 And none shall go unblessed away.

Creator Spirit, By Whose Aid

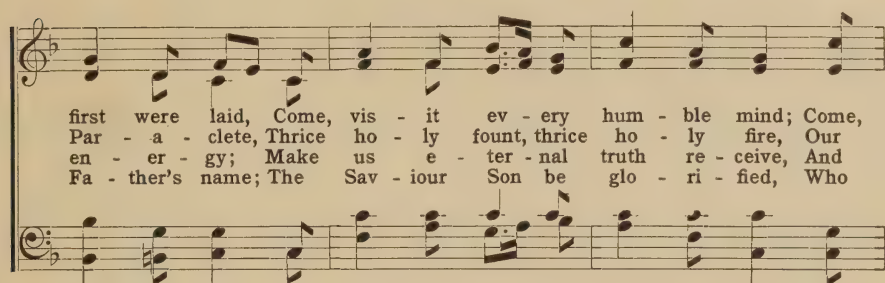
WEYSE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Latin. Trans. by John Dryden

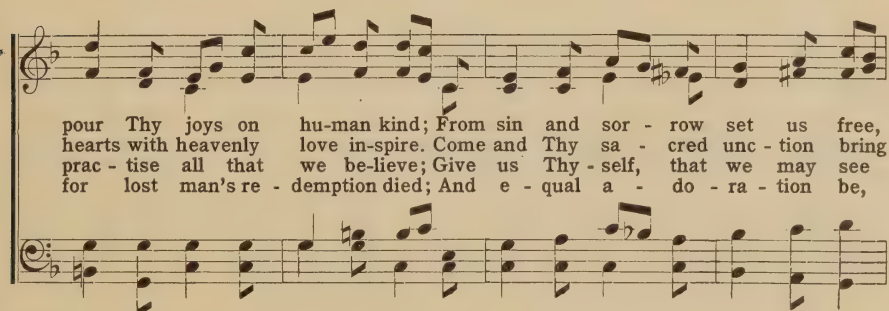
C. E. F. Weyse



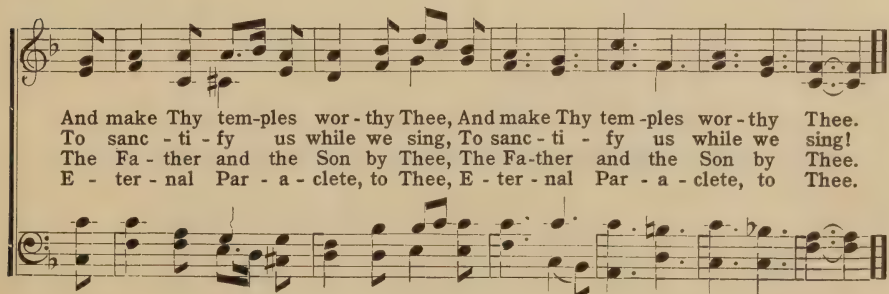
1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun - da - tions
 2. O source of un - cre - a - ted light, The Fa - ther's prom - ised
 3. Plen - teous of grace, de - scend from high, Rich in Thy seven - fold
 4. Im - mor - tal hon - or, end - less fame, At - tend th' Al - migh - ty



first were laid, Come, vis - it ev - ery hum - ble mind; Come,
 Par - a - clete, Thrice ho - ly fount, thrice ho - ly fire, Our
 en - er - gy; Make us e - ter - nal truth re - ceive, And
 Fa - ther's name; The Sav - iour Son be glo - ri - fied, Who



pour Thy joys on hu - man kind; From sin and sor - row set us free,
 hearts with heavenly love in - spire. Come and Thy sa - cred unc - tion bring
 prac - tise all that we be - lieve; Give us Thy - self, that we may see
 for lost man's re - demption died; And e - qual a - do - ra - tion be,



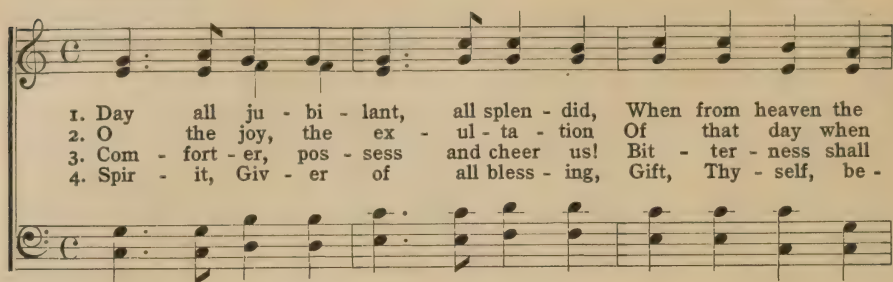
And make Thy tem - ples wor - thy Thee, And make Thy tem - ples wor - thy Thee.
 To sanc - ti - fy us while we sing, To sanc - ti - fy us while we sing!
 The Fa - ther and the Son by Thee, The Fa - ther and the Son by Thee.
 E - ter - nal Par - a - clete, to Thee, E - ter - nal Par - a - clete, to Thee.

Day All Jubilant, All Splendid

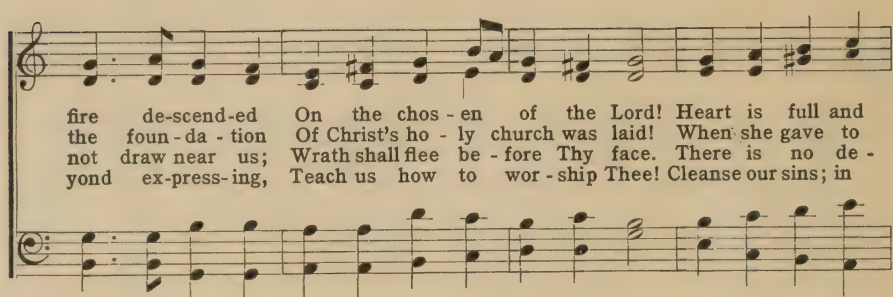
GARNISONS KIRKE 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7.

C. Stuart Calverley

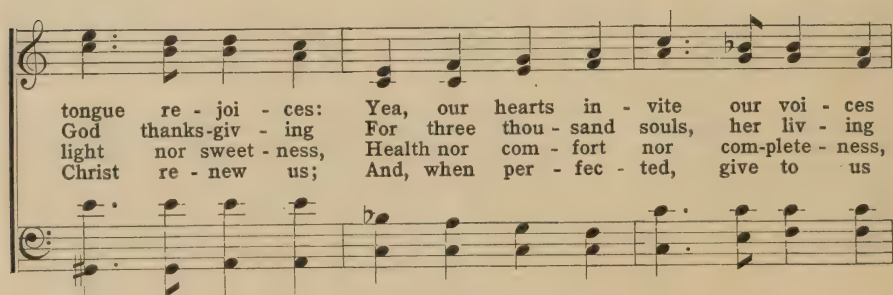
J. P. E. Hartmann



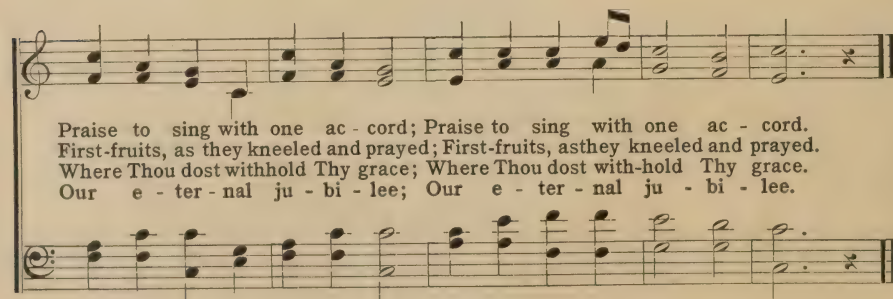
1. Day all ju - bi - lant, all splen - did, When from heaven the
 2. O the joy, the ex - ul - ta - tion Of that day when
 3. Com - fort - er, pos - sess and cheer us! Bit - ter - ness shall
 4. Spir - it, Giv - er of all bless - ing, Gift, Thy - self, be -



fire de-scend-ed On the chos - en of the Lord! Heart is full and
 the foun - da - tion Of Christ's ho - ly church was laid! When she gave to
 not draw near us; Wrath shall flee be - fore Thy face. There is no de -
 yond ex-press-ing, Teach us how to wor - ship Thee! Cleanse our sins; in



tongue re - joi - ces: Yea, our hearts in - vite our voi - ces
 God thanks-giv - ing For three thou - sand souls, her liv - ing
 light nor sweet - ness, Health nor com - fort nor com-plete - ness,
 Christ re - new us; And, when per - fec - ted, give to us



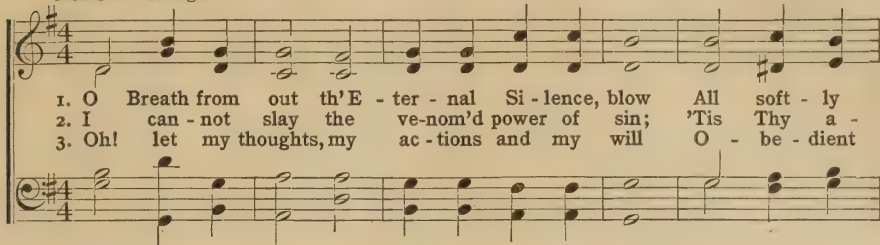
Praise to sing with one ac - cord; Praise to sing with one ac - cord.
 First-fruits, as they kneeled and prayed; First-fruits, as they kneeled and prayed.
 Where Thou dost withhold Thy grace; Where Thou dost withhold Thy grace.
 Our e - ter - nal ju - bi - lee; Our e - ter - nal ju - bi - lee.

206 O Breath from Out th' Eternal Silence, Blow

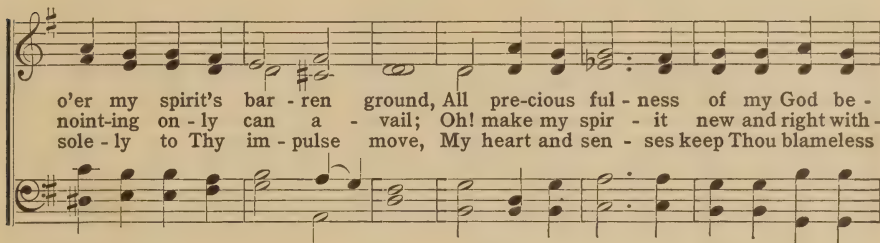
TERSTEEGEN 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 12.

Gerhardt Tersteegen

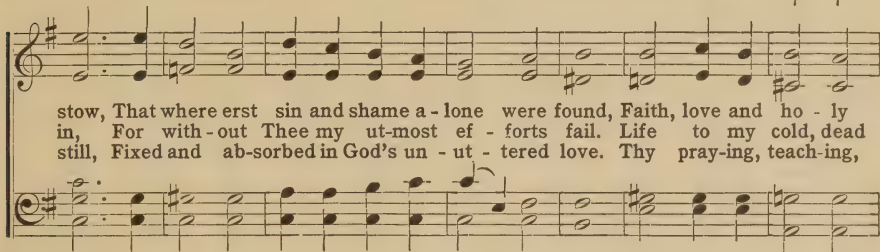
John E. Gaul



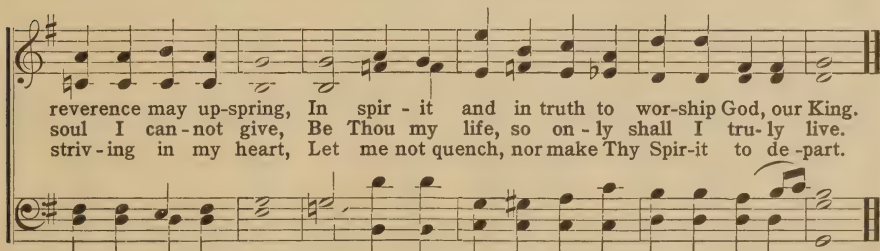
1. O Breath from out th' E - ter - nal Si - lence, blow All soft - ly
2. I can - not slay the ve - nom'd power of sin; 'Tis Thy a -
3. Oh! let my thoughts, my ac - tions and my will O - be - dient



o'er my spirit's bar - ren ground, All pre - cious ful - ness of my God be -
noint - ing on - ly can a - vail; Oh! make my spir - it new and right with -
sole - ly to Thy im - pulse move, My heart and sen - ses keep Thou blameless



stow, That where erst sin and shame a - lone were found, Faith, love and ho - ly
in, For with - out Thee my ut - most ef - forts fail. Life to my cold, dead
still, Fixed and ab - sorbed in God's un - ut - tered love. Thy pray - ing, teach - ing,



reverence may up - spring, In spir - it and in truth to wor - ship God, our King.
soul I can - not give, Be Thou my life, so on - ly shall I tru - ly live.
striv - ing in my heart, Let me not quench, nor make Thy Spir - it to de - part.

4 O Fount, O Spirit, who dost take and show
Things of the Son to us, who crystal clear,
From God's throne and the Lamb's dost ceaseless flow
Into the quiet hearts that seek Thee here;
I open wide my mouth and thirsting sink
Beside Thy stream, its satisfying waves to drink.

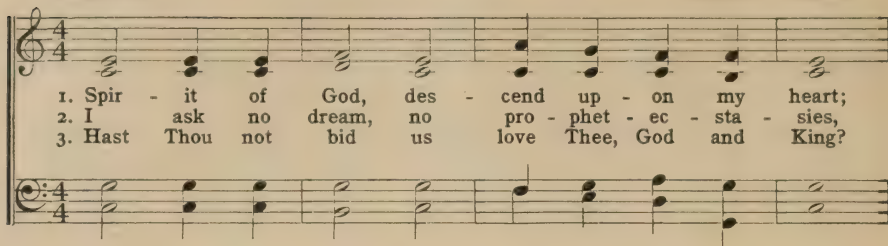
5 I give myself to Thee, to Thee alone,
From all else sunder'd, Thou art ever near,
Thy creatures and myself I all do down,
Trusting with inmost faith that God is here!
O God, O Spirit, Light of Life, we see
None ever wait in vain, who patient wait for Thee.

207 Spirit of God, Descend Upon my Heart

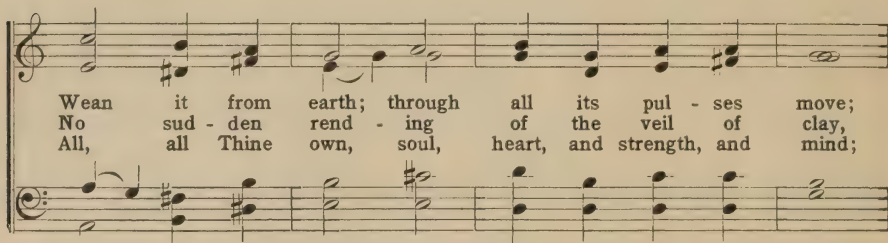
MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.

George Croly

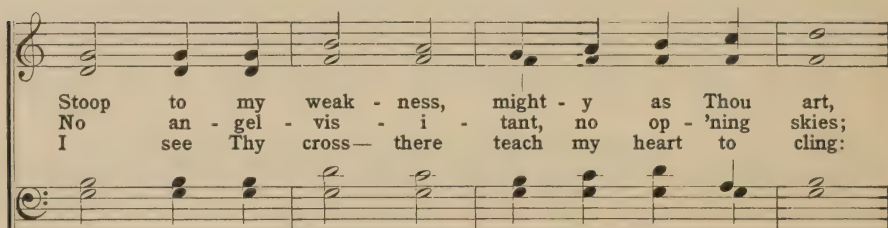
Frederick C. Atkinson



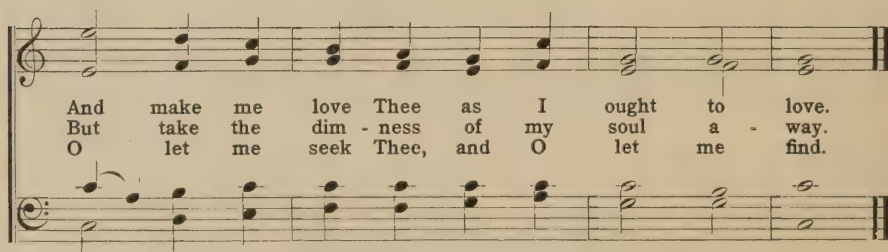
1. Spir - it of God, des - cend up - on my heart;
 2. I ask no dream, no pro - phet - ec - sta - sies;
 3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?



Wean it from earth; through all its pul - ses move;
 No sud - den rend - ing of the veil of clay;
 All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;



Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as Thou art,
 No an - gel - vis - i - tant, no op - 'ning skies;
 I see Thy cross— there teach my heart to cling:



And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
 But take the dim - ness of my soul to a - way.
 O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

- 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
 Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
 To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
 Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
 One holy passion filling all my frame;
 The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
 My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

Breathe on Me, Breath of God

Edwin Hatch

ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new,
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure,
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Blend all my soul with Thine,
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou dost do.
 Un - til with Thee I will one will To do and to en - dure.
 Un - til this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
 But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

Spirit Divine, Attend Our Prayers

Andrew Reed

HOLY CROSS C. M.

Thomas Hastings

1. Spir - it di-vine, at-tend our pray'rs, And make this house Thy home;
 2. Come as the light: to us re-veal Our emp - ti - ness and woe,
 3. Come as the fire and purge our hearts Like sac - ri - fi - cial flame;

De - scend with all Thy gracious powers, O come, great Spir - it, come!
 And lead us in those paths of life Where - on the right - eous go.
 Let our whole soul an of - fering be To our Re - deem - er's Name.

4 Come as the dove and spread Thy wings,
 The wings of peaceful love;
 And let Thy Church on earth become
 Blest as the Church above.

5 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
 Make a lost world Thy home;
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
 O come, Great Spirit, come!

My Soul, There is a Country

Henry Vaughan

REMEMBRANCE 7. 6. 7. 6.

Josiah Booth

1. My soul, there is a coun - try Far, far be - yond the stars,
 2. There a - bove noise and dan - ger Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
 3. He is thy gra - cious friend, And— O my soul a - wake!—

Where stands a wing - ed sen - try, All skil - ful in the wars.
 And One born in a man - ger Com - mands the beau - teous files.
 Did in pure love de - scend, To die here for thy sake.

4 If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thy ease.

5 Leave, then, thy foolish ranges,
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

Jesus, the Lamb of God

Horatius Bonar

MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington

1. Je - sus, the Lamb of God, Who us from hell to raise
 2. God, and yet man, Thou art! True God, true man art Thou;
 3. Great Sac - ri - fice for sin, Giv - er of life for life,

Hast shed Thy re - con - cil - ing blood, We give Thee end-less praise!
 Of man, and of man's earth a part, One with us Thou art now.
 Re - stor - er of the peace with - in, True end - er of the strife;

4 True lover of the lost,
 From heaven Thou camest down,
 To pay for souls the righteous cost,
 And claim them for Thine own.

5 Rest of the weary, Thou!
 To Thee our rest we come;
 In Thee to find our dwelling now,
 Our everlasting home.

212 When, Wounded Sore, the Stricken Soul

Mrs. C. F. Alexander

WARLAMOFF 8. 6. 8. 6.

Russian Folk-song

1. When, wounded sore, the strick - en soul Lies bleed - ing and un - bound,
 2. When sor - row swells the la - den breast, And tears of an - guish flow,
 3. When pen - i - tence has wept in vain O - ver some foul, dark spot,

One on - ly hand, a pierc - ed hand, Can heal the sin - ner's wound.
 One on - ly heart, a brok - en heart, Can feel the sin - ner's woe.
 One on - ly stream, a stream of blood, Can wash a - way the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
 His hand that brings relief;
 His heart that's touched with all our joys,
 And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
 Unseal that cleansing tide;
 We have no shelter from our sin,
 But in Thy wounded side.

213 Depth of Mercy! Can There Be

Charles Wesley

SEYMOUR 7. 7. 7. 7.

Carl M. von Weber

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
 2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long pro - voked Him to His face;
 3. Whence to me this waste of love? Ask my Ad - vo - cate a - bove!
 4. There for me the Sav - iour stands, Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
 Would not hark - en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thous - and falls.
 See the cause in Je - sus' face, Now be - fore the throne of grace.
 God is love, I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above;
 Is not all Thy nature love?
 Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
 Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

6 If I rightly read Thy heart,
 If Thou all compassion art,
 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Pardon and accept me now!

Christ, the Life of All the Living

EISENSTADT 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Catherine Winkworth

F. J. Haydn

1. Christ, the Life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the Death of death our foe,
 2. Thou, ah! Thou hast tak - en on Thee Bit - ter strokes, a cru - el rod;
 3. Thou didst bear the smit - ing, on - ly That it might not fall on me;
 4. Then for all that wrought our par - don, For Thy sor - rows deep and sore,

Who, Thy - self for us once giv - ing, To the dark - est depths of woe,
 Pain and scorn were heaped up - on Thee, O Thou sin - less Son of God;
 Stood - est false - ly charged and lone - ly, That I might be safe and free;
 For Thine an - guish in the Gar - den, I will thank Thee ev - er - more,

Pa - tient - ly didst yield Thy breath Man to save from sin and death;
 On - ly thus for us to win Res - cue from the bonds of sin:
 Com - fort - less, that I might know Com - fort, from thy bound - less woe:
 Thank Thee with the lat - est breath For Thy sad and cru - el death,

Thousand, thous - and thanks shall be, Bless - ed Je - sus, brought to Thee.
 Thousand, thous - and thanks shall be, Bless - ed Je - sus, brought to Thee.
 Thousand, thous - and thanks shall be, Bless - ed Je - sus, brought to Thee.
 For that last most bit - ter cry, Praise Thee ev - er - more on high.

Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid

STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3.

Stephen the Sabaite, Trans. by John M. Neale

Henry W. Baker

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
 "In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side."
 "Yea, a crown, in ve - ry sure - ty; But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow banished, labor ended,
 Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes."

Look to Jesus and Be Saved

W. Hay Aitken

MORLEY 7. 7. 7. 7.

Thomas Morley

1. Look to Je - sus and be saved, See Him hang - ing on the tree;
 2. Look till thou canst see thy sin In His bod - y cru - ci - fied;
 3. Look and see the judg - ment fall On that guilt - less, guilt - bowed head,

Guil - ty art thou and en - slaved, But He bears thy guilt for thee.
 All the lusts that lurked with - in, All thy wil - ful - ness and pride.
 He is made our sin. For all One hath died, and all are dead.

4 Look to Jesus, look and live;
 He has died thy death for thee.
 Look and trust and love and give
 All thou art His prize to be.

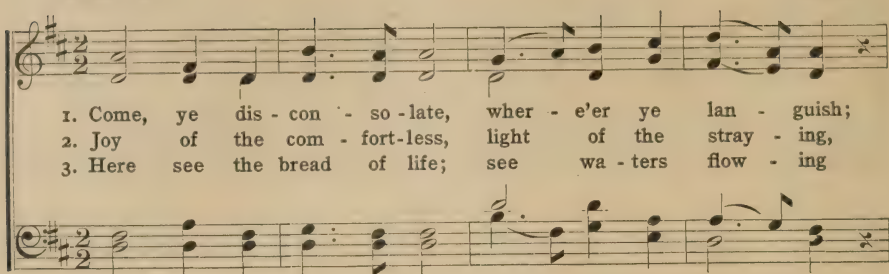
5 Look with awe, till wondering love
 Melts thy heart, and dims thine eyes,
 And with prostrate saints above
 Rapt in praise thy spirit lies.

217 Come, Ye Disconsolate, Where'er Ye Languish

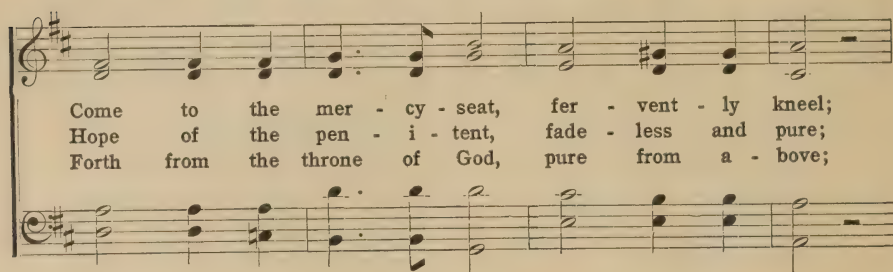
CONSOLATOR II. IO. II. IO.

Thomas Moore

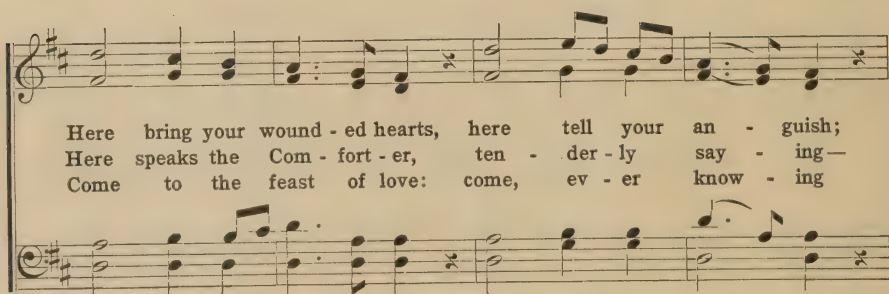
S. Webbe



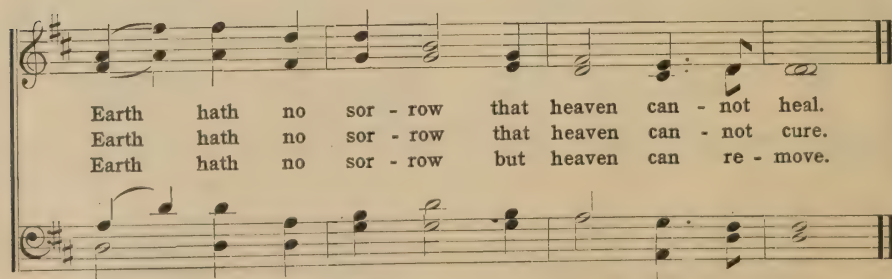
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
 2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing,
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing



Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
 Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure;
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;



Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
 Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing—
 Come to the feast of love: come, ev - er know - ing



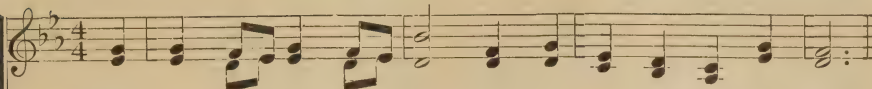
Earth hath no sor - row that heaven can - not heal.
 Earth hath no sor - row that heaven can - not cure.
 Earth hath no sor - row but heaven can re - move.

Come Unto Me, Ye Weary


LUX MUNDI 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

William C. Dix

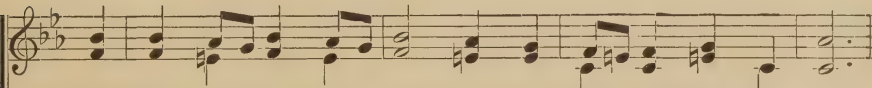
Arthur S. Sullivan




1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
 2. "Come un - to Me, dear child - ren, And I will give you light."
 3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you life."
 4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth I will not cast him out."



O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op-press;
 O lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night:
 O peace - ful voice of Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife:
 O pa - tient love of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt:



It tells of be - ne - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
 Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,
 The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;
 Which calls us, ve - ry sin - ners, Un - wor - thy though we be



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.
 But morn - ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.
 But Thou hast made me might - y, And strong - er than the strong.
 Of love so free and bound - less, To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

219 There is a Time, We Know Not When

J. A. Alexander

DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter

1. There is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where;
 2. There is a line, by us un-seen, That cross-es ev-ery path,
 3. O where is this mys-ter-i-ous bourne By which our path is crossed;

That marks the des-ti-ny of men, To glo-ry or des-pair.
 The hid-den bound-a-ry be-tween God's pa-tience and His wrath.
 Be-yond which God Him-self hath sworn That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on in sin?
 How long will God forbear?
 Where does hope end, and where begin
 The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent,
 "Ye that from God depart,
 While it is called to-day, repent,
 And harden not your heart."

220 Jesus Call Us; O'er the Tumult

Mrs. C. F. Alexander

GALILEE 8. 7. 8. 7.

William H. Jude

1. Je-sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, restless sea,
 2. As, of old, a-pos-tles heard it By the Ga-li-le-an lake,
 3. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me."
 Turned from home and toil and kin-dred, Leav-ing all for His dear sake.
 From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
 Days of toil and hours of ease,
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
 "Christian, love me More than these."

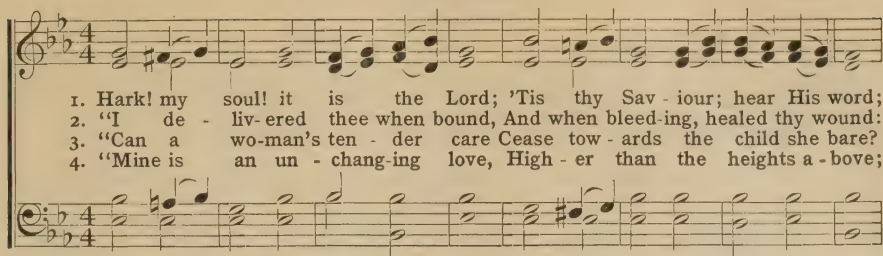
5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
 Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
 Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
 Serve and love Thee best of all.

Hark! My Soul! It is the Lord

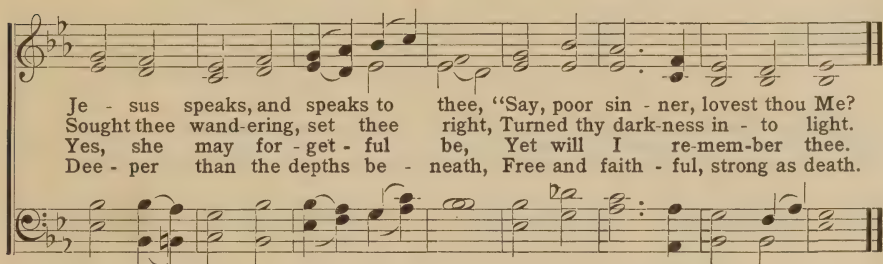
William Cowper

HOLLEY 7. 7. 7. 7.

George Hews



1. Hark! my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav- iour; hear His word;
 2. "I de - liv-ered thee when bound, And when bleed-ing, healed thy wound:
 3. "Can a wo-man's ten - der care Cease tow - ards the child she bare?
 4. "Mine is an un - chang-ing love, High - er than the heights a - bove;



Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lovest thou Me?
 Sought thee wand-ering, set thee right, Turned thy dark-ness in - to light.
 Yes, she may for - get - ful be, Yet will I re-mem-ber thee.
 Dee - per than the depths be - neath, Free and faith - ful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of My throne shalt be!
 Say, poor sinner! lovest thou Me?"

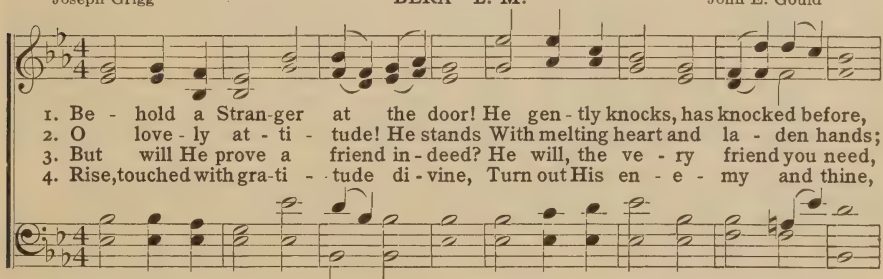
6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Thee, and adore;
 O for grace to love Thee more.

Behold a Stranger at the Door

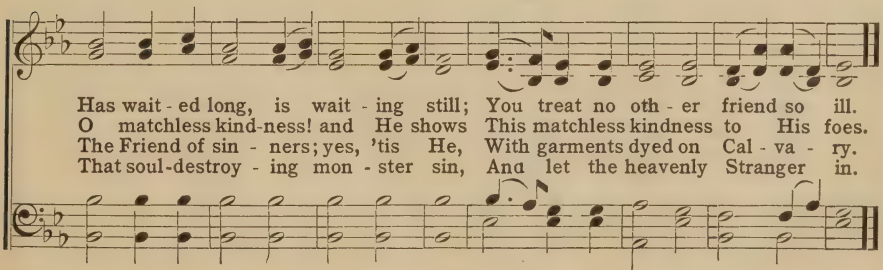
Joseph Grigg

BERA L. M.

John E. Gould



1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has knocked before,
 2. O love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melting heart and la - den hands;
 3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will, the ve - ry friend you need,
 4. Rise, touched with gra - ti - tude di - vine, Turn out His en - e - my and thine,



Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O matchless kind-ness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The Friend of sin - ners; yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
 That soul-destroy - ing mon - ster sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.


O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

ST. HILDA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.


First Tune

W. Walsham How


Justin H Knecht and Edward Husband



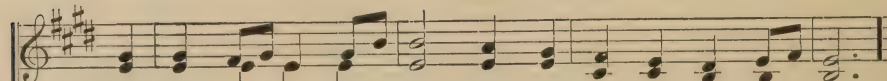
1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing. And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,
 4. To Thee be praise for ev - er, Thou glo - rious King of kings!



In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thres - hold o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred!
 "I died for you, my chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"
 Thy won - drous love and fav - or Each ran - somed spir - it sings:



We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear:
 Oh, love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:
 We'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry With all Thy saints a - bove,



Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there!
 Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!
 And shout the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love.

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

SVERRE JORDAN 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

W. Walsham How

Second Tune

Sverre Jordan

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing. And lo! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,—

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er;
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred!
 "I died, for you, my chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear:
 Oh, love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door:

Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there,
 Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

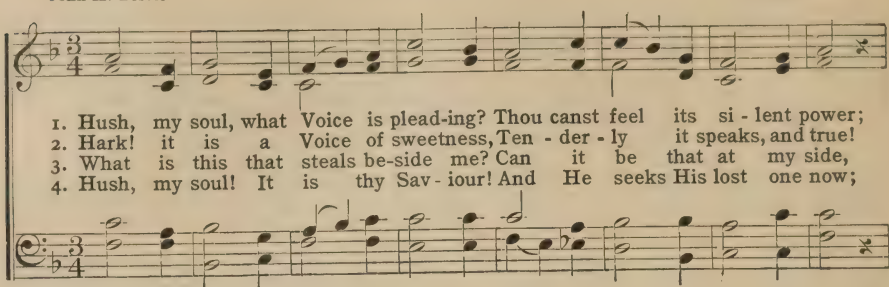
To keep Him stand - ing there.
 So fast to bar the gate!
 And leave us nev - er - more!

225 Hush, My Soul, What Voice is Pleading

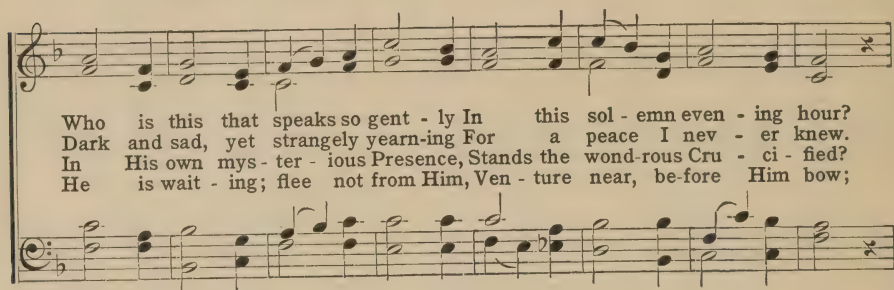
UPSALA 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

John H. Lester

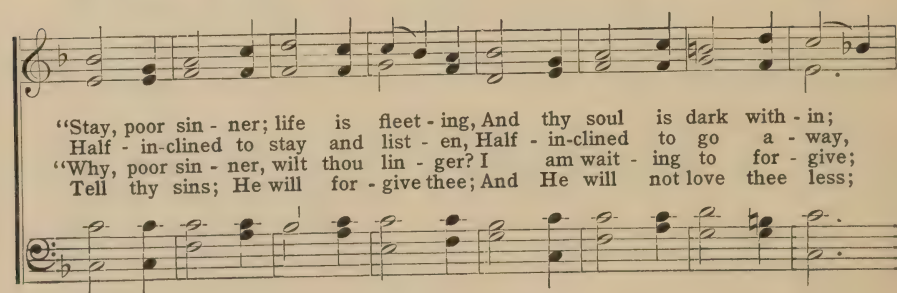
G. Wennerberg



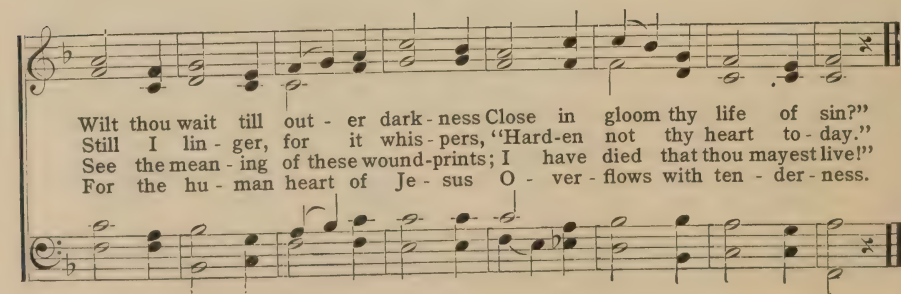
1. Hush, my soul, what Voice is plead-ing? Thou canst feel its si - lent power;
 2. Hark! it is a Voice of sweetness, Ten - der - ly it speaks, and true!
 3. What is this that steals be-side me? Can it be that at my side,
 4. Hush, my soul! It is thy Sav - iour! And He seeks His lost one now;



Who is this that speaks so gent - ly In this sol - emn even - ing hour?
 Dark and sad, yet strangely yearn-ing For a peace I nev - er knew.
 In His own mys - ter - ious Presence, Stands the wond - rous Cru - ci - fied?
 He is wait - ing; flee not from Him, Ven - ture near, be - fore Him bow;



"Stay, poor sin - ner; life is fleet - ing, And thy soul is dark with - in;
 Half - in - clined to stay and list - en, Half - in - clined to go a - way,
 "Why, poor sin - ner, wilt thou lin - ger? I am wait - ing to for - give;
 Tell thy sins; He will for - give thee; And He will not love thee less;



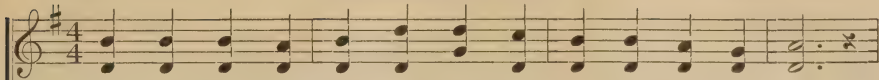
Wilt thou wait till out - er dark - ness Close in gloom thy life of sin?"
 Still I lin - ger, for it whis - pers, "Hard - en not thy heart to - day."
 See the mean - ing of these wound - prints; I have died that thou mayest live!"
 For the hu - man heart of Je - sus O - ver - flows with ten - der - ness.

Jesus, Thou Art Standing, Pleading

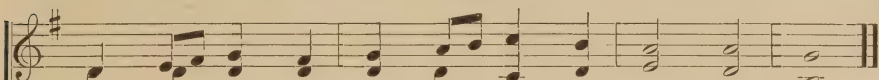
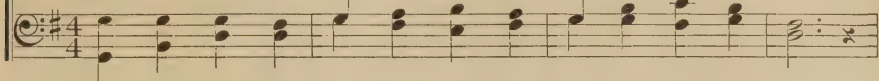
Freda H. Allen

STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3.

Henry W. Baker



1. Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing, plead - ing, Call - ing me to rest;
 2. Thou hast formed me for Thy glo - ry, For Thine own de - light;
 3. Oh, this heart is wea - ry, rest - less, Bound by ma - ny a chain,
 4. Lord, I yield: no more with - stand - ing Thine all - lov - ing will,



- Shall I, yield - ing, heark - en to Thee, and be blest?
 Can I still with - hold, Lord, from Thee This Thy right?
 'Gainst which heart and will, though striv - ing, Strive in vain.
 Take me, Mas - ter, break me, make me, Cleanse and fill.



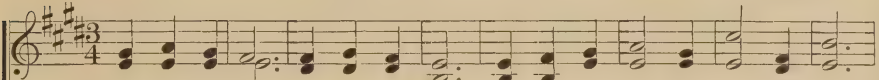
- 5 Take my will: 'tis Thine henceforth, Lord, 6 Oh, the joy of full surrender,
 Lead me by Thy way; Keeping from Thee nought,
 Let my words and actions please Thee, As I yield, my heart is finding
 Day by day. Peace long-sought.

O Saviour, I Have Nought to Plead

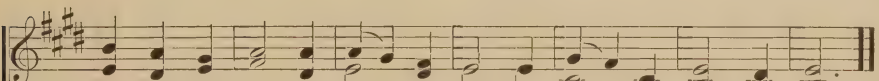
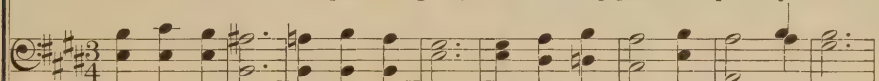
Jane Crewdson

AGNUS DEI 8. 8. 8. 6.

William Blow



1. O Sav-iour, I have nought to plead In earth be- neath or heaven a - bove,
 2. The need will soon be past and gone, Ex-ceed-ing great but quick-ly o'er.



- But just my own ex - ceed - ing need And Thy ex - ceed - ing love.
 The love un-bought is all Thine own And lasts for ev - er - more.

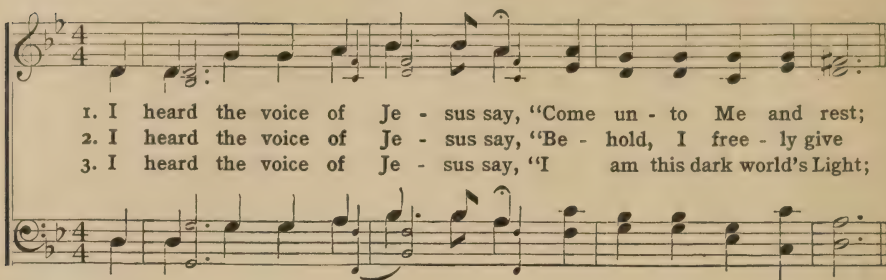


I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

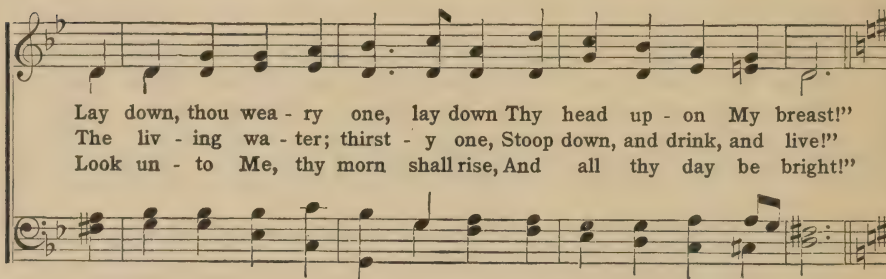
VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

Horatius Bonar

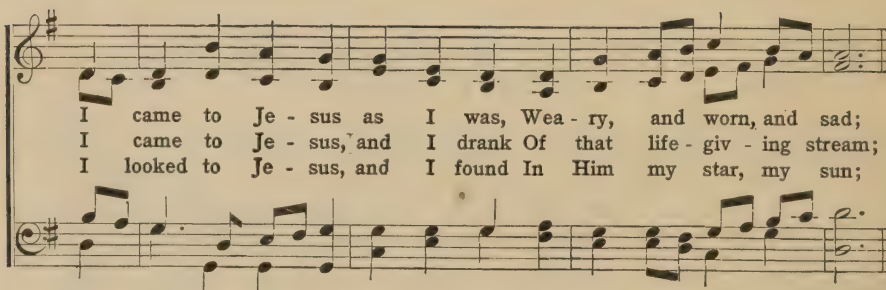
John B. Dykes



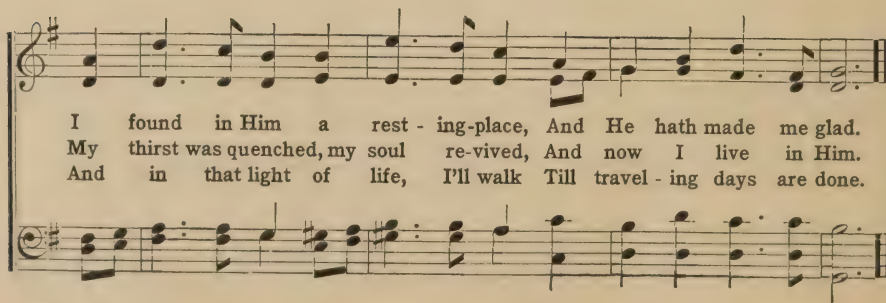
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast!"
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my star, my sun;



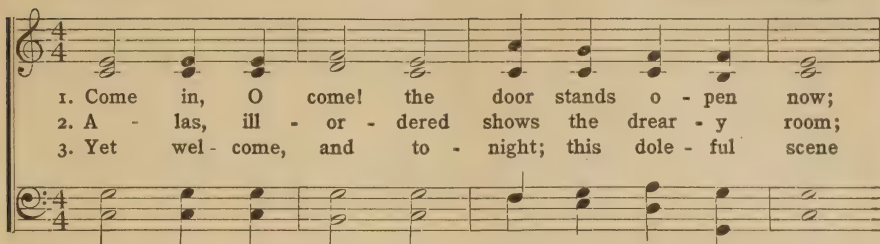
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He hath made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life, I'll walk Till travel - ing days are done.

229 Come in, O Come! the Door Stands Open Now

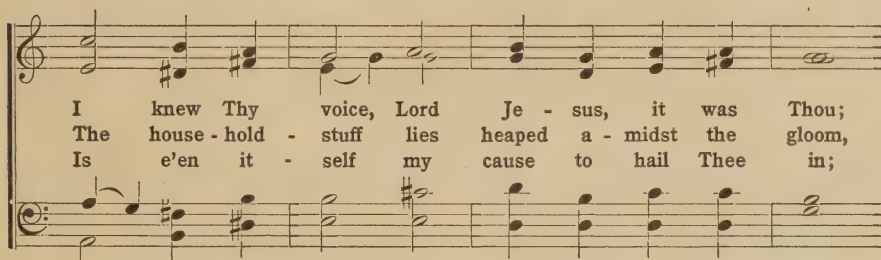
MORECAMBE 10. 10. 10. 10.

H. C. G. Moule

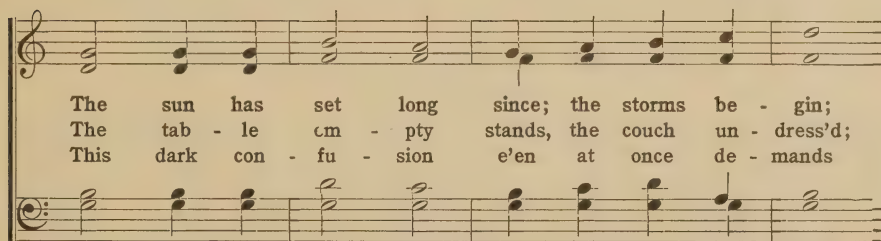
Frederick C. Atkinson



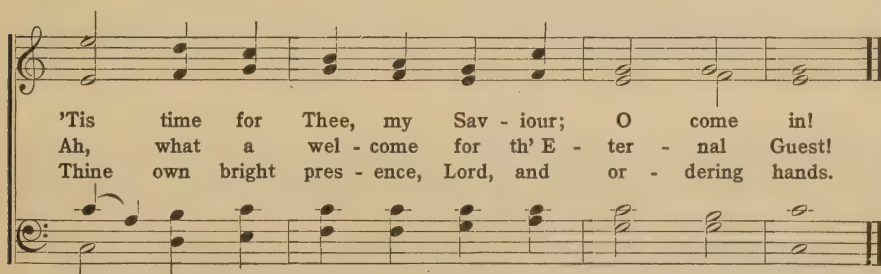
1. Come in, O come! the door stands o - pen now;
 2. A - las, ill - or - dered shows the drear - y room;
 3. Yet wel - come, and to - night; this dole - ful scene



I knew Thy voice, Lord Je - sus, it was Thou;
 The house - hold - stuff lies heaped a - midst the gloom;
 Is e'en it - self my cause to hail Thee in;



The sun has set long since; the storms be - gin;
 The tab - le cm - pty stands, the couch un - dress'd;
 This dark con - fu - sion e'en at once de - mands




'Tis time for Thee, my Sav - iour; O come in!
 Ah, what a wel - come for th' E - ter - nal Guest!
 Thine own bright pres - ence, Lord, and or - dering hands.

- 4 I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
 Before the coming of so great a Friend;
 All were at best unseemly; and t'were ill
 Beyond all else to keep Thee waiting still.
- 5 Come, not to find, but make this troubled heart
 A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art;
 To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,
 Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!

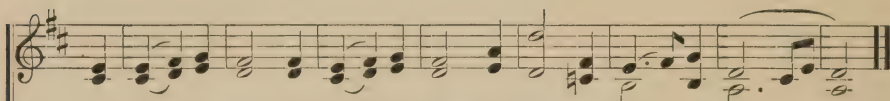
Dora Greenwell

BALLE 8. 8. 8. 7.

Balle



1. I am not skilled to un - derstand What God hath willed, what God hath planned,
 2. I take Him at His word, in-deed, Christ died for sin - ners this I read;
 3. That He should leave His place on high And come for sin - ful man to die,



I on - ly know at His right hand Stands One who is my Sav - iour.
 For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav - iour.
 You count it strange? So once did I, Be - fore I knew my Sav - iour.

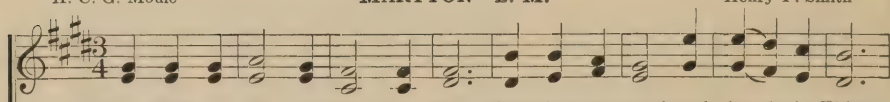
4 And oh! that He fulfilled may see
 The travail of His soul in me,
 And with His work contented be,
 As I am with my Saviour.

5 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
 My strength, my solace from this spring,
 That He who lives to be my King
 Once died to be my Saviour.

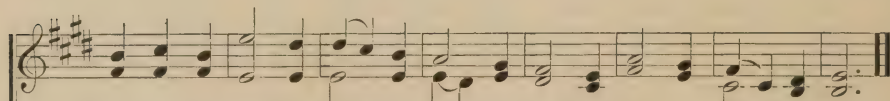
H. C. G. Moule

MARYTON L. M.

Henry P. Smith



1. My glorious Vic - tor, Prince di - vine, Clasp these surrendered hands in Thine.
 2. My Mas - ter, lead me to Thy door: Pierce this now will - ing ear oncemore:
 3. Yes, ear and hand, and thought and will, Use all in Thy dear slave - ry still.
 4. Tread them still down; and then I know These hands shall with Thy gifts o'er-flow.



At length my will is all Thine own, Glad vas - sal of a Saviour's throne.
 Thy bonds are free - dom; let me stay With Thee to toil, en - dure, o - bey.
 Self's wea - ry lib - er - ties I cast Be - neath Thy feet; there keep them fast.
 And pierc - ed ears shall hear the tone Which tells me Thou and I are one.

Lord, to Whom the Heavy-Laden

MOSZKOWSKI 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Harrington C. Lees

M. Moszkowski, arranged by Carl F. Price

1. Lord, to whom the hea - vy - la - den Came in troublous days of yore;
 2. Here we leave our load of er - ror, Cast on Thee our heaviest care;
 3. Though our man - i - fold transgres-sion Vex Thine eyes, in mer - cy spare;
 4. 'Mid the din of war and pas - sion Guide the is - sue of the strife:

Man and wo-man, youth and maid-en, Here our sins we would de - plore.
 Here con - fess our haunt-ing ter - ror, Lest Thy right-eous wrath we bear.
 Let the Spir - it's in - ter - ces - sion Reach Thine ear and mould our prayer:
 Crown the right and du - ly fash - ion From the cha - os or - dered life.

Ev - ery fault to Thee is clear - er Than the clouds that fleck the sky;
 Bend our wills and make us hum - ble, Cleanse our un - be - lief and pride:
 Teach us what to ask; and, seek - ing, Grant us all we long to find;
 So, with songs of tri-umph sound - ing, From our knees in faith we rise;

But no an - gel song is dear - er, Than the con - trite sin - ner's cry.
 Par - don ev - ery guil - ty stum - ble; Keep us near Thy pierc - ed Side.
 Hush our hearts to hear; and, speaking, Make us tread Thy path de - signed.
 Ev - ery hos - tile power con-found-ing Which Thy way of truth de - fies.

I Was a Wandering Sheep

LEBANON S. M. D.

Horatius Bonar

John Zundel

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;
 2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child;
 3. Je-sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 4. I was a wandering sheep, I would not be con-trolled;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.
 They fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er de-serts waste and wild;
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice, I love, I love the fold.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
 They found me nigh to death, Famished and faint and lone;
 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wandering sheep,
 I was a way-ward child, I once pre-ferred to roam;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
 They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wandering one.
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.
 But now I love my Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home.

Heal Me, O My Saviour, Heal

Godfrey Thring

LACHRYMÆ 7. 7. 7.

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. Heal me, O my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me as I
 2. Thou the true Phy - si - cian art; Thou, O Christ, canst
 3. Oth - er com - fort - ers are gone; Thou canst heal, and
 4. Heal me, then, my Sav - iour, heal; Heal me, as I

sup - pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par - don seal.
 health im - part, Bind - ing up the bleed - ing heart.
 Thou a - lone, Thou for all my sin a - tone.
 sup - pliant kneel; To Thy mer - cy I ap - peal.

235 Oppressed With Noonday's Scorching Heat

Horatius Bonar

LONDON NEW C. M.

Scotch Psalter

1. Op-pressed with noon-day's scorching heat, To yon - der cross I flee;
 2. Be - neath that cross clear wa - ters burst, A foun - tain spark - ling free;
 3. A strang - er here, I pitch my tent Be - neath this spread - ing tree;
 4. For bur - dened ones, a rest - ing-place Be - side that cross I see;


Be - neath its shelt - er take my seat: No shade like this for me!
 And there I quench my des - ert thirst: No spring like this for me!
 Here shall my pil - grim life be spent: No home like this for me!
 I here cast off my wea - ri - ness: No rest like this for me!

236 O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head!



HANS EGEDE 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

A. R. Cousin



C. E. F Weyse




1. O Christ, what bur-dens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee,
 2. The tem-pest's aw-ful voice was heard; O Christ, it broke on Thee!
 3. The Ho-ly One did hide His face, O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!
 4. For me, Lord Je-sus, Thou hast died, And I have died in Thee;

Thou stood-est in the sin-ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.
 Thy o-pen bos-om was my ward, It braved the storm for me.
 Dumb darkness wrapped Thy soul a space, The dark-ness due to me.
 Thou'rt ris'n, my bands are all un-tied; And now Thou liv'st in me:

A Vic-tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.
 Thy form was scarred, Thy vis-age marred; Now cloudless peace for me.
 But now that face of ra-diant grace Shines forth in light on me.
 When pur-i-fied, made white and tried, Thy glo-ry then for me.



Beneath the Cross of Jesus

ST. CHRISTOPHER 7. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.

Elizabeth C. Clephane

Frederick C. Maker

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wild - er - ness, A rest up - on the way,
 And from my strick - en heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss;

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 The won - ders of re - deem - ing love And my own worthless - ness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all, the cross.

Jesus, Refuge of the Weary

SAVONAROLA 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Giralamo Savonarola

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. Je - sus, Ref - uge of the wea - ry, Ob - ject of the Spir-it's love,
 2. Yet, no vow re - pent-ant breath-ing, Still we pass Thy sa-cred cross,
 3. Je - sus, would our hearts were burn-ing With more fer - vent love for Thee:
 4. Then in glo - ry, part - ed nev - er, From the Sav-iour's sheltering side,

Foun - tain in life's des - ert drear - y, Sav-iour from the world a - bove:
 Though 'neath thorns Thy forehead wreathing Dropped the bloody sweat for us.
 Would our eyes were ev - er turn - ing To Thy cross of ag - o - ny.
 Grav - en on our hearts for ev - er, Be the cross and Cru - ci - fied;

Oh! how oft Thine eyes of - fend - ed Gaze up - on the sin - ner's fall;
 Yet Thy sin - less death hath brought us Life e - ter - nal, peace and rest;
 So in pain and rap - ture blend - ing, Might our fad - ing eyes grow dim,
 Then the wounds with which He bought us We shall wor - ship ev - er-more,

Yet Thou, on the cross ex - tend - ed, Bor'st the pen - al - ty of all.
 What Thy grave a - lone hath taught us Calms the sin-ner's storm-y breast.
 While the freed heart rose as - cend - ing To the cir - cling cher - u - bim.
 And the love di - vine that sought us With en-rapt-ured hearts a - dore.

No! Not Despairingly

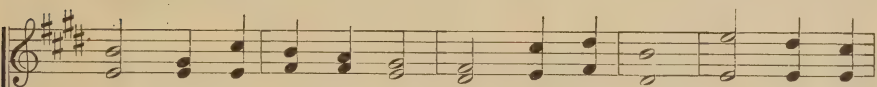
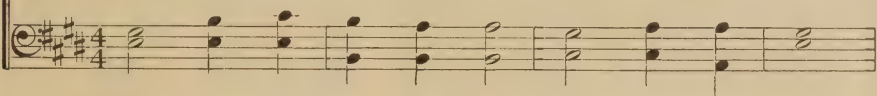
WHITEFORD 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Horatius Bonar

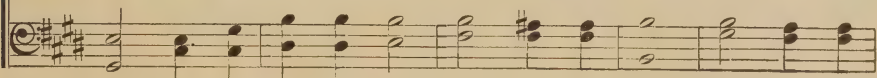
E. J. Hopkins



1. No! not de - spair - ing - ly Come I to Thee:
 2. Lord, I con - fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin;
 3. Faith - ful and just art Thou, For - giv - ing all:
 4. Then all is peace and light This soul with - in;



No! not dis - trust - ing - ly Bend I the knee, Sin hath gone
 All I am tell I Thee, All I have been. Purge Thou my
 Low at Thy pierc - ed feet, Sav - iour, I fall; Lord, let the
 Thus shall I walk with Thee, The loved Un - seen, Lean - ing on



o - ver me, Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died.
 sin a - way; Wash Thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean.
 cleans-ing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.
 Thee, my God, Guid - ed a - long the road, Noth - ing be - tween.



I Lay My Sins on Jesus

Horatius Bonar

BENIGNUS 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

A. S. Holloway

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All ful-ness dwells in Him; He
 3. I rest my soul on Je - sus, This wear - y soul of mine; His
 4. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I

bears them all and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load; I
 heal - eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re-deem; I
 right hand me em - brac - es, I on His breast re-cline. I
 long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly child; I

bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most
 lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur-dens and my cares; He from them all re -
 love the name of Je - sus, Im-manuel, Christ, the Lord; Like fragrance on the
 long to be with Je - sus A - mid the heavenly throng, To sing with saints His

Refrain
 prec - ious, Till not a stain re-mains.
 leas - es, He all my sor-row shares. Then in Thy name I'll glo - ry, Thou
 breez - es, His name a - broad is poured.
 prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song.

Lamb of God most ho - ly, In heav'n I'll tell the sto - ry Of Thy re-deem-ing love.

Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

SCHARTAU Irregular

Emily E. S. Elliott

G. Wennerberg

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou camest to
 2. Heaven's arch - es rang When the an - gels sang, Pro - claim - ing
 3. The fox - es found rest, And the birds their nest, In the shade of

earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home there was found no
 Thy royal de - gree; But of low - ly birth Didst Thou come to
 the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of

room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. Oh, come to my
 earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty: Oh, come to my
 God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee: Oh, come to my

heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee!

- 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
 That should set Thy people free;
 But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
 They bore Thee to Calvary.
 Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
 There is room in my heart for Thee!
- 5 When Heav'n's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
 At Thy coming to victory,
 Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
 There is room at My side for thee."
 And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
 When Thou comest and callest for me.

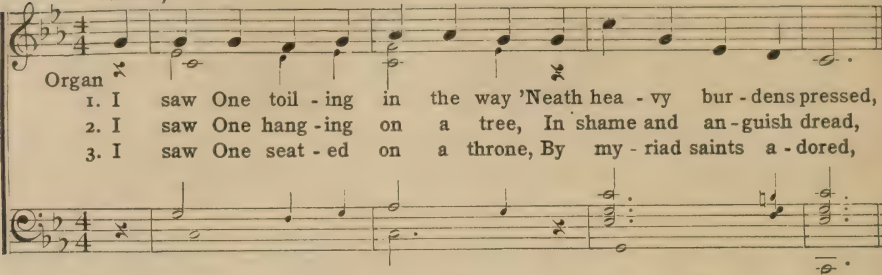
I Saw One Toiling in the Way

AUDITE, AUDIENTES ME C.M.D.

A. J. Gordon

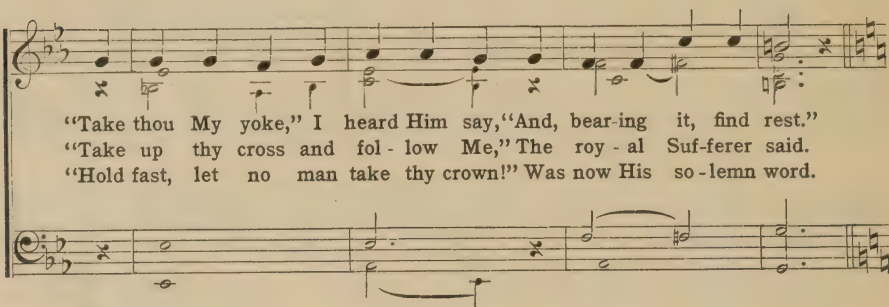
Arthur S. Sullivan

Unison, or Solo



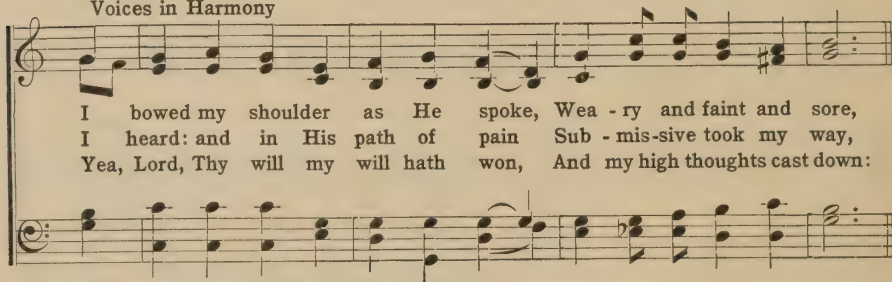
Organ

1. I saw One toil - ing in the way 'Neath hea - vy bur - dens pressed,
 2. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In shame and an - guish dread,
 3. I saw One seat - ed on a throne, By my - riad saints a - dored,

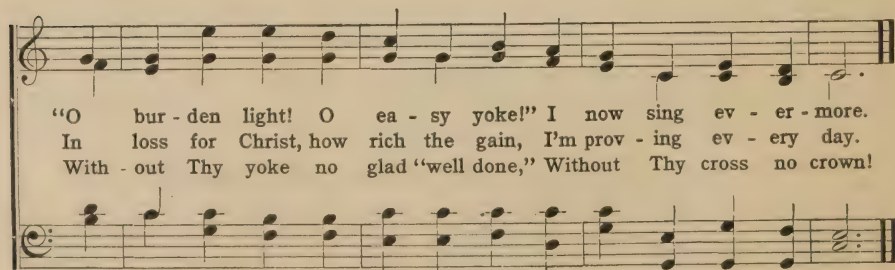


"Take thou My yoke," I heard Him say, "And, bear - ing it, find rest."
 "Take up thy cross and fol - low Me," The roy - al Suf - ferer said.
 "Hold fast, let no man take thy crown!" Was now His so - lemn word.

Voices in Harmony



I bowed my shoulder as He spoke, Wea - ry and faint and sore,
 I heard: and in His path of pain Sub - mis - sive took my way,
 Yea, Lord, Thy will my will hath won, And my high thoughts cast down:



"O bur - den light! O ea - sy yoke!" I now sing ev - er - more.
 In loss for Christ, how rich the gain, I'm prov - ing ev - ery day.
 With - out Thy yoke no glad "well done," Without Thy cross no crown!

I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus

Frances R. Havergal

BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3.

E. W. Bullinger

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee!
 2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;
 3. I am trust - ing Thee for cleans - ing In the crim - son flood;
 4. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
 For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
 Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
 Ev - ery day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
 Thine can never fail;
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
 Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
 Never let me fall;
 I am trusting Thee for ever
 And for all.

Just as I am, Without One Plea

Charlotte Elliott

WOODWORTH 8. 8. 8. 6.

William B. Bradbury

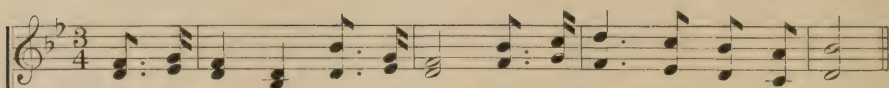
1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am; Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 4. Just as I am; Thy love unknown Hath bro - ken ev - ery barrier down;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Be - cause Thy pro-mise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

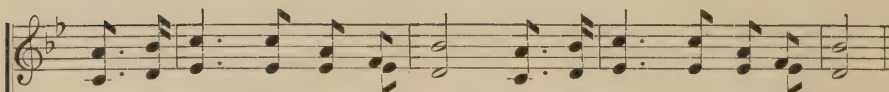
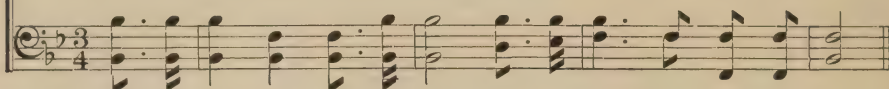
TOPLADY 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Augustus M. Toplady

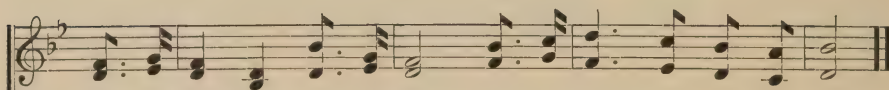
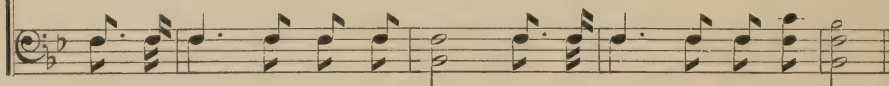
Thomas Hastings



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Simp - ly to Thy cross I cling;
4. Whilst I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side that flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar through tracts un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly: Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



246 None Other Lamb, None Other Name

Christina Rossetti

WILLIAMS 8. 10. 10. 4.

Templi Carmina, adapted

1. None oth - er Lamb, none oth - er Name, None oth - er Hope in heaven or earth or
 2. My faith burns low, my hope burns low; On - ly my heart's de-sire cries out in
 3. Lord, Thou art Life, though I am dead; Love's Fire Thou art, howev - er cold I

sea. None oth - er hid - ing-place from guilt and shame, None be - side Thee!
 me, By the deep thun - der of its want and woe Cries out to Thee.
 be; Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head, Nor home but Thee.

247 Witness, Ye Men and Angels

Benjamin Beddome

MARLOW C.M.

Lowell Mason

1. Wit ness, ye men and an - gels; now Be - fore the Lord we speak;
 2. That long as life it - self shall last Our - selves to Christ we yield;
 3. We trust not in our native strength, But on His grace re - ly,
 4. Lord, guide our doubt - ful feet a - right, And keep us in Thy ways;

To Him we make our sol - emn vow, A vow we dare not break.
 Nor from His cause will we de - part, Or ev - er quit the field.
 That, with re - turn - ing wants, the Lord Will all our wants sup - ply.
 And while we turn our vows to prayers, Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

HOLLINGSIDE 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Charles Wesley

First Tune

John B. Dykes

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Wilt Thou not re - gard my call? Wilt Thou not ac - cept my prayer?

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo, on Thee I cast my care;

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Reach me out Thy gra - cious hand! While I of Thy strength re - ceive,

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

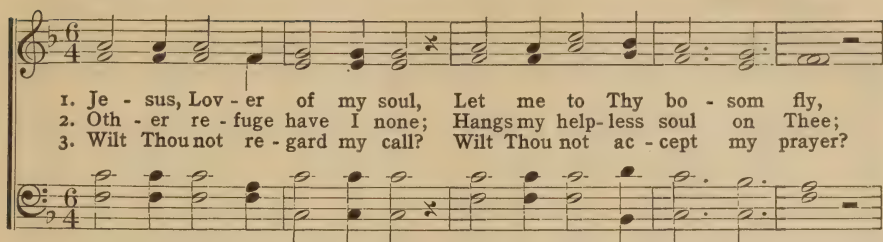
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

MARTYN 7. 7. 7. D.

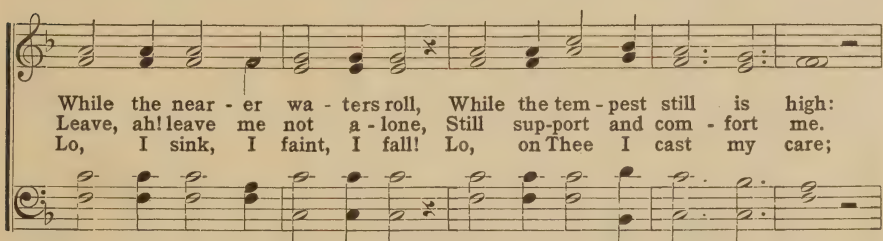
Charles Wesley

Second Tune

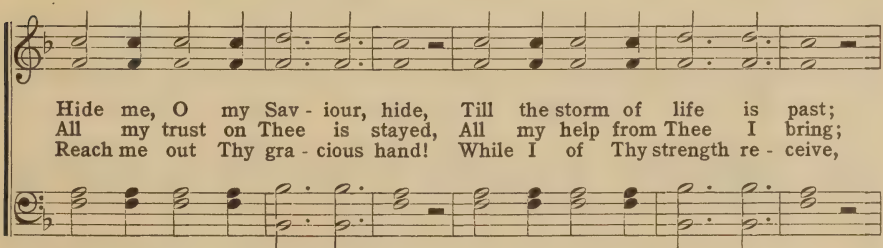
Simeon B. Marsh



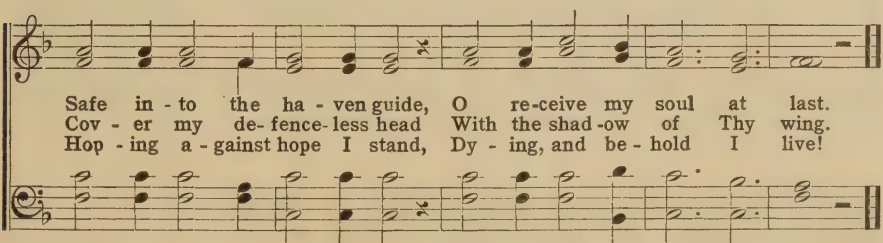
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Wilt Thou not re - gard my call? Wilt Thou not ac - cept my prayer?



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo, on Thee I cast my care;



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Reach me out Thy gra - cious hand! While I of Thy strength re - ceive,



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

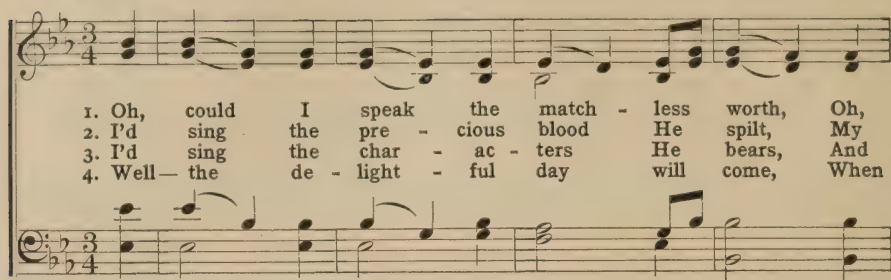
5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

250 Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

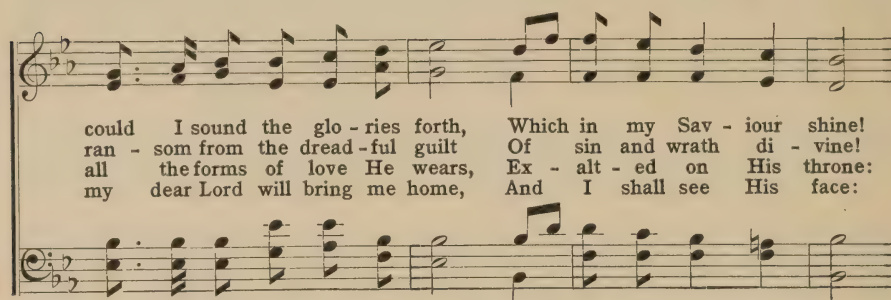
ARIEL 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Samuel Medley

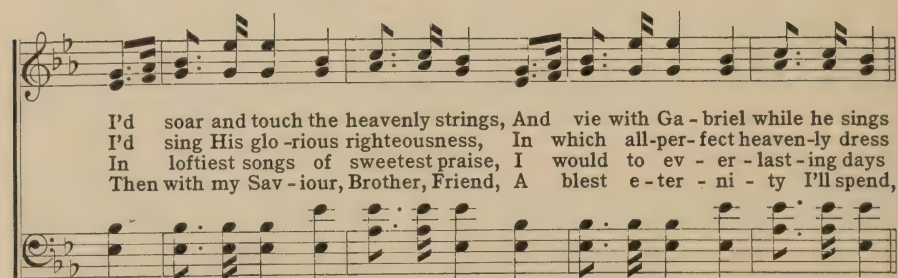
Arranged from Mozart by Lowell Mason



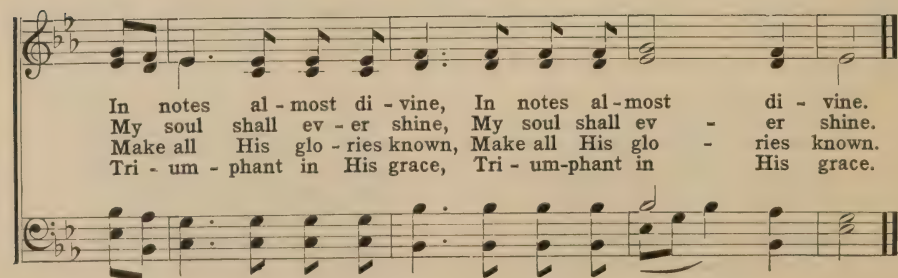
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh,
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And
 4. Well - the de - light - ful day will come, When



could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - iour shine!
 ran - som from the dread - ful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine!
 all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne:
 my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face:



I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings
 I'd sing His glo - rious righteousness, In which all - per - fect heav - en - ly dress
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days
 Then with my Sav - iour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,



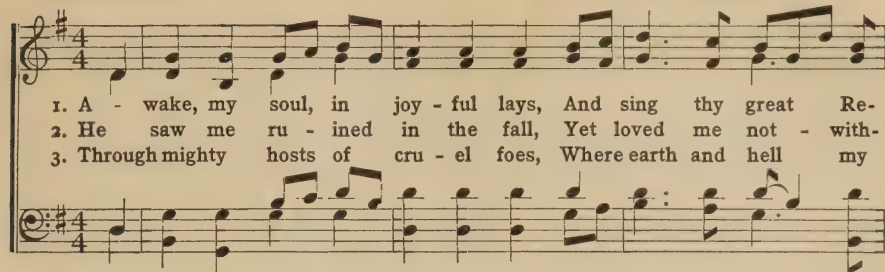
In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
 My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 Make all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 Tri - um - phant in His grace, Tri - um - phant in His grace.

Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays

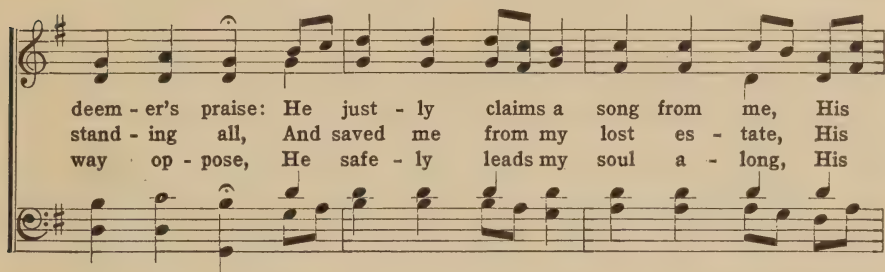
LOVING-KINDNESS L. M. with Refrain

Samuel Medley

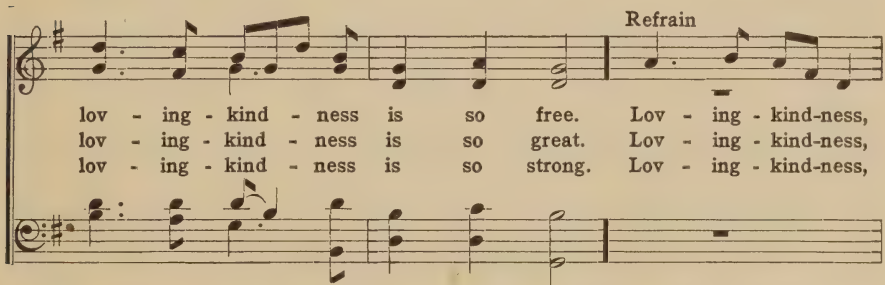
Joshua Leavitt's "Christian Lyre", 1830



1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-
 2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - with-
 3. Through mighty hosts of cru - el foes, Where earth and hell my

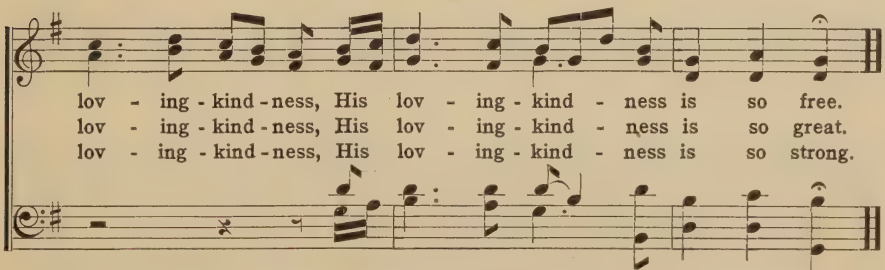


deem - er's praise: He just - ly claims a song from me, His
 stand - ing all, And saved me from my lost es - tate, His
 way op - pose, He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His



Refrain

lov - ing - kind - ness is so free. Lov - ing - kind-ness,
 lov - ing - kind - ness is so great. Lov - ing - kind-ness,
 lov - ing - kind - ness is so strong. Lov - ing - kind-ness,



lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so free.
 lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so great.
 lov - ing - kind - ness, His lov - ing - kind - ness is so strong.

4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
 And life and mortal powers shall fail,
 O may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.
 Loving-kindness, etc.

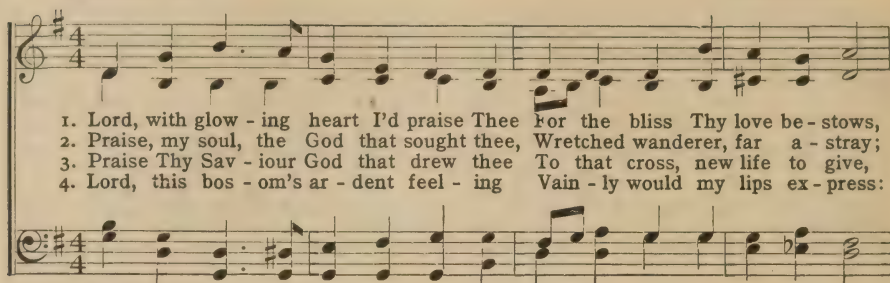
5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day;
 There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.
 Loving-kindness, etc.

252 Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee

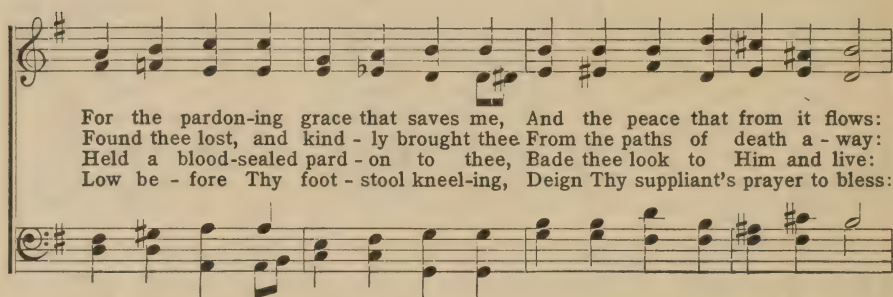
SANCTUARY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Francis Scott Key

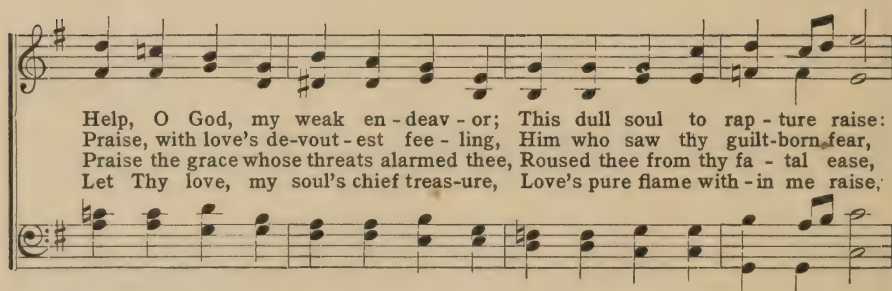
John B. Dykes



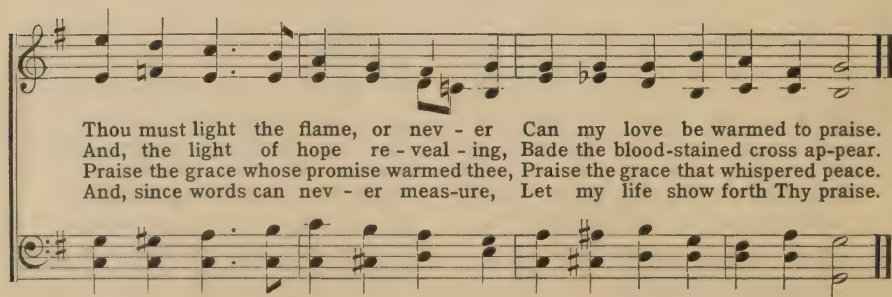
1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
 2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wanderer, far a - stray;
 3. Praise Thy Sav - iour God that drew thee To that cross, new life to give,
 4. Lord, this bos - om's ar - dent feel - ing Vain - ly would my lips ex - press:



For the pardon - ing grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows:
 Found thee lost, and kind - ly brought thee From the paths of death a - way:
 Held a blood - sealed pard - on to thee, Bade thee look to Him and live:
 Low be - fore Thy foot - stool kneel - ing, Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:



Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:
 Praise, with love's de - vout - est fee - ling, Him who saw thy guilt - born fear,
 Praise the grace whose threats alarmed thee, Roused thee from thy fa - tal ease,
 Let Thy love, my soul's chief treas - ure, Love's pure flame with - in me raise;



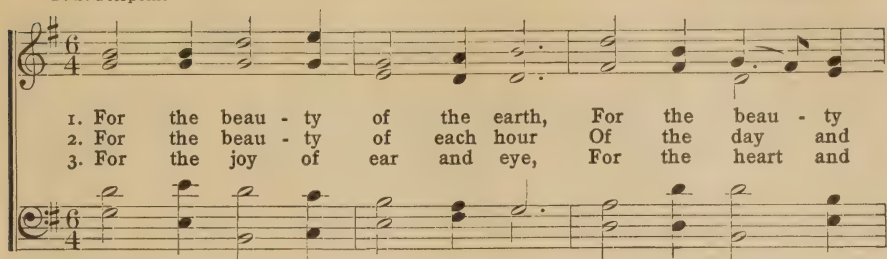
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
 And, the light of hope re - veal - ing, Bade the blood - stained cross ap - pear.
 Praise the grace whose promise warmed thee, Praise the grace that whispered peace.
 And, since words can nev - er meas - ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise.

For the Beauty of the Earth

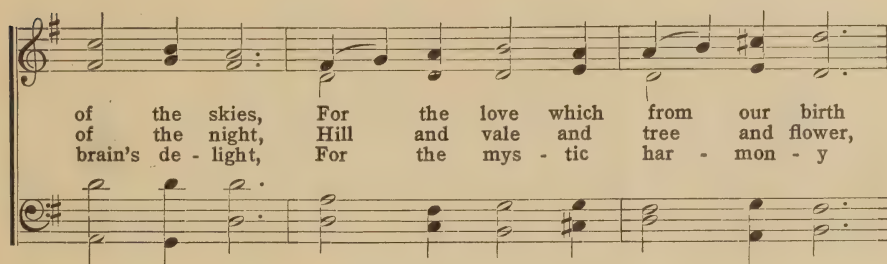
VOR FRUE KIRKE 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

F. S. Pierpoint

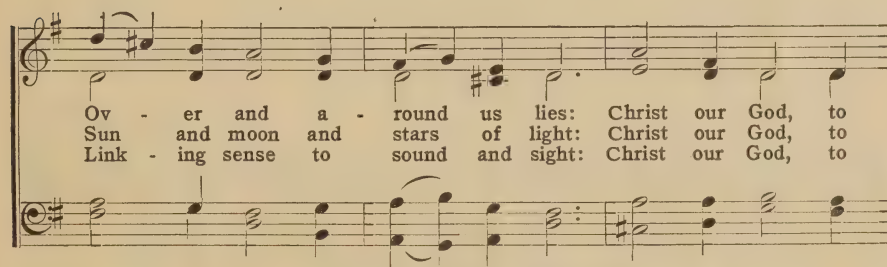
J. P. E. Hartmann



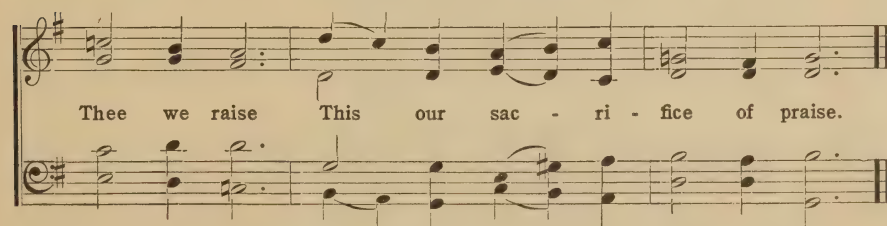
1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty
 2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and
 3. For the joy of ear and eye, For the heart and



of the skies, For the love which from our birth
 of the night, Hill and vale and tree and flower,
 brain's de - light, For the mys - tic har - mon - y



Ov - er and a - round us lies: Christ our God, to
 Sun and moon and stars of light: Christ our God, to
 Link - ing sense to sound and sight: Christ our God, to



Thee we raise This our sac - ri - fice of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
 Brother, sister, parent, child,
 Friends on earth, and friends above,
 For all gentle thoughts and mild:
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
 To our race so freely given,
 Graces human and divine,
 Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:
 Christ our God, to Thee we raise
 This our sacrifice of praise.

254 Praise the Saviour, Ye Who Know Him

Thomas Kelly

PRAISE THE SAVIOUR 8. 8. 8. 5.

Unknown

1. Praise the Sav-iour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him?
 2. Je - sus is the Name that charms us, He for con - flict fits and arms us;
 3. Keep us, Lord, Oh! keep us cleav - ing, To Thy-self, and still be - liev-ing,
 4. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be,

Glad - ly let us ren - der to Him All we have and are!
 Noth - ing moves and noth - ing harms us, When we trust in Him.
 Till the hour of our re - ceiv - ing Promis-ed joys of heaven.
 Things which are not now nor could be Then shall be our own!

255 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

Samuel Stennett

ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings

1. Ma - jest - ic sweet-ness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - iour's brow; His
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com-pare A - mong the sons of men; Fair -
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re - lief; For
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He

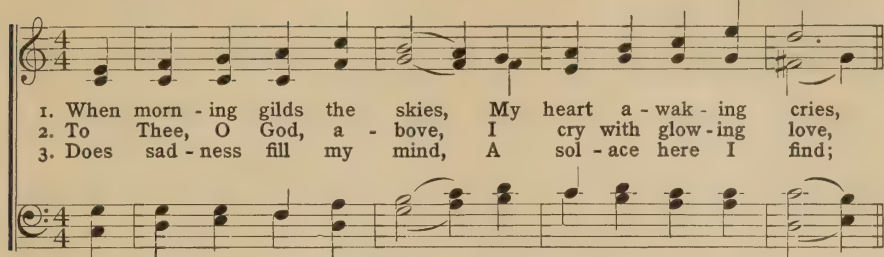
head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'flow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
 er is He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 me He bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.
 makes me triumph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

When Morning Gilds the Skies

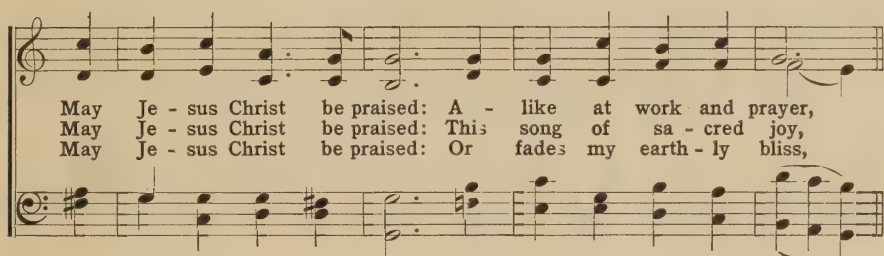
LAUDES DOMINI 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Trans. by E. Caswall

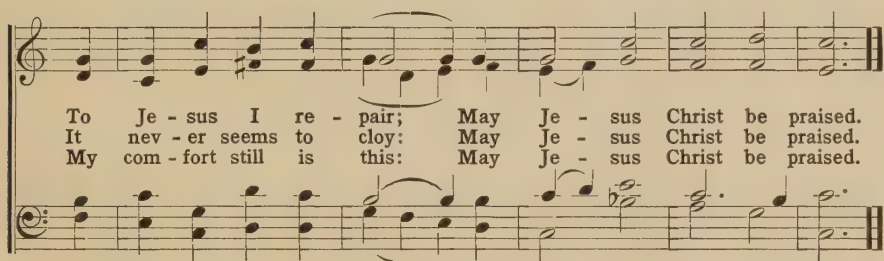
Joseph Barnby



1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
 2. To Thee, O God, a - bove, I cry with glow - ing love,
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find;



May Je - sus Christ be praised: A - like at work and prayer,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: This song of sa - cred joy,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised: Or fades my earth - ly bliss,



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 It nev - er seems to cloy: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

4 When evil thoughts molest,
 With this I shield my breast:
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 The powers of darkness fear,
 When this sweet chant I hear:
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 When sleep her balm denies,
 My silent spirit sighs,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 The night becomes as day,
 When from the heart we say,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
 My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised:
 Be this the eternal song,
 Through all the ages long,
 May Jesus Christ be praised.

Lift Up Your Hearts!

NATIONAL HYMN 10. 10. 10. 10.

H. Montague Butler

George W. Warren

1. "Lift up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord, to
Trumpets, before each verse. 2. A - bove the lev - el of the form - er
 3. A - bove the swamps of sub - ter - fuge and

Thee; Here at Thy feet none oth - er may we see:
 years, The mire of sin, the slough of guilt - y fears,
 shame, The deeds, the thoughts, that hon - or not Thy name,

"Lift up your hearts!" E'en so with one ac - cord,
 The mist of doubt, the blight of love's de - cay,
 The halt - ing tongue that dares not tell the whole,

We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.
 O Lord of Light, lift up our hearts to - day!
 O Lord of truth, lift ev - ery Christ - ian soul.

4 Above the storms that vex this lower state,
 Pride, jealousy and envy, rage and hate,
 And cold mistrust, that holds e'en friends apart,
 O Lord of Love, lift every brother's heart.

5 Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years,
 "Lift up your hearts!" rings pealing in our ears,
 Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
 "We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!"

Who Can Forbear to Sing

MARSTRAND S.M.

Joseph Swain

G. Wennerberg

1. Who can for - bear to sing, Who can re - fuse to praise,
 2. When sin - ners at His feet, By mer - cy con - quered, fall:
 3. When heav - en's open - ing gates In - vite the pil - grim's feet:
 4. Who can for - bear to praise Our high ce - les - tial King,

When Zi - on's high ce - les - tial King His sav - ing power dis - plays?
 When peace and truth and jus - tice meet And grace un - ites them all!
 And Je - sus at the en - trance waits To place them on His seat?
 When sover - eign, rich, re - deem - ing race In - vites our tongues to sing?

O Jesus! King Most Wonderful

TALLIS ORDINAL C.M.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Trans. by E. Caswall

Thomas Tallis

1. O Je - sus! King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nowned;
 2. When once Thou vis - it - est the heart, Then truth be - gins to shine,
 3. O Je - sus, Light of all be - low! Thou Fount of life and fire!

Thou sweetness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found;
 Then earth - ly van - i - ties de - part, Then kind - les love di - vine.
 Sur - pass - ing all the joys we know, All that we can de - sire;

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
 And ever Thee adore;
 And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
 Thee may we love alone;
 And ever in our life express
 The image of Thine own.

1. Je - sus! Je - sus! Je - sus! Sing a - loud the Name;
 2. Je - sus! Name of cleans - ing, Wash - ing all our stains;
 3. Je - sus! Name of bold - ness, Mak - ing cow - ards brave;
 4. Je - sus! Name of vic - t'ry, Stretch - ing far a - way,

Till it soft - ly, slow - ly, Sets all hearts a - flame.
 Je - sus! Name of heal - ing, Balm for all our pains.
 Name! that in the bat - tle Cer - tain - ly must save.
 Right a - cross earth's war - fields To the plains of day.

5 Jesus! Name of beauty,
 Beauty far too bright
 For our earth-bound fancy,
 For our mortal sight.

6 Jesus! be our joy-note
 In this vale of tears;
 Till we reach the Home-land,
 And th' eternal years.

1. Je - sus! name of won-drous love! Name all oth - er names a - bove,
 2. Je - sus! name de-creed of old To the maid-en - moth - er told,
 3. Je - sus! name of price-less worth To the fall - en sons of earth,

Un - to which must ev - 'ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty!
 Kneel - ing in her low - ly cell, By the an - gel Ga - bri - el.
 For the prom - ise that it gave, "Je - sus shall His peo - ple save."

4 Jesus! only name that's given
 Under all the mighty heaven,
 Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
 Bursts his fetters and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
 Human name of God above;
 Pleading only this we flee,
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Jesus, Thy Name I Love

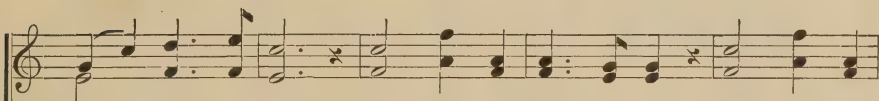
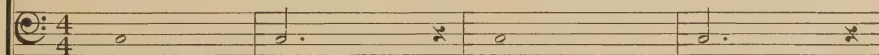
LYTE 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

James G. Deck

Joseph P. Holbrook



1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,
 2. Thou, bless - éd Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood,
 3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref - uge be,
 4. Soon Thou wilt come a - gain! I shall be hap - py then,



Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art all to me! Noth - ing to
 Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, how great is Thy love, All oth - er
 Je - sus, my Lord! What need I now to fear? What earth - ly
 Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own face I'll see, Then I shall



please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
 loves a - bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
 grief or care, Since Thou art ev - er near, Je - sus, my Lord!
 like Thee be, Then ev - er - more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

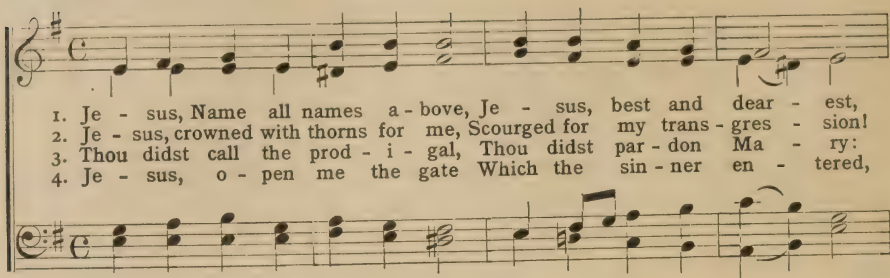


Jesus, Name All Names Above

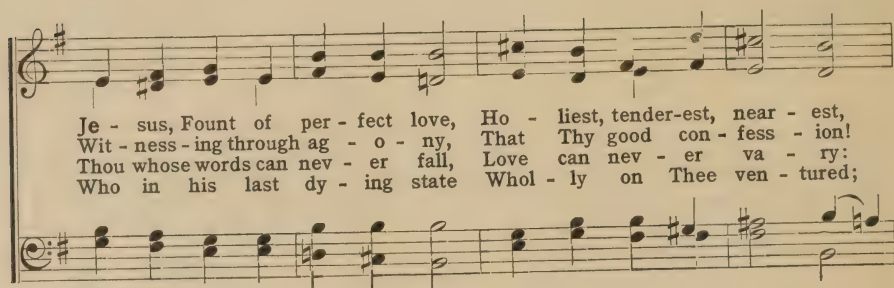
ST. THEOCTISTUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 7. 7.

St. Theoctistus. Trans. by John M. Neale

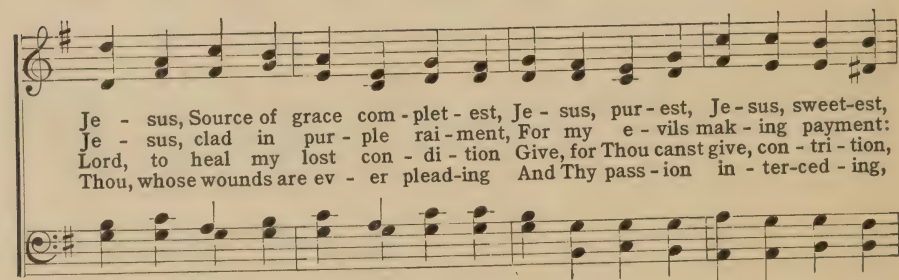
J. B. Calkin



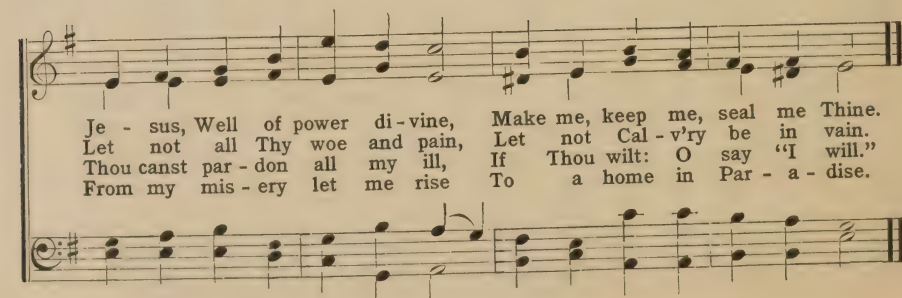
1. Je - sus, Name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and dear - est,
 2. Je - sus, crowned with thorns for me, Scourged for my trans - gres - sion!
 3. Thou didst call the prod - i - gal, Thou didst par - don Ma - ry:
 4. Je - sus, o - pen me the gate Which the sin - ner en - tered,



Je - sus, Fount of per - fect love, Ho - liest, tender-est, near - est,
 Wit - ness - ing through ag - o - ny, That Thy good con - fess - ion!
 Thou whose words can nev - er fall, Love can nev - er va - ry:
 Who in his last dy - ing state Whol - ly on Thee ven - tured;



Je - sus, Source of grace com - plet - est, Je - sus, pur - est, Je - sus, sweet-est,
 Je - sus, clad in pur - ple rai - ment, For my e - vils mak - ing payment:
 Lord, to heal my lost con - di - tion Give, for Thou canst give, con - tri - tion,
 Thou, whose wounds are ev - er plead - ing And Thy pass - ion in - ter - ced - ing,



Je - sus, Well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.
 Let not all Thy woe and pain, Let not Cal - v'ry be in vain.
 Thou canst par - don all my ill, If Thou wilt: O say "I will."
 From my mis - ery let me rise To a home in Par - a - dise.

Fairest Lord Jesus!

SCHOENSTER HERR JESUS P. M.

Trans. by Richard S. Willis

Arranged by R. S. Willis

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul - er of all na - ture!
 2. Fair are the mea - dows, fair - er still the wood - lands,
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the moon - light,

O Thou of God and man the Son!
 Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;
 And all the twink - ling star - ry host;

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or,
 Je - sus is fair - er! Je - sus is pur - er!
 Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er,

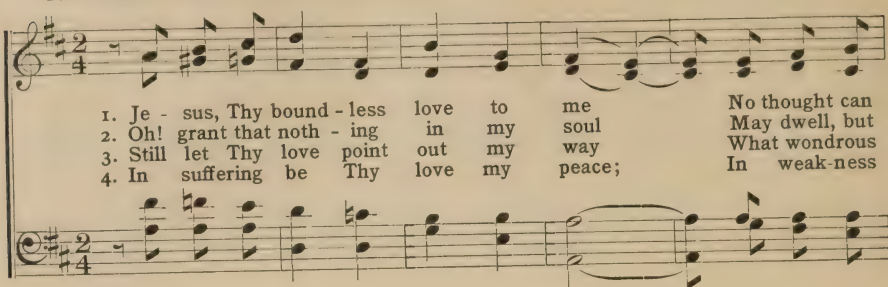
Thou! my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
 Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 Than all the an - gels heaven can boast.

Jesus, Thy Boundless Love to Me

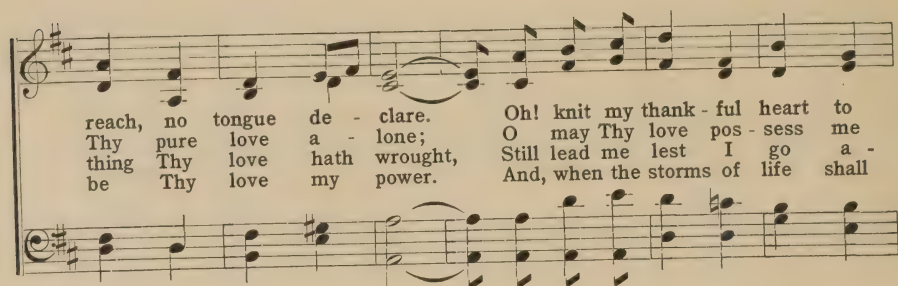
HOLMEN 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Paul Gerhardt. Trans. by John Wesley, adapted

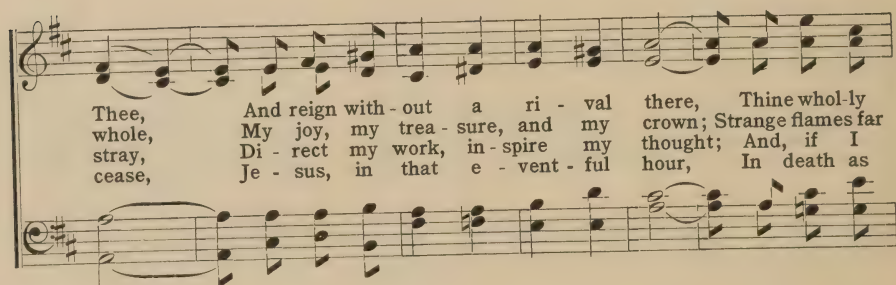
Johan Petersen



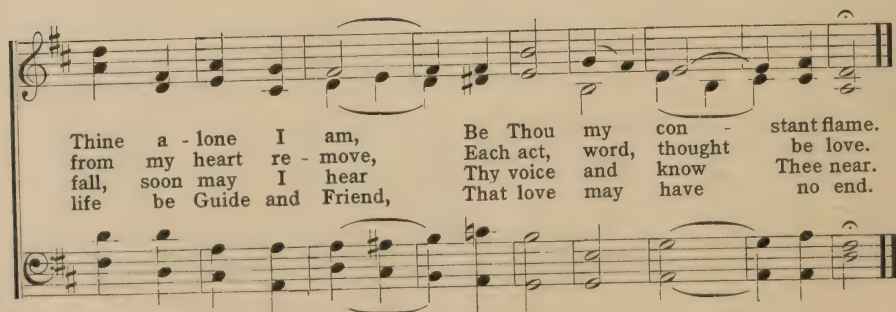
1. Je - sus, Thy bound - less love to me No thought can
 2. Oh! grant that noth - ing in my soul May dwell, but
 3. Still let Thy love point out my way What wondrous
 4. In suffering be Thy love my peace; In weak-ness



reach, no tongue de - clare. Oh! knit my thank - ful heart to
 Thy pure love a - lone; O may Thy love pos - sess me
 thing Thy love hath wrought, Still lead me lest I go a -
 be Thy love my power. And, when the storms of life shall



Thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there, Thine whol - ly
 whole, My joy, my trea - sure, and my crown; Strange flames far
 stray, Di - rect my work, in - spire thought; And, if I
 cease, Je - sus, in that e - vent - ful hour, In death as



Thine a - lone I am, Be Thou my con - stant flame.
 from my heart re - move, Each act, word, thought be love.
 fall, soon may I hear Thy voice and know Thee near.
 life be Guide and Friend, That love may have no end.

Jesus! the Very Thought is Sweet

CANONBURY L. M.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Trans. by John M. Neale

Robert Schumann

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought is sweet; In that dear name all heart-joys meet;
 2. No word is sung more sweet than this: No name is heard more full of bliss;
 3. Je-sus, Thou sweetness, pure, and blest, Truth's fountain, light of souls distress'd,

But sweet - er than sweet hon - ey far The glimps-es of His pres-ence are.
 No thought brings sweeter com - fort nigh, Than Je - sus, Son of God most high.
 Sur - pass - ing all that heart requires, Ex - ceed - ing all that soul de-sires!

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
 No letters write, its blessedness:
 Alone who hath Thee in his heart
 Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.

5 We follow Jesus now, and raise
 The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
 That He at last may make us meet
 With Him to gain the heavenly seat.

Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

EMMAUS L. M.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Trans. by Ray Palmer

George Hews

1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men!
 2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that on Thee call;
 3. We taste Thee, O Thou Liv - ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;

From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, All in All!
 We drink of Thee, the Foun-tain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

Conquering Kings Their Titles Take

BERGGREEN 7. 7. 7. 7.

Nevers Breviary. Trans. by John Chandler

A. P. Berggreen

1. Conquering kings their ti - tles take From the foes they cap-tive make;
 2. Yes, none oth - er name is given Un - to mor-tals un - der Heaven,
 3. That which Christ so hard - ly wrought, That which He so dear - ly bought,
 4. Rath - er glad - ly for that Name Bear the cross, en-dure the shame;

Je - sus, by a no - bler deed, From the thousands He hath freed.
 Which can make the dead a - rise And ex - alt them to the skies.
 That sal - va - tion, mor - tals, say! Will ye mad - ly cast a - way?
 Joy - ful - ly for Him to die, Is not death but vic - to - ry.

5 Jesus, who dost condescend
 To be called the sinners' Friend,
 Hear us as to Thee we pray,
 Glorifying in Thy name to-day.

6 Glory to the Father be,
 Glory, risen Lord, to Thee,
 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 From the saints and heavenly host.

269 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

John Newton

ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;
 3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing - place,
 4. Je - sus! my Shep - herd, Hus - band, Friend, My Pro - phet, Priest, and King;

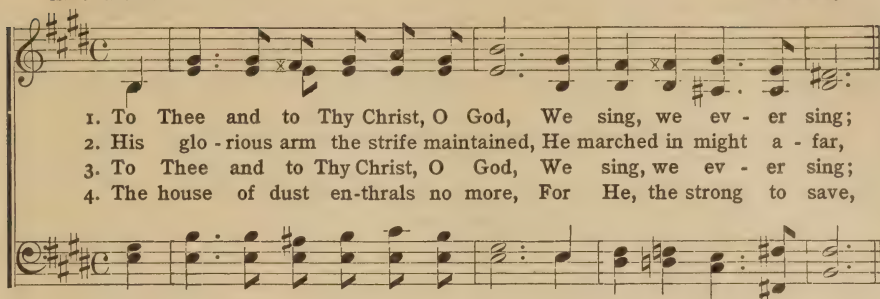
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
 My nev - er fail - ing Treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

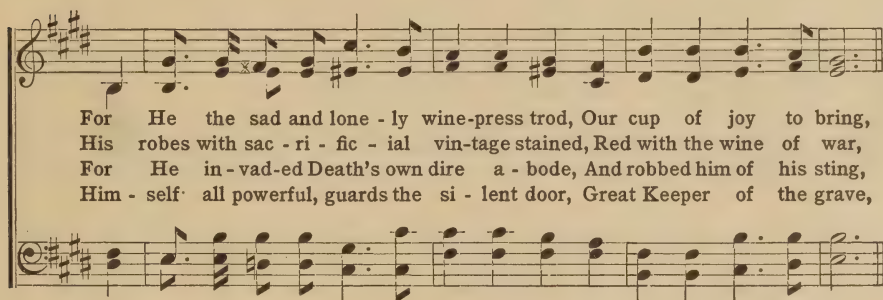
6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

Anne R. Cousin

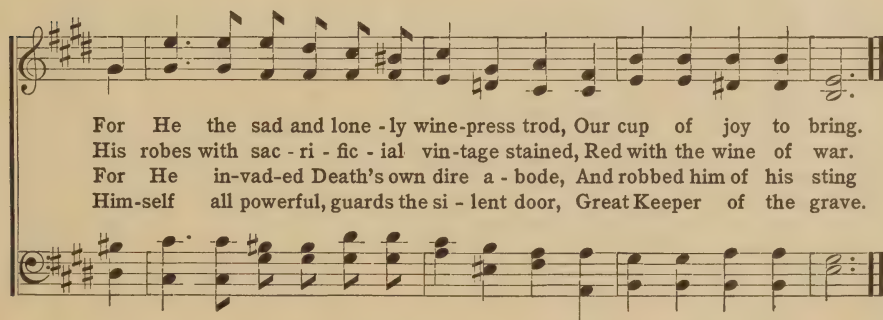
J. Bartholdy



1. To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God, We sing, we ev - er sing;
 2. His glo - rious arm the strife maintained, He marched in might a - far,
 3. To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God, We sing, we ev - er sing;
 4. The house of dust en-thrals no more, For He, the strong to save,



For He the sad and lone - ly wine-press trod, Our cup of joy to bring,
 His robes with sac - ri - fic - ial vin-tage stained, Red with the wine of war,
 For He in - vad-ed Death's own dire a - bode, And robbed him of his sting,
 Him - self all powerful, guards the si - lent door, Great Keeper of the grave,



For He the sad and lone - ly wine-press trod, Our cup of joy to bring.
 His robes with sac - ri - fic - ial vin-tage stained, Red with the wine of war.
 For He in - vad-ed Death's own dire a - bode, And robbed him of his sting
 Him-self all powerful, guards the si - lent door, Great Keeper of the grave.

5 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing, we ever sing,
 For He hath crushed beneath His iron rod
 The world's proud rebel king.

7 To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God,
 We sing, we ever sing;
 For He redeemed us with His precious blood
 From every evil thing.

6 He plunged in His imperial strength
 To gulfs of darkness down;
 He brought His mighty trophy up at length,
 The foiled usurper's crown.

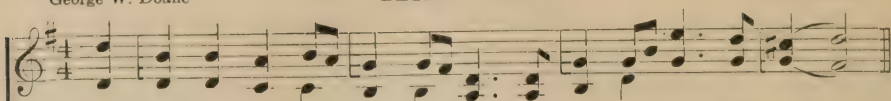
8 Thy saving strength His arm upbore,
 The arm that set us free;
 Glory throughout eternal ages be,
 O God, to Christ and Thee.

Thou Art the Way: to Thee Alone

George W. Doane

BEYER C. M.

Franz Beyer



1. Thou art the Way: to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;
 2. Thou art the Truth: Thy word a - lone True wis - dom can im - part;
 3. Thou art the Life: the rend - ing tomb Pro - claims Thy con - quering arm;
 4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life: Grant us that Way to know;



And he, who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
 Thou on - ly canst in - form the mind, And pu - ri - fy the heart.
 And those who put their trust in Thee Nor death nor hell shall harm.
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win, Whose joys e - ter - nal flow.

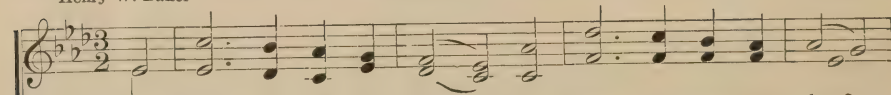


Oh, What, If We Are Christ's

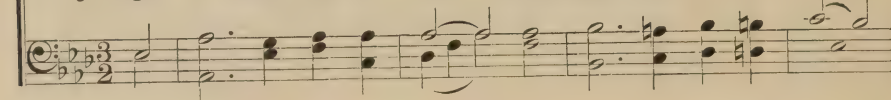
Henry W. Baker

VIENNA S. M.

F. J. Haydn



1. Oh, what, if we are Christ's, Is earth - ly shame or loss?
 2. Keen was the tri - al once, Bit - ter the cup of woe,
 3. Bright is their glo - ry now, Bound - less their joy a - bove,



Bright shall the crown of glo - ry be, When we have borne the cross.
 When mar - tyr'd saints, bap - tized in blood, Christ's sufferings shared be-low.
 Where, on the bo - som of their God, They rest in per - fect love.



4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
 Like them in faith to bear
 All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
 May be our portion here.

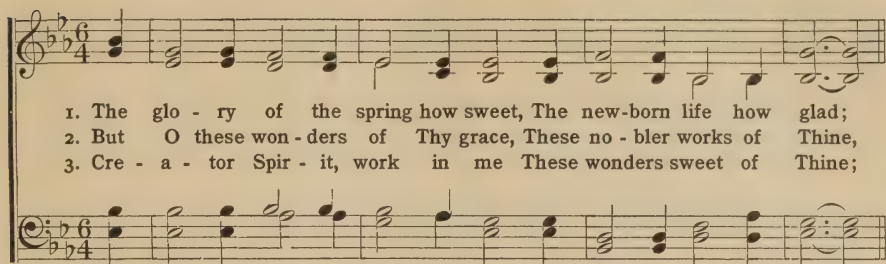
5 Enough if Thou at last
 The word of blessing give,
 And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
 Where saints and angels live.

The Glory of the Spring How Sweet

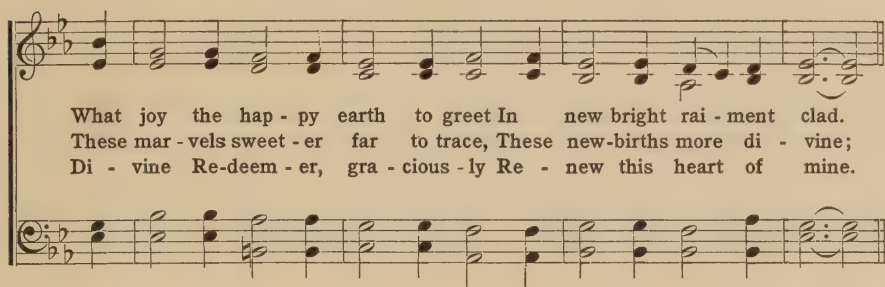
DEDEKAM C. M. D.

Thomas H. Gill

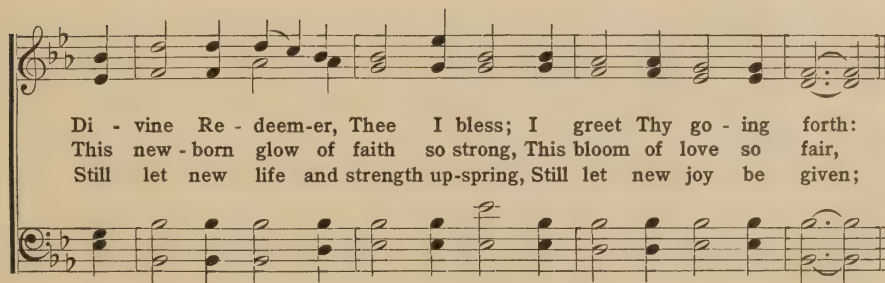
Sophie Dedekam



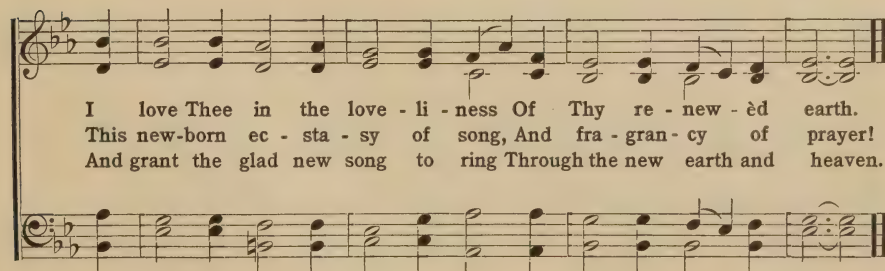
1. The glo - ry of the spring how sweet, The new-born life how glad;
 2. But O these won - ders of Thy grace, These no - bler works of Thine,
 3. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, work in me These wonders sweet of Thine;



What joy the hap - py earth to greet In new bright rai - ment clad.
 These mar - vels sweet - er far to trace, These new-births more di - vine;
 Di - vine Re-deem - er, gra - cious - ly Re - new this heart of mine.



Di - vine Re - deem-er, Thee I bless; I greet Thy go - ing forth:
 This new - born glow of faith so strong, This bloom of love so fair,
 Still let new life and strength up-spring, Still let new joy be given;



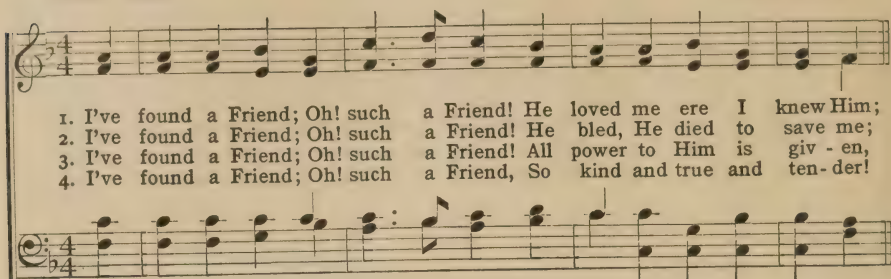
I love Thee in the love - li - ness Of Thy re - new - èd earth.
 This new-born ec - sta - sy of song, And fra - gran - cy of prayer!
 And grant the glad new song to ring Through the new earth and heaven.

274 I've Found a Friend; Oh! Such a Friend

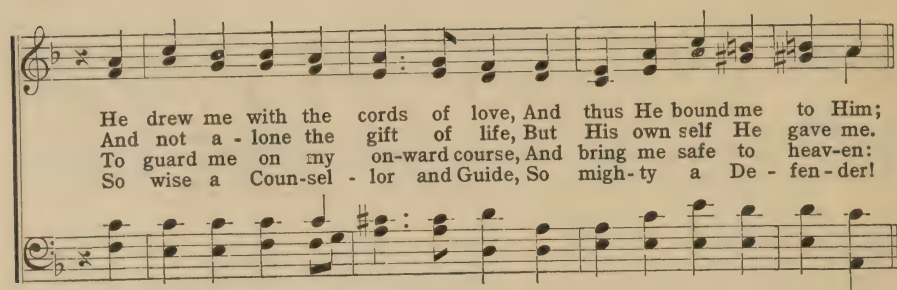
CONSTANCE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

James G. Small

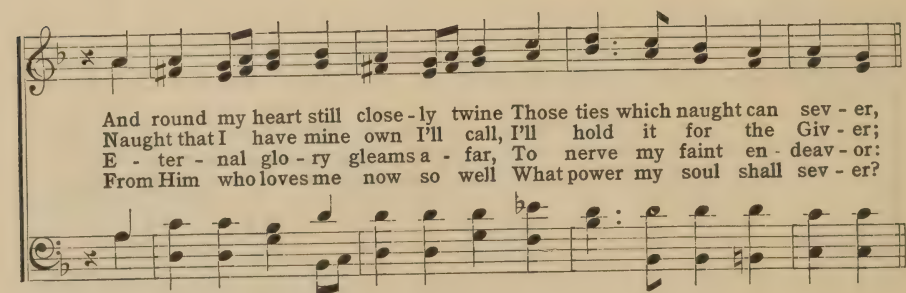
Arthur S. Sullivan



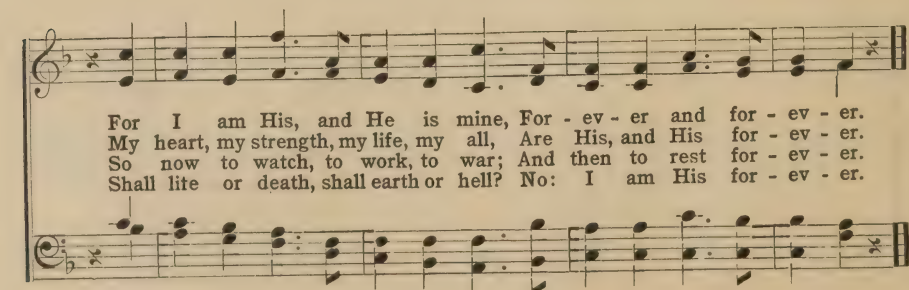
1. I've found a Friend; Oh! such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
 2. I've found a Friend; Oh! such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
 3. I've found a Friend; Oh! such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en,
 4. I've found a Friend; Oh! such a Friend, So kind and true and ten - der!



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
 To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en:
 So wise a Coun-sel - lor and Guide, So migh - ty a De - fen - der!



And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
 Naught that I have mine own I'll call, I'll hold it for the Giv - er;
 E - ter - nal glo - ry gleams a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
 From Him who loves me now so well What power my soul shall sev - er?



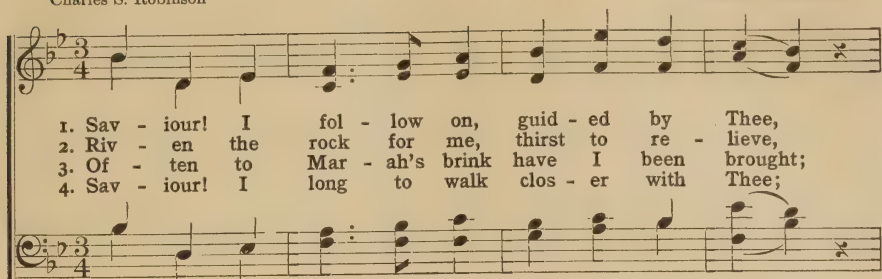
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
 So now to watch, to work, to war; And then to rest for - ev - er.
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No: I am His for - ev - er.

Saviour! I Follow on, Guided By Thee

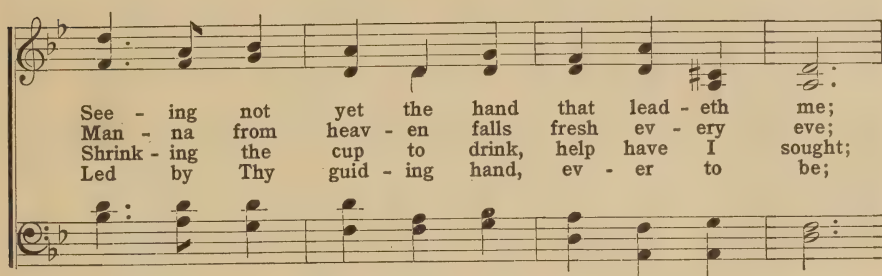
KINGO 10. 10. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Charles S. Robinson

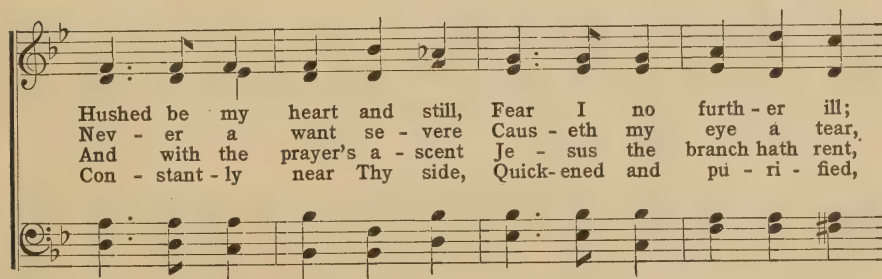
Christian Barnekow



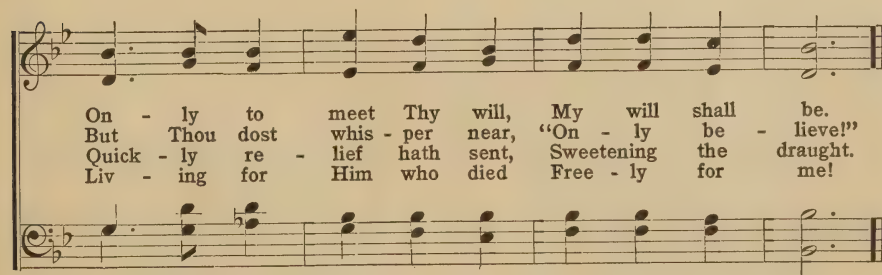
1. Sav - iour! I fol - low on, guid - ed by Thee,
 2. Riv - en the rock for me, thirst to re - lieve,
 3. Of - ten to Mar - ah's brink have I been brought;
 4. Sav - iour! I long to walk clos - er with Thee;



See - ing not yet the hand that lead - eth me;
 Man - na from heav - en falls fresh ev - ery eve;
 Shrink - ing the cup to drink, help have I sought;
 Led by Thy guid - ing hand, ev - er to be;



Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no furth - er ill;
 Nev - er a want se - vere Caus - eth my eye a tear,
 And with the prayer's a - scent Je - sus the branch hath rent,
 Con - stant - ly near Thy side, Quick - ened and pu - ri - fied,



On - ly to meet Thy will, My will shall be.
 But Thou dost whis - per near, "On - ly be - lieve!"
 Quick - ly re - lief hath sent, Sweetening the draught.
 Liv - ing for Him who died Free - ly for me!

When This Passing World is Done

McCHEYNE 7. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Robert M. McCheyne

P. W. Bush

1. When this pass - ing world is done, When has
 2. When I stand be - fore the throne, Dressed in
 3. Chos - en not for good in me, Wak - ened

sunk yon set - ting sun, When we stand with Christ in glo - ry,
 beau - ty, not my own, When I see Thee as Thou art,
 up from wrath to flee, Hid - den in the Sav - iour's side,

Look - ing o'er life's fin - ished sto - ry, Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly
 Love Thee with un - sin - ning heart, Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly
 By the Spir - it sanc - ti - fied. Teach me, Lord, on earth to

know, Not till then, Not till then how much I owe.
 know, Not till then, Not till then how much I owe.
 show By my life, By my life how much I owe.

O Jesus, I Have Promised

DAY OF REST 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

John E. Bode

J. W. Elliott

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
 2. Oh! let me feel Thee near me; The world is ev - er near;
 3. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee,

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
 I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear.
 That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy ser - vant be;

I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,
 My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
 And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Voices in Unison

In Harmony

Nor wan - der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
 Oh! give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend!

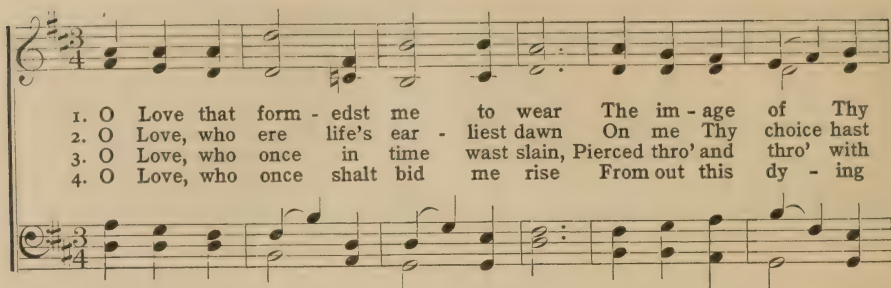
4 Oh! let me see Thy foot-marks,
 And in them plant mine own,
 My hope to follow duly
 Is in Thy strength alone.
 Oh! guide me, call me, draw me,
 Uphold me to the end;
 And then in heaven receive me,
 My Saviour and my Friend.

5 Oh! let me hear Thee speaking
 In accents clear and still,
 Above the storms of passion,
 The murmurs of self-will:
 Oh! speak to re-assure me,
 To hasten or control;
 Oh! speak, and make me listen,
 Thou Guardian of my soul.

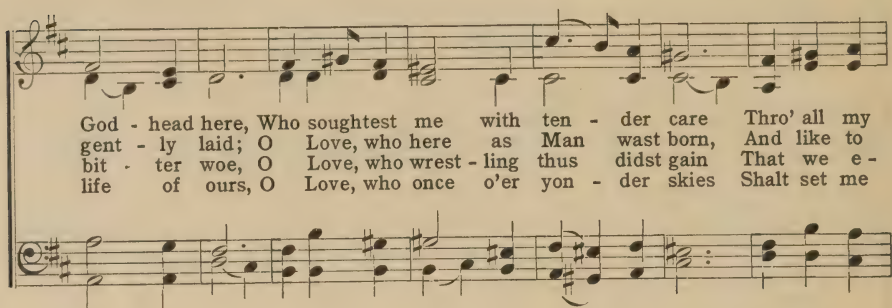
FRYDENSTRAND 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Johann Scheffler. Trans. by Catharine Winkworth

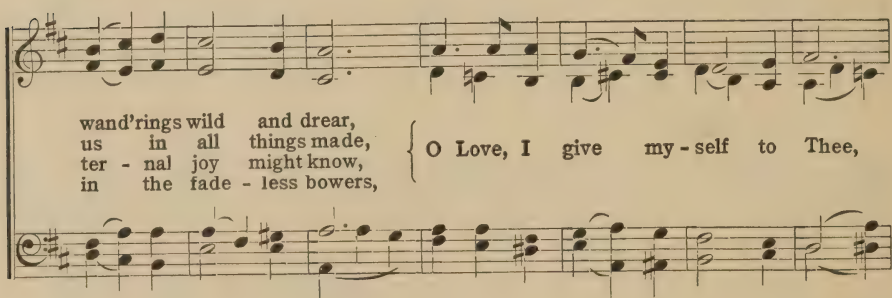
Chr. Barnekow



1. O Love that form - edst me to wear The im - age of Thy
 2. O Love, who ere life's ear - liest dawn On me Thy choice hast
 3. O Love, who once in time wast slain, Pierced thro' and thro' with
 4. O Love, who once shalt bid me rise From out this dy - ing

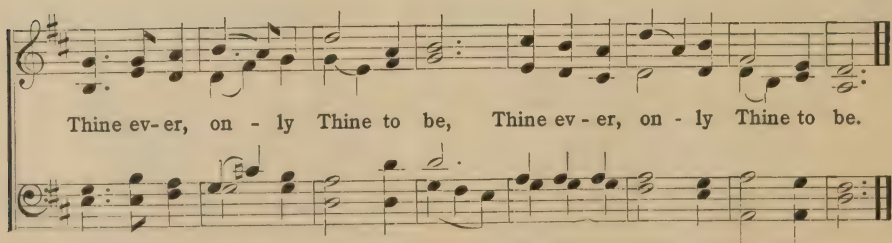


God - head here, Who soughtest me with ten - der care Thro' all my
 gent - ly laid; O Love, who here as Man wast born, And like to
 bit - ter woe, O Love, who wrest - ling thus didst gain That we e -
 life of ours, O Love, who once o'er yon - der skies Shalt set me



wand'rings wild and drear,
 us in all things made,
 ter - nal joy might know,
 in the fade - less bowers,

{ O Love, I give my - self to Thee,



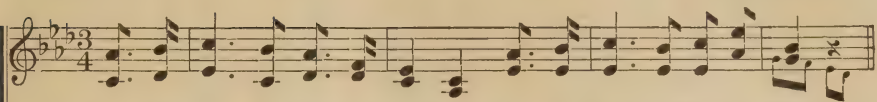
Thine ev - er, on - ly Thine to be, Thine ev - er, on - ly Thine to be.

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

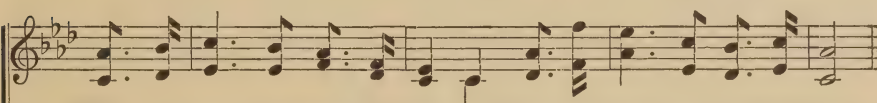
AUTUMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Henry F. Lyte

F. H. Barthelemon



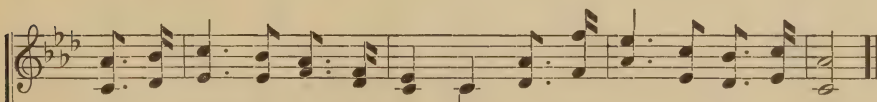
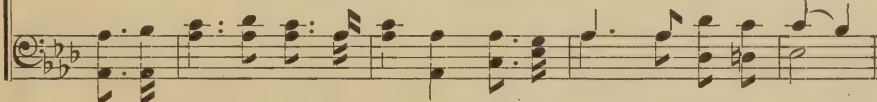
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol-low Thee;
 2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
 3. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r!



Nak - ed, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be!
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me, Thou art not, like them, un - true;
 Heaven's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee; God's own hand will guide thee there;



Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Oh! while Thou dost smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days,



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.
 Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me, Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



O For a Heart to Praise My God

Charles Wesley

EVAN C. M.

W. H. Havergal

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne;
 3. A hum-ble, low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true and clean,

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood So free-ly shed for me:
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone:
 Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in:

4 A heart, in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above;
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new best name of Love.

Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord

Horatius Bonar

ESTHONIA 6. 6. 6. 6.

Esthonian Folk-song

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be!
 2. I dare not choose my lot: I would not, if I might;
 3. The king-dom that I seek Is Thine: so let the way
 4. Take Thou my cup, and it With joy or sor-row fill,

Lead me by Thine own hand; Choose out my path for me,
 Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a-right.
 That leads to it be Thine, Else I must sure-ly stray.
 As best to Thee may seem; Choose Thou my good and ill.

5 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom and my All.

Thy Way and Not Mine!

A. J. Gordon

JUDSON 5. 5. 9.

German Melody

1. Thy way and not mine! O Sav - iour di - vine,
 2. Thy will and not mine! To Thee I re - sign
 3. Thy life and not mine! Why should I re - pine
 4. Thy mer - it, not mine! In this shall I shine,

I yield to Thy gra - cious di - rec - - tion.
 My spir - it in cheer - ful sub - jec - - tion.
 At shar - ing Thy cross and re - jec - - tion?
 The robe of Thy spot - less per - fec - - tion.

Thou Sayest, Take Up Thy Cross

Francis T. Palgrave

CARLISLE S. M.

C. Lockhart

1. Thou say'st, "Take up thy cross, O man, and fol - low Me."
 2. But, O dear Lord, we cry, That we Thy face could see,
 3. The tracts of time di - vide Those gol - den days from me;

The night is black, the feet are slack, Yet we would fol - low Thee.
 Thy bles - sed face one mo - ment's space, Then might we fol - low Thee;
 Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change; How can I fol - low Thee?

4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
 From vales of Galilee;
 Thy vision fades in ancient shades:
 How should we follow Thee?

5 O heavy cross of faith
 In what we cannot see!
 As once of yore Thyself restore,
 And help to follow Thee.

6 If not as once Thou cam'st,
 In true humility,
 Come yet as guest within the breast,
 That burns to follow Thee.

7 Within our heart of hearts,
 In nearest nearness be;
 Set up Thy throne within Thine own;
 O Lord, we follow Thee!

Saviour, Thy Dying Love

PHELPS 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

S. Dryden Phelps

D. Mansell Ramsey

1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing Love Thou gav - est me,
 2. O'er the blest mer - cy seat Plead - ing for me,
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee,
 4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free—

Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee.
 Up - ward in faith I look, Je - sus, to Thee;
 That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see
 Ev - er, in joy or grief, My Lord, for Thee;

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow,
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy won - drous love de - clare,
 Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kind - ness done,
 And when Thy face I see, My ran - somed soul shall be,

Some of - fring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
 Some song to raise, or prayer, Some - thing for Thee.
 Some wan - derer sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee.

Jesus, I Live to Thee

Henry Harbaugh

GORTON S. M.

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best;
 2. Je - sus, I die to Thee, When - ev - er death shall come;
 3. Wheth - er to live or die, I know not which is best;
 4. Liv - ing or dy - ing, Lord, I ask but to be Thine;

My life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest.
 To die in Thee is life to me, In my e - ter - nal home.
 To live in Thee is bliss to me, To die is end - less rest.
 My life in Thee, Thy life in me, Makes heaven for - ev - er mine.

Dear Lord and Master Mine!

Thomas H. Gill

SUBJECTION S. M.

Giovanni Paisiello

1. Dear Lord and Mas - ter mine! Thy hap - py ser - vant see;
 2. I would not walk a - lone, But still with Thee, my God,
 3. The weak - ness I en - joy That casts me on Thy breast;

My Conqueror! with what joy di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to Thee!
 At ev - ery step my blind - ness own, And ask of Thee the road.
 The con - flicts that Thy strength employ Make me di - vine - ly blest.

- 4 Dear Lord and Master mine!
 Still keep Thy servant true;
 My Guardian and my Guide divine!
 Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.

- 5 My Conqueror and my King!
 Still keep me in Thy train;
 And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
 When Thou return'st to reign.

Take My Life, and Let It Be

Frances R. Havergal

MOZART 7. 7. 7. 7.

W. A. Mozart

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
 3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
 4. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;

Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee.
 Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - ery power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store;
 Take myself, and I will be,
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

Saviour, Teach Me, Day by Day

Jane E. Leeson

THIRTLE 7. 7. 7. 7.

Charles Thirtle

1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
 2. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
 3. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be - dience all her joy;
 4. Thus may I re - joice to show That I feel the love I owe;

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Learn - ing how to love from Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Sing - ing, till Thy face I see, Of His love who first loved me.

Nearer, My God, to Thee

BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Sarah Flower Adams

Lowell Mason

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down;
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven;

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;
 Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
 All that Thou send - est me In mer - cy giv - ing;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

I Could Not Do Without Thee

HODNET 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Frances R. Havergal

Sigismund Thalberg

1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
 2. I could not do with-out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
 3. I could not do with-out Thee, For oh! the way is long,
 4. I could not do with-out Thee, O Je - sus, Sa - viour dear;

Whose pre - cious blood redeemed me At such tre-men - dous cost;
 I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own;
 And I am oft - en wea - ry, And sigh re - plac - es song;
 E'en when my eyes are hold - en, I know that Thou art near;

Thy right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
 But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me,
 How could I do with-out Thee? I do not know the way;
 How drear - y and how lone - ly This change - ful life would be

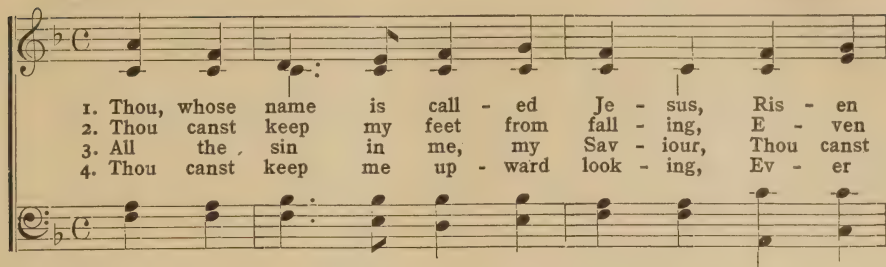
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
 And weak - ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on Thee.
 Thou know - est and Thou lead - est, And wilt not let me stray.
 With-out the sweet com-mu - nion, The se - cret rest with Thee.

5 I could not do without Thee;
 No other friend can read
 The spirit's strange deep longings,
 Interpreting its need;
 No human heart could enter
 Each dim recess of mine,
 And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
 O Blessed Lord, but Thine.

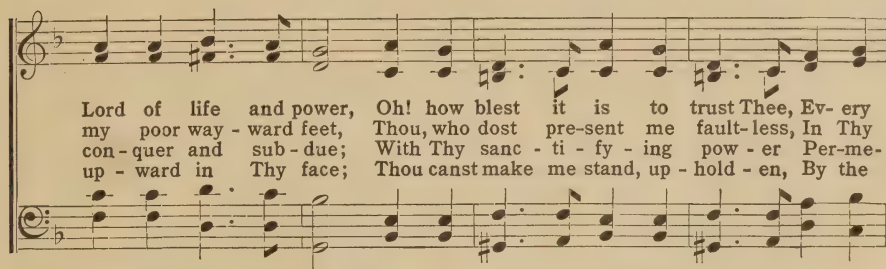
6 I could not do without Thee;
 For years are fleeting fast,
 And soon in solemn loneliness
 The river must be passed:
 But Thou wilt never leave me;
 And though the waves roll high,
 I know Thou wilt be near me,
 And whisper, "It is I."

Jean S. Pigott

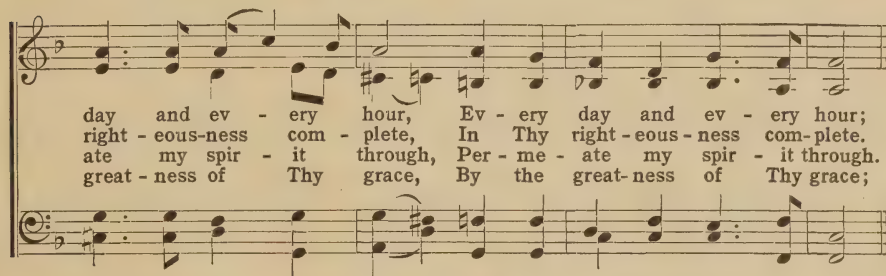
H. Kjerulf



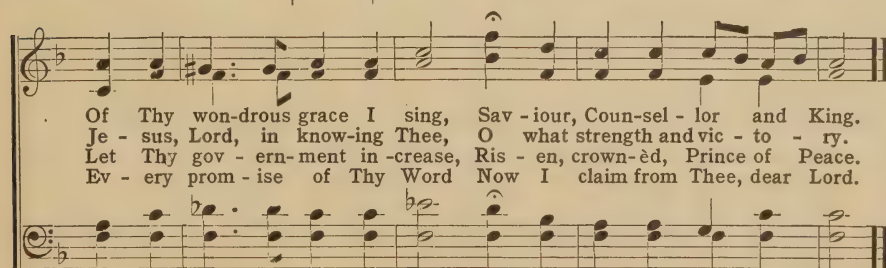
1. Thou, whose name is call - ed Je - sus, Ris - en
 2. Thou canst keep my feet from fall - ing, E - ven
 3. All the sin in me, my Sav - iour, Thou canst
 4. Thou canst keep me up - ward look - ing, Ev - er



Lord of life and power, Oh! how blest it is to trust Thee, Ev - ery
 my poor way - ward feet, Thou, who dost pre - sent me fault - less, In Thy
 con - quer and sub - due; With Thy sanc - ti - fy - ing pow - er Per - me -
 up - ward in Thy face; Thou canst make me stand, up - hold - en, By the



day and ev - ery hour, Ev - ery day and ev - ery hour;
 right - eous - ness com - plete, In Thy right - eous - ness com - plete.
 ate my spir - it through, Per - me - ate my spir - it through.
 great - ness of Thy grace, By the great - ness of Thy grace;



Of Thy won - drous grace I sing, Sav - iour, Coun - sel - lor and King.
 Je - sus, Lord, in know - ing Thee, O what strength and vic - to - ry.
 Let Thy gov - ern - ment in - crease, Ris - en, crown - ed, Prince of Peace.
 Ev - ery prom - ise of Thy Word Now I claim from Thee, dear Lord.

5 Oh! what joy to trust Thee, Jesus,
 Mighty Victor o'er the grave,
 And to learn amid earth's shadows
 Thine unceasing power to save!
 Only those who prove Thee know
 What the grace Thou dost bestow.

6 Make my life a bright outshining
 Of Thy life, that all may see
 Thine own resurrection power
 Mightily put forth in me.
 Ever let my heart become
 Yet more consciously Thy home.

Let Me Come Closer to Thee

CLOSER TO THEE 9. 6. 9. 6.

Llanthony Abbey Hymns

Organist of Llanthony Abbey

1. Let me come clos - er to Thee, Je - sus, Oh! clos - er day by day,
 2. Let me show forth Thy beau - ty, Je - sus, Like sunshine on the hills,
 3. Yes, like a foun - tain, pre - cious Je - sus, Make me and let me be;

Let me lean hard - er on Thee, Je - sus, Yes, hard - er all the way.
 Oh, let my lips pour forth Thy sweet - ness In joy - ous, spark - ling rills.
 Keep me and use me dai - ly, Je - sus, For Thee, for on - ly Thee.

4 In all my heart and will, O Jesus,
 Be altogether King;
 Make me a loyal subject, Jesus,
 To Thee in everything.

5 Thirsting and hung'ring for Thee, Jesus,
 With blessed hunger here,
 Longing for home on Zion's mountain,
 No thirst, no hunger there.

The King of Love My Shepherd Is

Henry W. Baker

DOMINUS REGIT 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail - eth nev - er,
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ransomed soul He lead - eth,
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me,

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev - er.
 And where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 And on His shoulder gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
 Thy unction grace bestoweth,
 And, oh! what transport of delight
 From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
 Thy goodness faileth never;
 Good Shepherd! may I sing Thy praise
 Within Thy house for ever.

Thee Will I Love

HOLMEN 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Johann Scheffler. Trans. by John Wesley

Johan Petersen

1. Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tow'r; Thee will I love, my
 2. I thank Thee, Un - cre - a - ted Sun, That Thy bright beams on
 3. Up - hold me in the doubt - ful race, Nor suf - fer me a -
 4. Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown; Thee will I love, my

Joy, my Crown; Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
 me have shined; I thank Thee, who hast o - ver - thrown
 gain to stray; Strengthen my feet, with stead - y pace
 Lord, my God; Thee will I love, be - neath Thy frown

In all Thy works and Thee a - lone; Thee will I love till
 My foes, and healed my wound - ed mind; I thank Thee whose en -
 Still to press for - ward in Thy way; My soul and flesh, O
 Or smile, Thy scep - tre or Thy rod. What though my flesh and

sa - cred fire Fills me with pure de - sire.
 live - ning voice Bids my freed heart re - joice.
 Lord of Might, Fill with Thy heaven - ly light.
 heart de - cay, I'll love Thee in end - less day.

295 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps

John G. Whittier

SERENITY C. M.

W. V. Wallace

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
 2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
 3. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has still its O - liv - et, And love its Gal - i - lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.

- 4 Through Him the first fond prayers are said 5 O Lord and Master of us all,
 Our lips of childhood frame; Whate'er our name or sign,
 The last low whispers of our dead We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
 Are burdened with His name. We test our lives by Thine!

296 We Walk by Faith and Not by Sight

Henry Alford

CREDITON C. M.

T. Clark

1. We walk by faith and not by sight; No gra - cious words we hear
 2. We may not touch His hands and side, Nor fol - low where He trod;
 3. Help then, O Lord, our un - be - lief: And may our faith a - bound
 4. That, when our life of faith is done, In realms of clear - er light,

From Him who spake as man ne'er spake; But we be - lieve Him near.
 But in His prom - ise we re - joice, And cry, "My Lord and God."
 To call on Thee when Thou art near, And seek where Thou art found;
 We may be - hold Thee as Thou art With full and end - less sight.

297 None But Christ; His Merit Hides Me

Anne R. Cousin

ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7.

John B. Dykes

1. None but Christ; His merit hides me, He was fault-less, I am fair;
 2. None but Christ; His Spirit seals me, Gives me free-dom with con-trol;
 3. None but Christ; His life sus-tains me, Strength and song to me He is;
 4. His while liv-ing, His when dy-ing, His at judgment's sol-emn tryst;

None but Christ, His wis-dom guides me, He was out-cast, I'm His care.
 None but Christ, His bruising heals me, And His sor-row soothes my soul.
 None but Christ, His love con-strains me, He is mine and I am His.
 E'en in heaven, on Him re-ly-ing, I will boast of none but Christ.

298 O For a Closer Walk With God

William Cowper

BALERMA C. M.

Melody probably Spanish

1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav-en-ly frame,
 2. Where is the bless-ed-ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peace-ful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem-ry still!
 4. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
 Where is the soul-re-fresh-ing view Of Je-sus and his Word?
 But they have left an ach-ing void, The world can nev-er fill.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

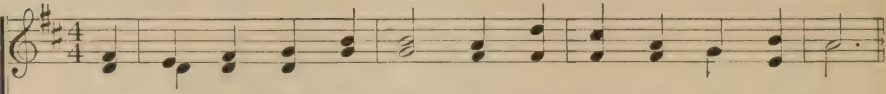
6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road.
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Sometimes a Light Surprises

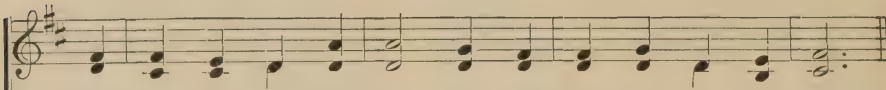
BENTLEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

William Cowper


John Hullah




1. Some-times a light sur-pris-es The Chris-tian while he sings;
 2. In ho-ly con-tem-pla-tion We sweet-ly then pur-sue
 3. It can bring with it noth-ing But He will bear us through;
 4. Though vine nor fig-tree neith-er Their wont-ed fruit shall bear,



It is the Lord, who ris-es With heal-ing in His wings:
 The theme of God's sal-va-tion, And find it ev-er new;
 Who gives the li-lies cloth-ing Will clothe His peo-ple too;
 Though all the field should with-er, Nor flocks nor herds be there;



When com-forts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain
 Set free from pres-ent sor-row, We cheer-ful-ly can say,
 Be-neath the spread-ing heav-ens No crea-ture but is fed;
 Yet God the same a-bid-ing, His praise shall tune my voice,



A sea-son of clear shin-ing, To cheer it af-ter rain.
 Let the un-known to-mor-row Bring with it what it may.
 And He who feeds the rav-ens Will give His chil-dren bread.
 For, while in Him con-fid-ing, I can-not but re-joice.

300 Through the Love of God, Our Saviour

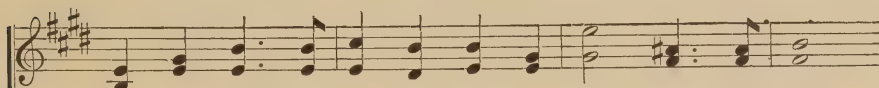
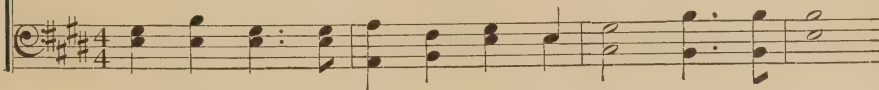
WYNNSTAY 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.

Mary Bowly Peters

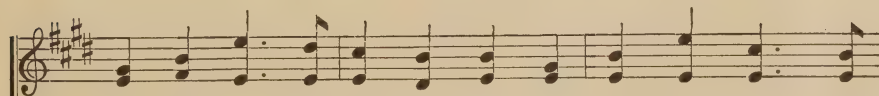
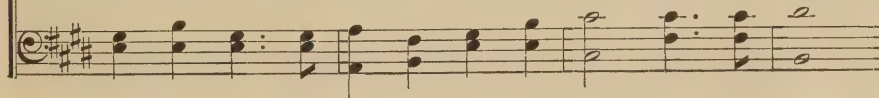
J. A. Lloyd



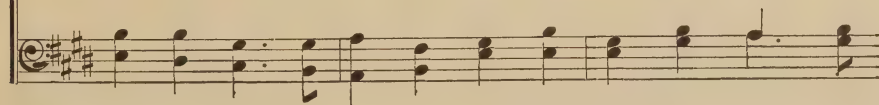
1. Through the love of God, our Sav - iour, All will be well;
2. Though we pass through trib - u - la - tion, All will be well;
3. We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row, All will be well;



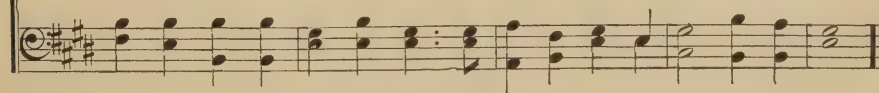
Free and change-less is His fa - vor; All, all is well!
 Ours is such a full sal - va - tion, All, all is well!
 Faith can sing through days of sor - row, All, all is well!



Pre - cious is the blood that heal'd us, Per - fect is the
 Hap - py still to God con - fi - ding, Fruit - ful, if in
 On our Fa - ther's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev - ery



grace that seal'd us, Strong the Hand stretched forth to shield us; All must be well!
 Christ a - bid - ing, Ho - ly, through the Spir - it's guid - ing; All must be well!
 need sup - ply - ing, Or in liv - ing or in dy - ing, All must be well.

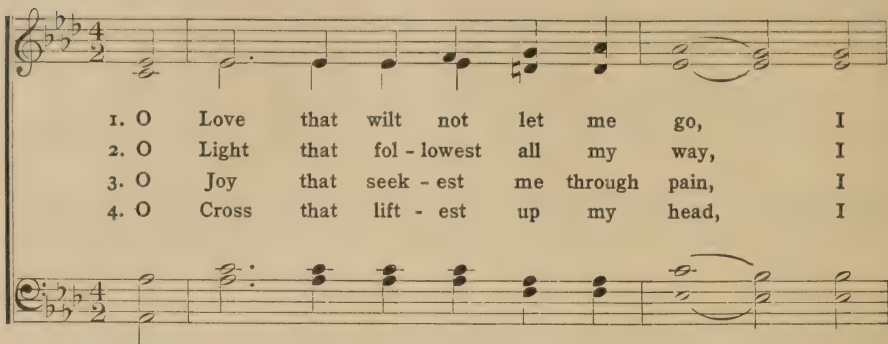


O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

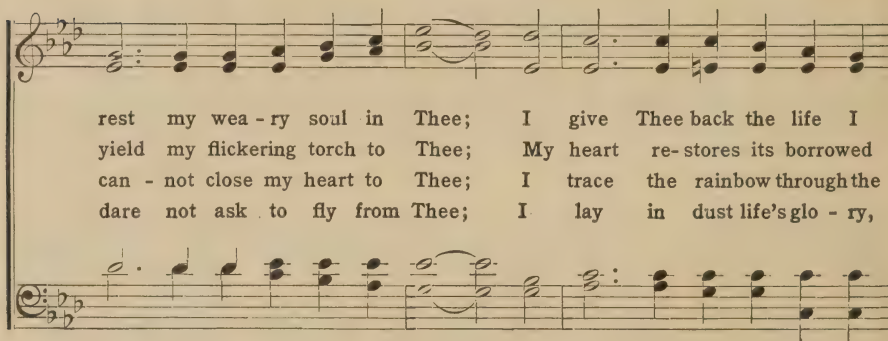
ST. MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 6.

George Matheson

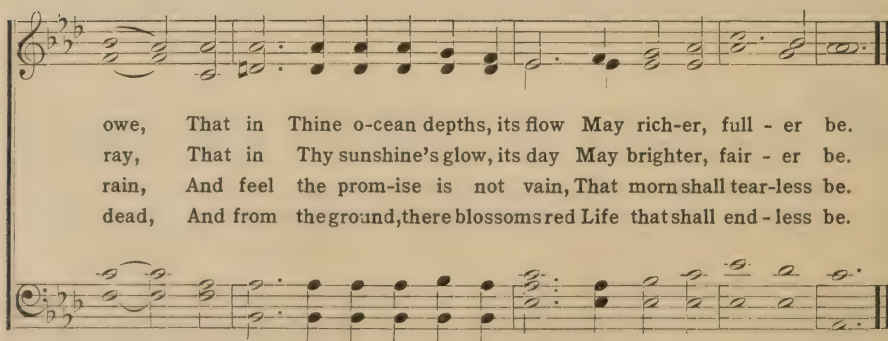
A. L. Peace



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I
 2. O Light that fol - lowest all my way, I
 3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I



rest my wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I
 yield my flickering torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its borrowed
 can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the rainbow through the
 dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry,



owe, That in Thine o - cean depths, its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow, its day May brighter, fair - er be.
 rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain, That morn shall tear - less be.
 dead, And from the ground, there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

I Lift My Heart to Thee

MUDIE 6. 4. 6. 4. 10. 10.

C. E. Mudie

T. M. Mudie

1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav - iour Di - vine,
 2. Thine am I by all ties; But chief - ly Thine,
 3. To Thee, Thou bleed - ing Lamb, I all things owe;
 4. I pray Thee, Sav - iour, keep Me in Thy love,

For Thou art all to me, And I am Thine.
 That through Thy sac - ri - fice Thou, Lord, art mine.
 All that I have and am, And all I know.
 Un - til death's ho - ly sleep Shall me re - move

Is there on earth a clos - er bond than this,
 By Thine own cords of love, so sweet - ly wound
 All that I have is now no long - er mine,
 To that fair realm, where, sin and sor - row o'er,

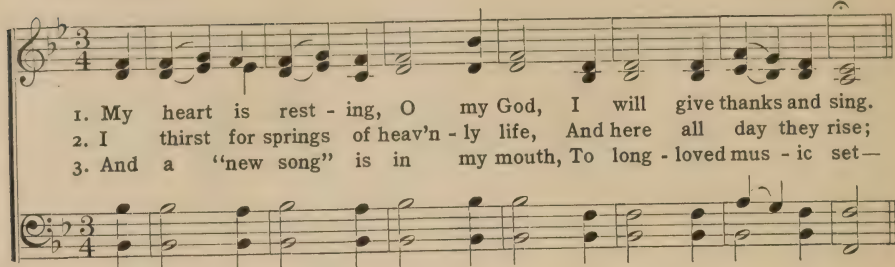
That "my Be - lov - ed's mine, and I am His?"
 A - round me, I to Thee am close - ly bound.
 And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.
 Thou and Thine own are One for ev - er - more.

My Heart is Resting, O My God

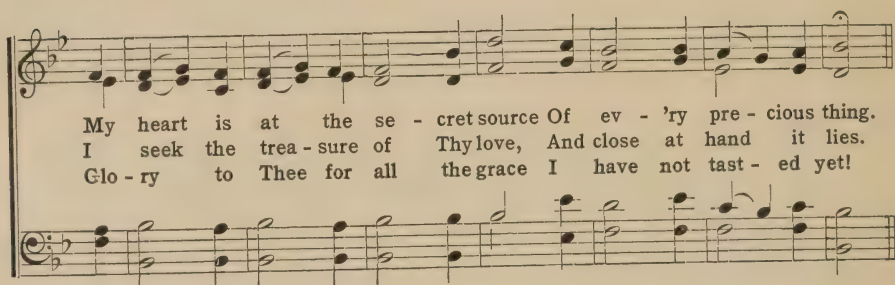
PONTRESINA C. M. with Refrain

Anna L. Waring

Swiss Melody

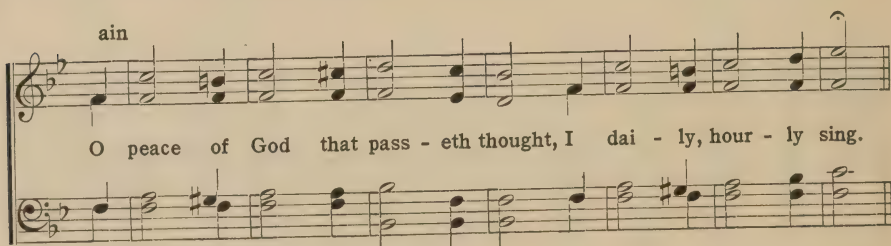


1. My heart is rest - ing, O my God, I will give thanks and sing.
 2. I thirst for springs of heav'n - ly life, And here all day they rise;
 3. And a "new song" is in my mouth, To long - loved mus - ic set—

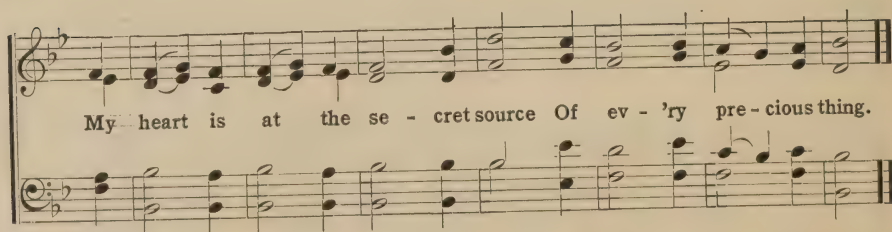


My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - 'ry pre - cious thing.
 I seek the trea - sure of Thy love, And close at hand it lies.
 Glo - ry to Thee for all the grace I have not tast - ed yet!

ain



O peace of God that pass - eth thought, I dai - ly, hour - ly sing.



My heart is at the se - cret source Of ev - 'ry pre - cious thing.

4 I have a heritage of joy
 That yet I must not see;
 The hand that bled to make it mine
 Is keeping it for me.

5 There is a certainty of love,
 That sets my heart at rest;
 A calm assurance for to-day
 That what Thou dost is best.

Jesus! I Am Resting, Resting

JESUS! I AM RESTING 8. 7. 8. 5. D. with Refrain

Jean S. Pigott

J. Mountain

1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what Thou art;
 2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing kind - ness, Vas - ter, broader than the sea!
 3. Sim - ply trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as Thou art,
 4. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;

Refrain: Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what Thou art;

Fine

I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
 Oh, how mar - vel - lous Thy good - ness, Lav - ished all on me!
 And Thy love so pure, so change - less, Sat - is - fies my heart;
 Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shad - ows flee.

I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.

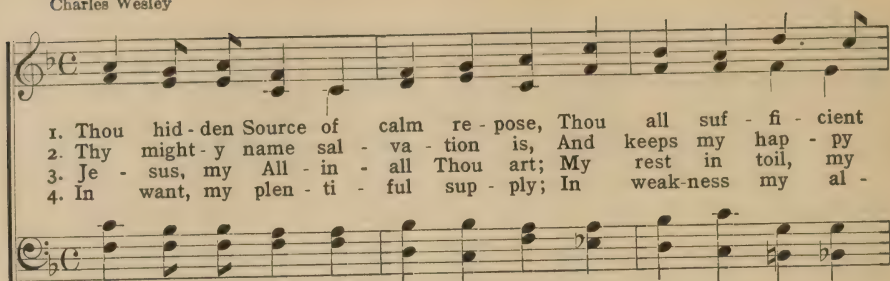
Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
 Sat - is - fies its deep - est long - ings, Meets, supplies its ev - 'ry need,
 Bright - ness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,

D.C.

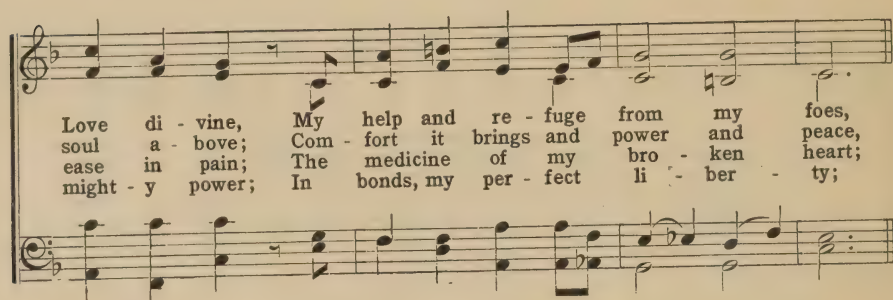
For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer - tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.
 Com - pass - eth me round with bless - ings: Thine is love in - deed!
 Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing, Fill me with Thy grace.

Charles Wesley

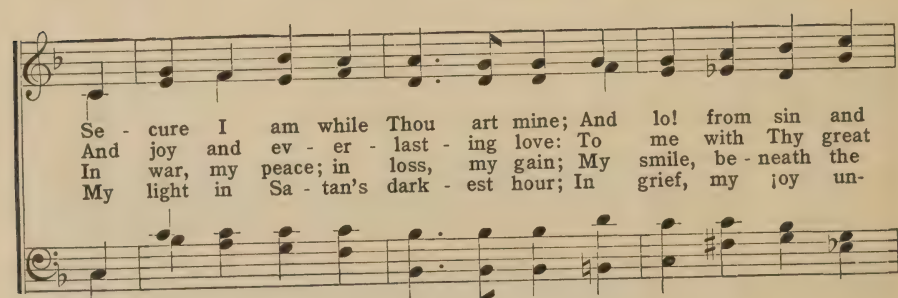
C. Bull



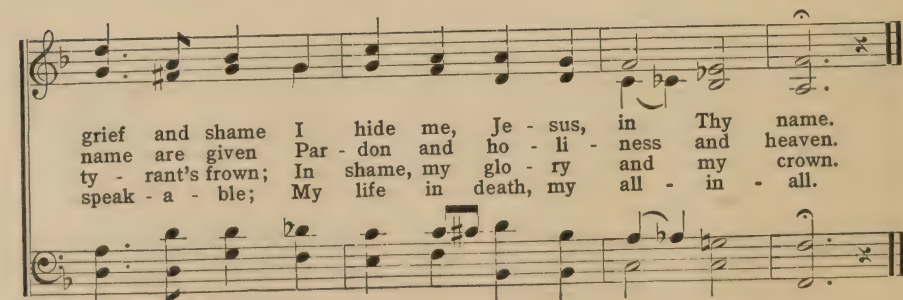
1. Thou hid - den Source of calm re - pose, Thou all suf - fi - cient
 2. Thy might - y name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my hap - py
 3. Je - sus, my All - in - all Thou art; My rest in toil, my
 4. In want, my plen - ti - ful sup - ply; In weak - ness my al -



Love di - vine, My help and re - fuge from my foes,
 soul a - bove; Com - fort it brings and power and peace,
 ease in pain; The medicine of my bro - ken heart;
 might - y power; In bonds, my per - fect li - ber - ty;



Se - cure I am while Thou art mine; And lo! from sin and
 And joy and ev - er - last - ing love: To me with Thy great
 In war, my peace; in loss, my gain; My smile, be - neath the
 My light in Sa - tan's dark - est hour; In grief, my joy un -



grief and shame I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name.
 name are given Par - don and ho - li - ness and heaven.
 ty - rant's frown; In shame, my glo - ry and my crown.
 speak - a - ble; My life in death, my all - in - all.

My Blessed Saviour, Is Thy Love

John S. B. Monsell

SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch

1. My bles-sed Sav-iour, is Thy love So great, so full, so free?
 2. I love Thee for the glo-rious worth Which in Thy-self I see;
 3. Though in the ver-y form of God, With heavenly glo-ry crown'd,

Be-hold, I give my love, my heart, My life, my all, to Thee.
 I love Thee for that shame-ful cross Thou hast en-dured for me.
 Thou wouldst partake of hu-man flesh, Be-set with trou-bles round.

- 4 Thou wouldst like wretched man be made In everything but sin,
 That we as like Thee might become As we unlike had been.
- 5 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love, In every beauteous grace;
 From glory thus to glory changed, As we behold Thy face.

Jesus, These Eyes Have Never Seen

Ray Palmer

FAITH C. M.

S. P. Tuckerman

1. Je-sus, these eyes have nev-er seen That radiant form of Thine!
 2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet art Thou oft with me;
 3. Like some bright dream that comes unsought When slumbers o'er me roll,

The veil of sense hangs dark be-tween Thy bles-sed face and mine!
 And earth has ne'er so dear a spot As when I meet with Thee.
 Thine im-age ev-er fills my thought And charms my rav-ish'd soul.

- 4 Yet though I have not seen, and still Must rest in faith alone;
 I love Thee, dearest Lord! and will Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal And still this throbbing heart,
 The rending veil shall Thee reveal All glorious as Thou art.

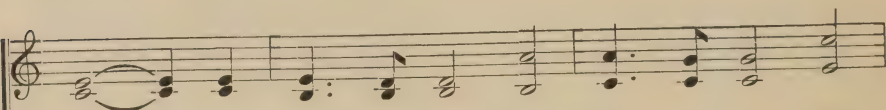
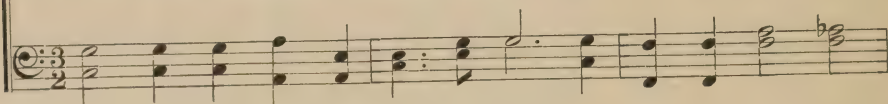
KJERULF 8. 6. 8. 10. 6.

C. E. May

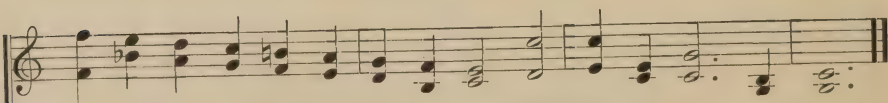
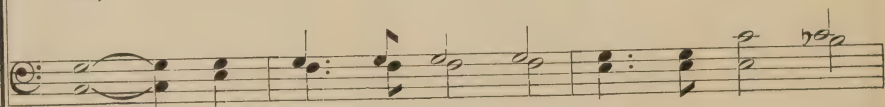
H. Kjerulf



1. O Sav - iour, where shall guilt - y man Find rest ex - cept in
 2. How came the ev - er - last - ing Son, The Lord of life, to
 3. To save us by Thy pre - cious blood, To make us one in
 4. Oh, make us worth - y, gra - cious Lord, Of all Thy love to



Thee? Thine was the war - fare with his foe, The
 die? Why didst Thou meet the temp - ter's power, Why,
 Thee, That ours might be Thy per - fect life, Thy
 be; To Thy blest will our wills in - cline, That




cross of pain, the cup of bit - ter woe, And Thine the vic - to - ry.
 Je - sus, pa - tient in Thy dy - ing hour, En - dure such a - go - ny?
 thorn - y crown, Thy woe - ful cross, Thy strife, And ours the vic - to - ry.
 faith - ful un - to death we may be Thine, And ev - er live in Thee.




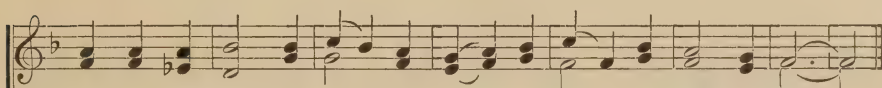
309 Show Me Thy Face; One Transient Gleam

SHOW ME THY FACE C. M. D.


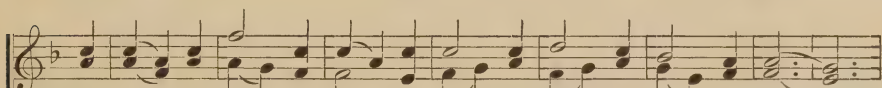
Irish Traditional Air



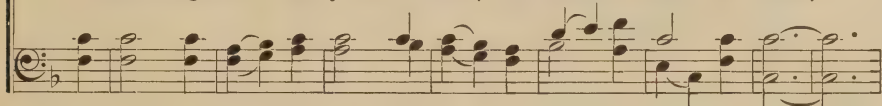
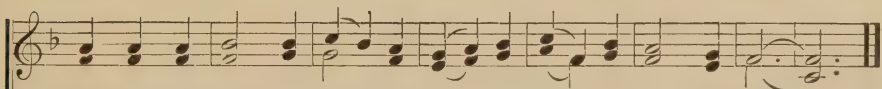
1. Show me Thy face; one tran - sient gleam Of love - li - ness di - vine,
 2. Show me Thy face; my faith and love Shall henceforth fix - ed be,
 3. Show me Thy face; I shall for - get The wea - ry days of yore;
 4. Show me Thy face; the heav - iest cross Will then seem light to bear,

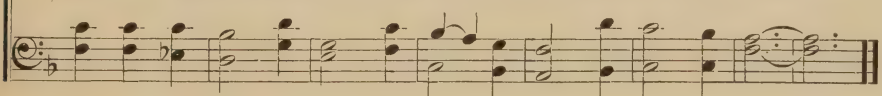
And I shall nev - er think or dream Of oth - er love save Thine:
 And noth - ing here have power to move My soul's ser - en - i - ty.
 The fret - ting ghosts of vain re - gret Shall haunt my soul no more.
 There will be gain in ev - 'ry loss, And peace with ev - 'ry care.

All less - er light will dark - en quite, All low - er glo - ries wane,
 My life shall seem a trance, a dream, And all I feel and see,
 All doubts and fears for fu - ture years In qui - et trust sub - side,
 With such light feet the years will fleet, Life seem as brief as blest,

The beau - ti - ful of earth will scarce Seem beau - ti - ful a - gain.
 Il - lu - sive, vi - sion - a - ry, - Thou, The one re - al - i - ty!
 And nought but blest con - tent and calm With - in my breast a - bide.
 Till I have laid my bur - den down, And en - tered in - to rest.

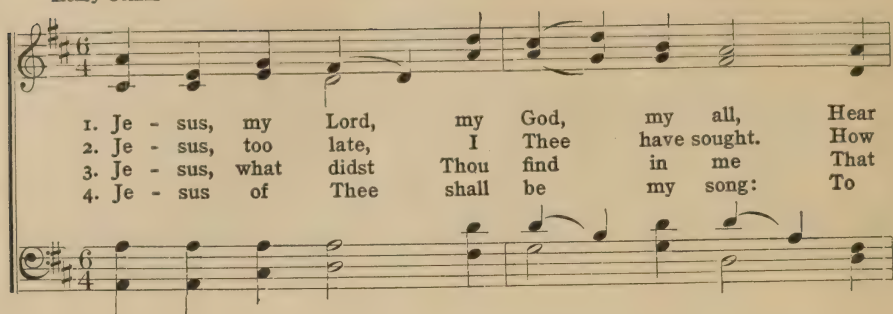


Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All

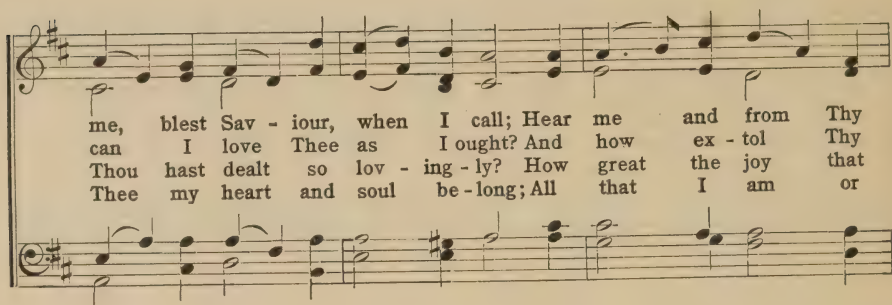
VELDRE 8. 8. 8. 12.

Henry Collins

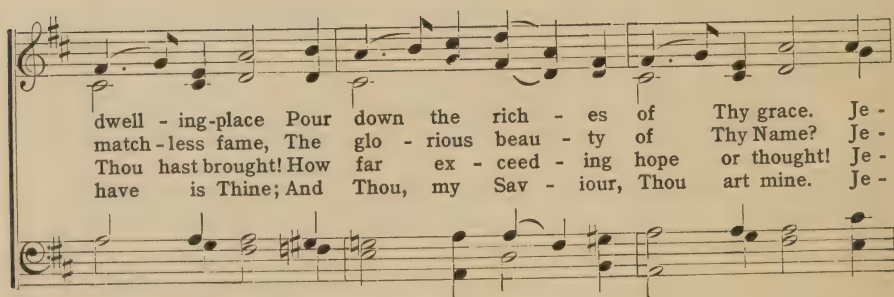
Norwegian Folk-song



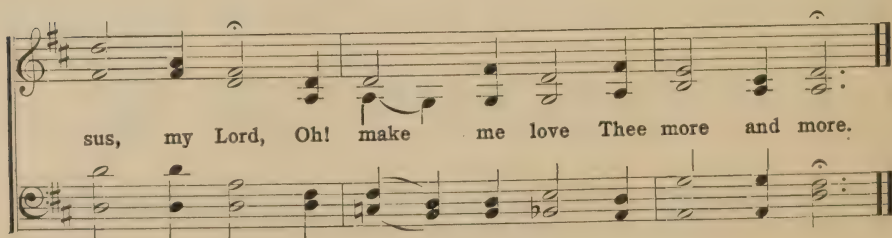
1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear
 2. Je - sus, too late, I Thee have sought. How
 3. Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me That
 4. Je - sus of Thee shall be my song: To



me, blest Sav - iour, when I call; Hear me and from Thy
 can I love Thee as I ought? And how ex - tol Thy
 Thou hast dealt so lov - ing - ly? How great the joy that
 Thee my heart and soul be - long; All that I am or



dwell - ing-place Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je -
 match-less fame, The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy Name? Je -
 Thou hast brought! How far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought! Je -
 have is Thine; And Thou, my Sav - iour, Thou art mine. Je -



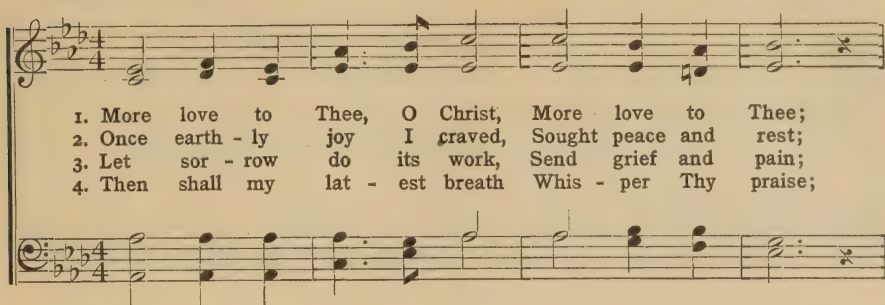
sus, my Lord, Oh! make me love Thee more and more.

More Love To Thee, O Christ

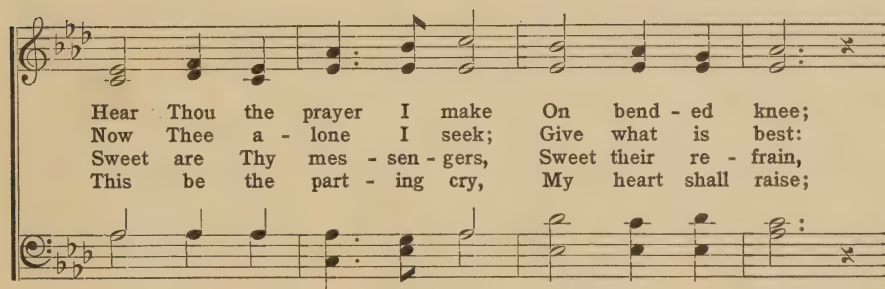
MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4.

Elizabeth P. Prentiss

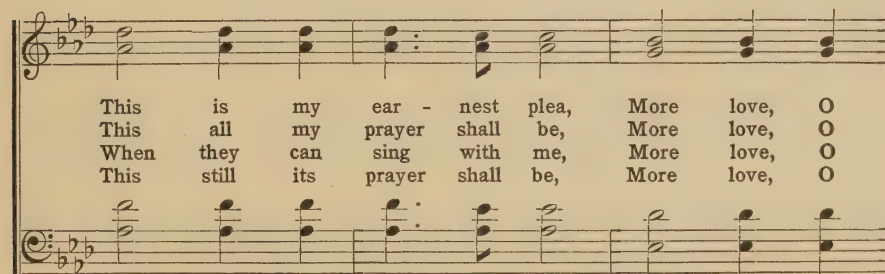
William H. Doane



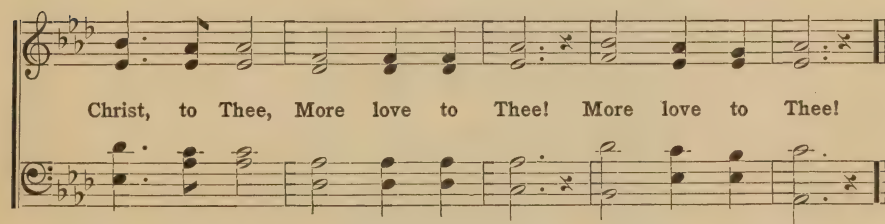
1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee;
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain;
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise;



Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend - ed knee;
 Now Thee a - lone I seek; Give what is best:
 Sweet are Thy mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain,
 This be the part - ing cry, My heart shall raise;



This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O
 This all my prayer shall be, More love, O
 When they can sing with me, More love, O
 This still its prayer shall be, More love, O



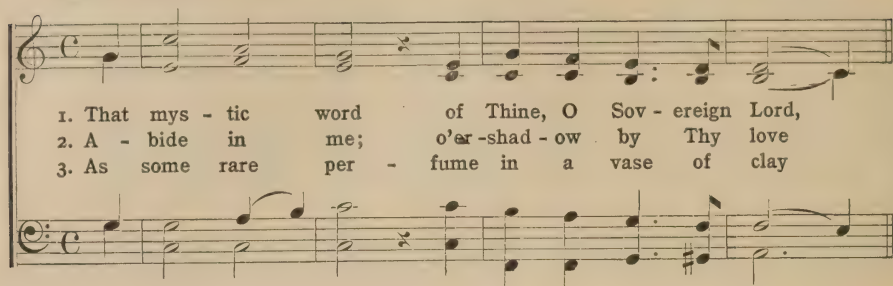
Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

That Mystic Word of Thine

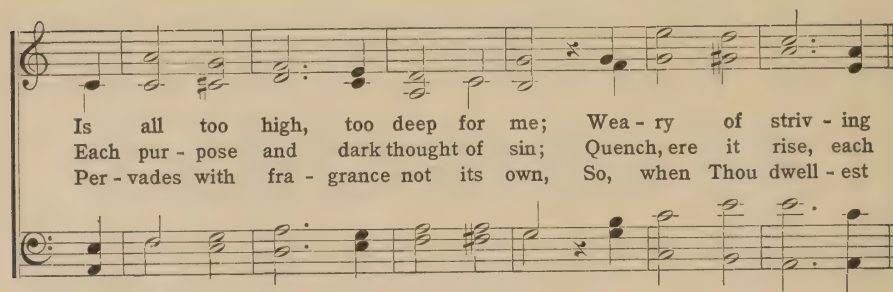
ERSTA 10. 8. 10. 8.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, altered

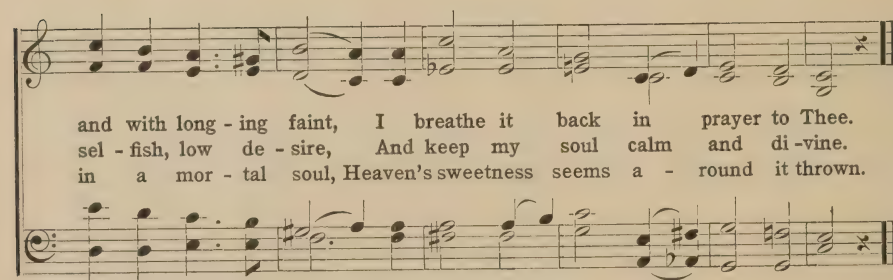
Otto Olsson



1. That mys - tic word of Thine, O Sov - ereign Lord,
 2. A - bide in me; o'er-shad - ow by Thy love
 3. As some rare per - fume in a vase of clay



Is all too high, too deep for me; Wea - ry of striv - ing
 Each pur - pose and dark thought of sin; Quench, ere it rise, each
 Per - vades with fra - grance not its own, So, when Thou dwell - est



and with long - ing faint, I breathe it back in prayer to Thee.
 sel - fish, low de - sire, And keep my soul calm and di - vine.
 in a mor - tal soul, Heaven's sweetness seems a - round it thrown.

4 Abide in me: there have been moments pure,
 When I have seen Thee, felt Thy power;
 Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
 Owned the enchantment of the hour.

5 These were but seasons beautiful and rare:
 Abide and they shall ever be;
 I pray Thee now fulfill my earnest prayer:
 Live Thou in me and I in Thee.

Still, Still With Thee

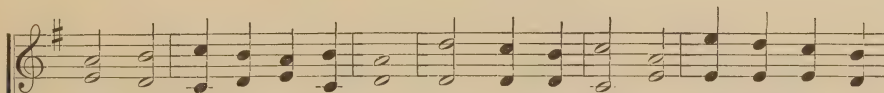
WINDSOR II. IO. II. IO.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

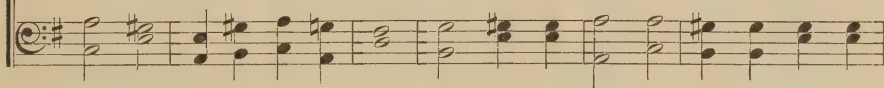
Joseph Barnby



1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows, The sol - emn
 3. As in the dawn - ing, o'er the wave - less o - cean, The im - age



- wak - eth, and the shadows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love - lier than the
 hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee in breathless a - do -
 of the morning star doth rest, So in this still - ness Thou be - hold - est



- day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee!
 ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
 on - ly Thine im - age in the wa - ters of my breast.




- 4 Still, still with Thee! As to each new-born morning
 A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
 So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
 Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.
- 5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
 Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
- 6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
 Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

314 When Winds Are Raging O'er the Upper Ocean

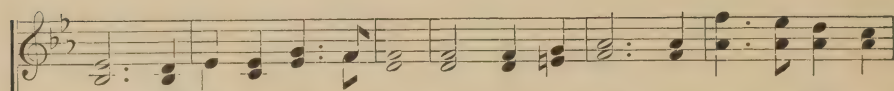
SKODSBORG II. IO. II. IO.

Harriet Beecher Stowe


A. P. Berggreen



1. When winds are ra - ging o'er the up - per 'o - cean And bil - lows
 2. Far, far be - neath, the noise of tempests di - eth, And sil - ver
 3. So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Pur - est, There is a



wild con - tend with an - gry roar, 'Tis said, far down, be - neath the wild com -
 waves chime ev - er peace - ful - ly, And no rude storm, how fierce so - e'er it
 tem - ple, sa - cred ev - er - more, And all the bab - ble of life's an - gry



mo - tion That peace - ful still - ness reign - eth ev - er - more.
 fli - eth, Dis - turbs the Sab - bath of that deep - er sea.
 voi - ces Dies in hushed still - ness at its peace - ful door.

4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

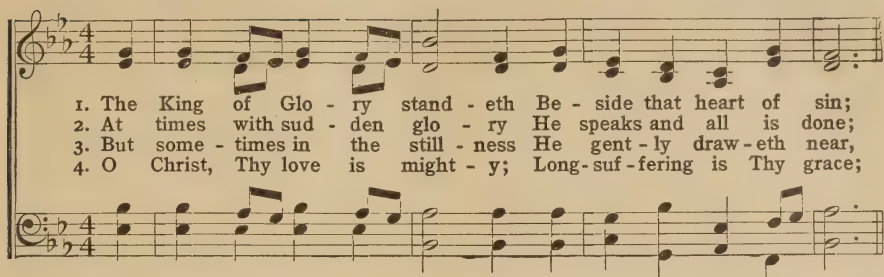
5 O Rest of rests! O Peace, serene, eternal!
 Thou ever livest, and Thou changest ne'er;
 And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
 Fulness of joy forever and fore'er.

The King of Glory Standeth

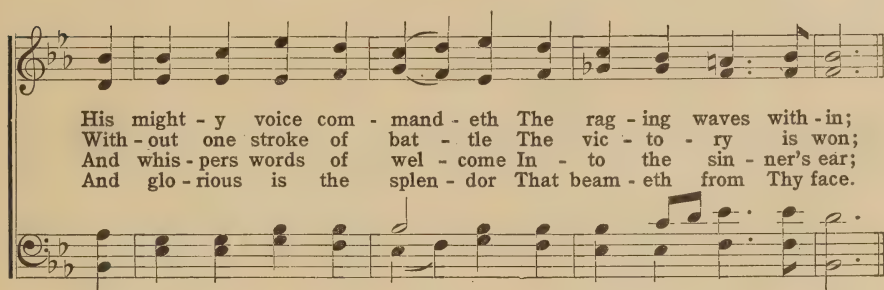
LUX MUNDI 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Charitie L. Bancroft

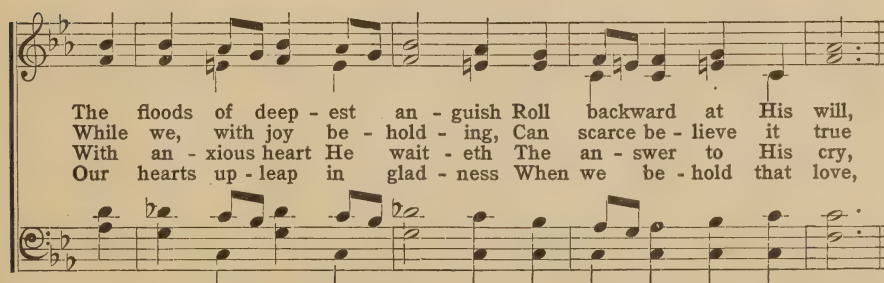
Arthur S. Sullivan



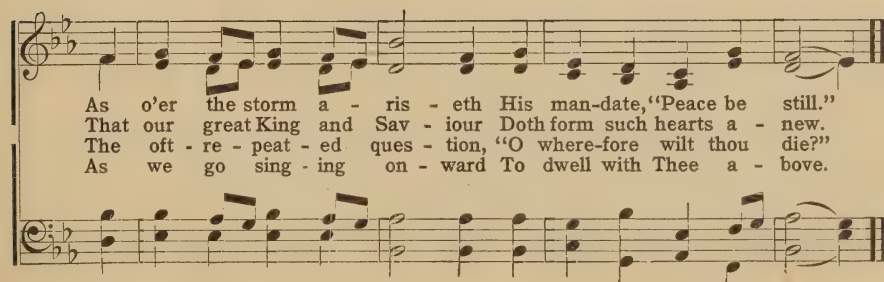
1. The King of Glo - ry stand - eth Be - side that heart of sin;
 2. At times with sud - den glo - ry He speaks and all is done;
 3. But some - times in the still - ness He gent - ly draw - eth near,
 4. O Christ, Thy love is might - y; Long - suf - fer - ing is Thy grace;



His might - y voice com - mand - eth The rag - ing waves with - in;
 With - out one stroke of bat - tle The vic - to - ry is won;
 And whis - pers words of wel - come In - to the sin - ner's ear;
 And glo - rious is the splen - dor That beam - eth from Thy face.



The floods of deep - est an - guish Roll backward at His will,
 While we, with joy be - hold - ing, Can scarce be - lieve it true
 With an - xious heart He wait - eth The an - swer to His cry,
 Our hearts up - leap in glad - ness When we be - hold that love,

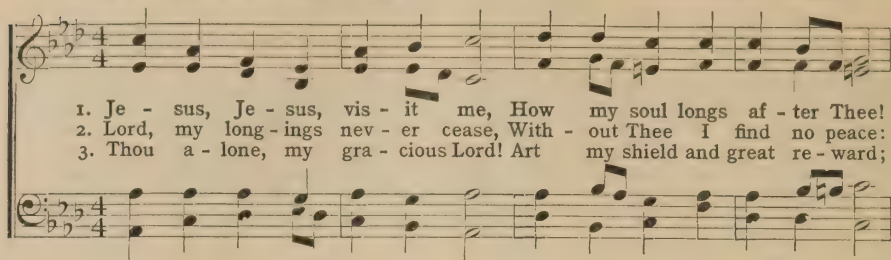


As o'er the storm a - ris - eth His man - date, "Peace be still."
 That our great King and Sav - iour Doth form such hearts a - new.
 The oft - re - peat - ed ques - tion, "O where - fore wilt thou die?"
 As we go sing - ing on - ward To dwell with Thee a - bove.

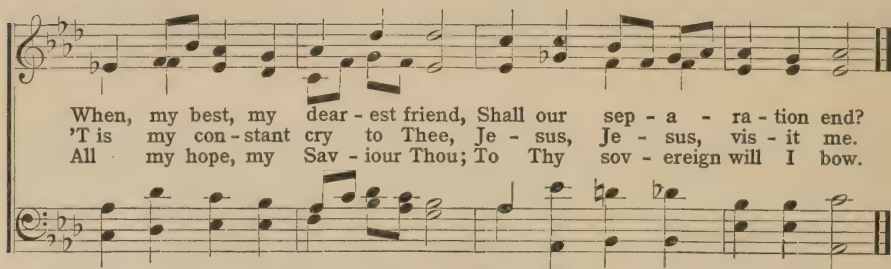
Jesus, Jesus, Visit Me

J. Angelus. Trans. by R. P. Dunn ELIJAH 7. 7. 7. 7.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy



1. Je - sus, Je - sus, vis - it me, How my soul longs af - ter Thee!
 2. Lord, my long - ings nev - er cease, With - out Thee I find no peace:
 3. Thou a - lone, my gra - cious Lord! Art my shield and great re - ward;



When, my best, my dear - est friend, Shall our sep - a - ra - tion end?
 'Tis my con - stant cry to Thee, Je - sus, Je - sus, vis - it me.
 All my hope, my Sav - iour Thou; To Thy sov - ereign will I bow.

4 Come, inhabit then my heart,
 Purge its sin, and heal its smart;
 See, I ever cry to Thee,
 Jesus, Jesus, visit me.

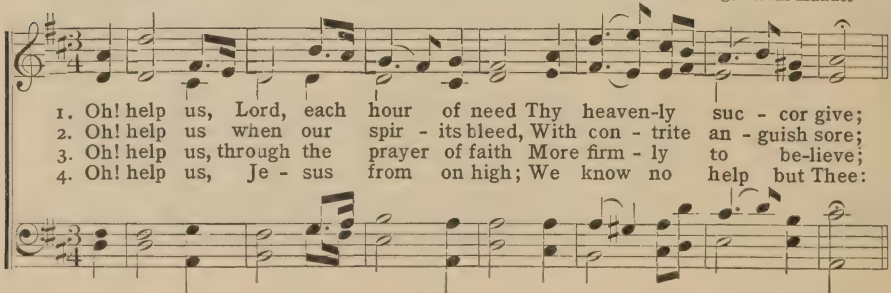
5 Patiently I wait Thy day;
 For this gift alone I pray,
 That when death shall visit me
 Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

317 Oh! Help Us, Lord, Each Hour of Need

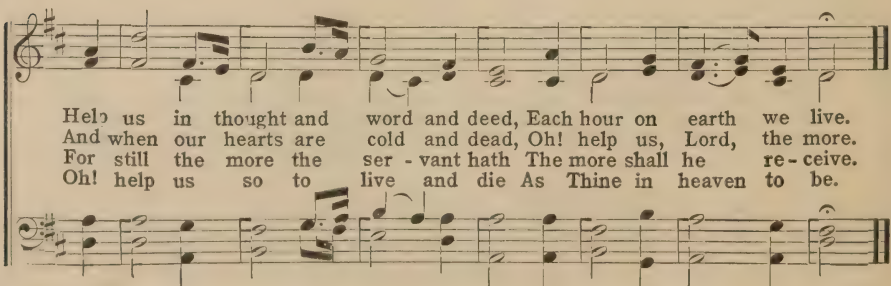
Henry H. Milman

BRADFORD C. M.

Arranged from Handel



1. Oh! help us, Lord, each hour of need Thy heaven-ly suc - cor give;
 2. Oh! help us when our spir - its bleed, With con - trite an - guish sore;
 3. Oh! help us, through the prayer of faith More firm - ly to be - lieve;
 4. Oh! help us, Je - sus from on high; We know no help but Thee:



Help us in thought and word and deed, Each hour on earth we live.
 And when our hearts are cold and dead, Oh! help us, Lord, the more.
 For still the more the ser - vant hath The more shall he re - ceive.
 Oh! help us so to live and die As Thine in heaven to be.

Love Divine, All Loves Excelling

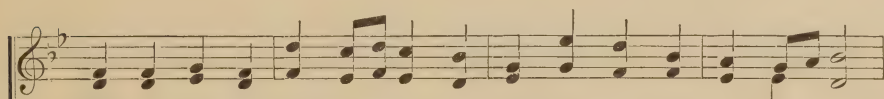
BEECHER 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Charles Wesley

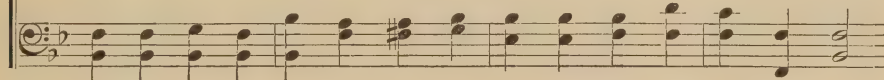
John Zundel



1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it, In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast!
3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive!
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, un - spot - ted may we be:



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown;
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest;
 Speed - i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er more Thy tem - ples leave!
 Let us see our whole sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee!



Je - sus! Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art:
 Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning! Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

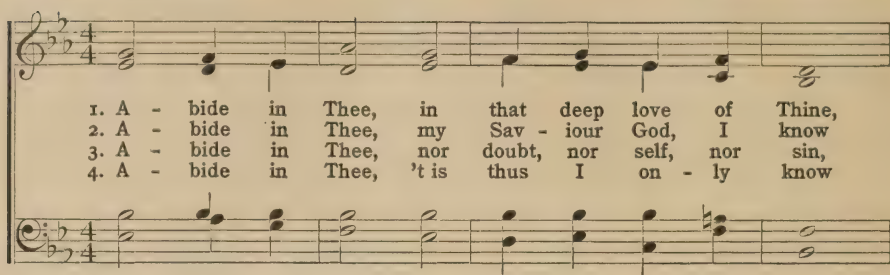


319 Abide in Thee, in That Deep Love of Thine

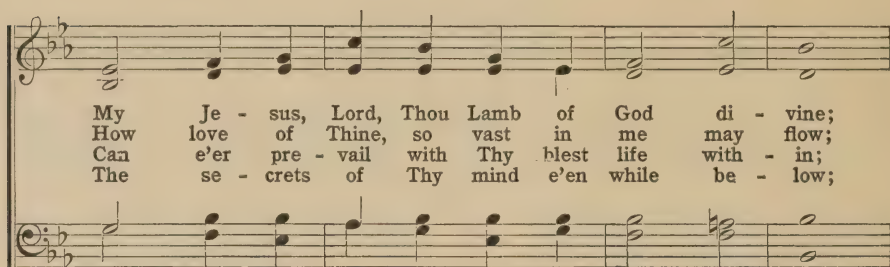
LIVORNO 10. 10. 10. 10.

Joseph Denham Smith

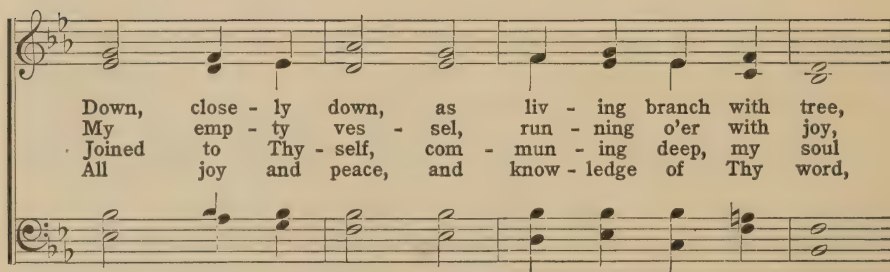
Arthur S. Sullivan



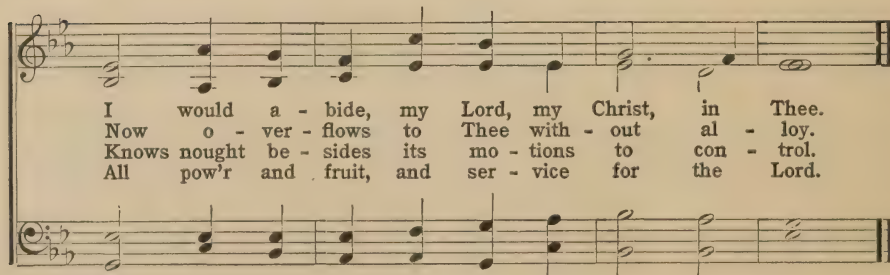
1. A - bide in Thee, in that deep love of Thine,
 2. A - bide in Thee, my Sav - iour God, I know
 3. A - bide in Thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
 4. A - bide in Thee, 't is thus I on - ly know



My Je - sus, Lord, Thou Lamb of God di - vine;
 How love of Thine, so vast in me may flow;
 Can e'er pre - vail with Thy blest life with - in;
 The se - crets of Thy mind e'en while be - low;



Down, close - ly down, as liv - ing branch with tree,
 My emp - ty ves - sel, run - ning o'er with joy,
 Joined to Thy - self, com - mun - ing deep, my soul
 All joy and peace, and know - ledge of Thy word,



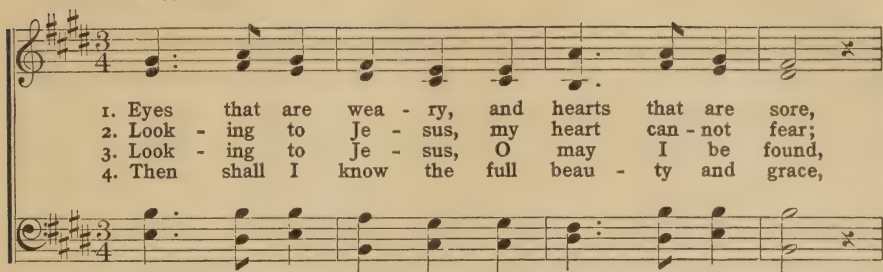
I would a - bide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee.
 Now o - ver - flows to Thee with - out al - loy.
 Knows nought be - sides its mo - tions to con - trol.
 All pow'r and fruit, and ser - vice for the Lord.

Eyes That Are Weary

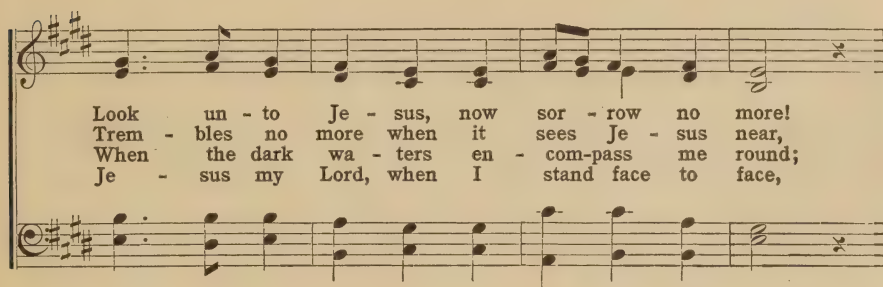
HALLE 10. 10. 10. 11.

John W. Darby, adapted

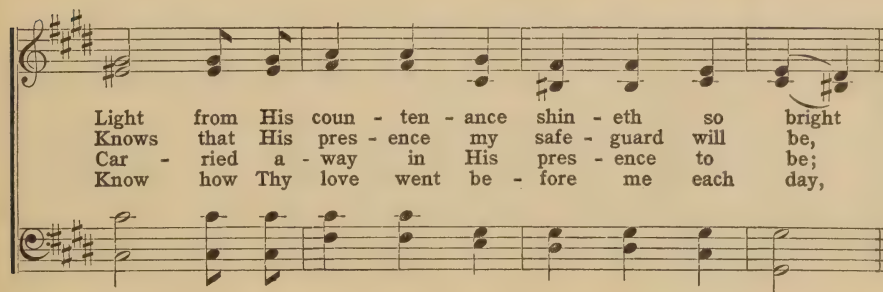
G. F. Handel



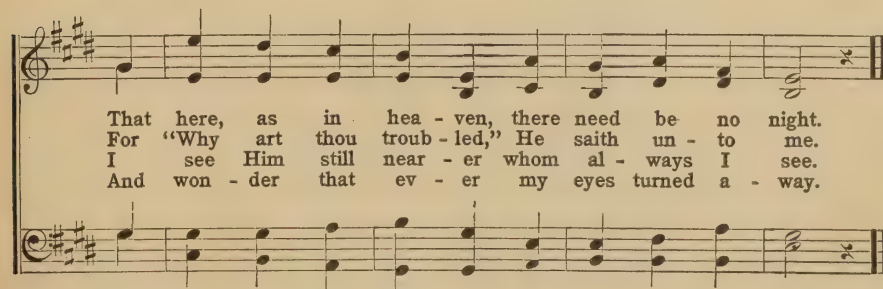
1. Eyes that are wea - ry, and hearts that are sore,
 2. Look - ing to Je - sus, my heart can - not fear;
 3. Look - ing to Je - sus, O may I be found,
 4. Then shall I know the full beau - ty and grace,



Look un - to Je - sus, now sor - row no more!
 Trem - bles no more when it sees Je - sus near,
 When the dark wa - ters en - com-pass me round;
 Je - sus my Lord, when I stand face to face,



Light from His coun - ten - ance shin - eth so bright
 Knows that His pres - ence my safe - guard will be,
 Car - ried a - way in His pres - ence to be;
 Know how Thy love went be - fore me each day,



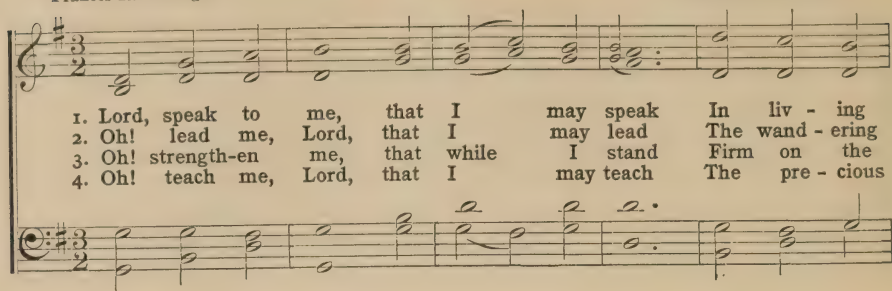
That here, as in hea - ven, there need be no night.
 For "Why art thou troub - led," He saith un - to me.
 I see Him still near - er whom al - ways I see.
 And won - der that ev - er my eyes turned a - way.

321 Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak

ETHELBERG L. M.

Frances R. Havergal

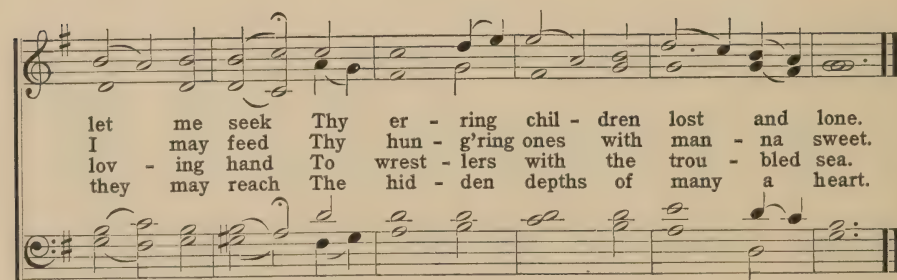
Ludwig van Beethoven



1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing
 2. Oh! lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand - ering
 3. Oh! strength-en me, that while I stand Firm on the
 4. Oh! teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious



ech - oes of Thy tone; As Thou hast sought so,
 and the waver - ing feet; Oh! feed me, Lord, that
 rock, and strong in Thee, I may stretch out a
 things Thou dost im - part, And wing my words that



let me seek Thy er - ring chil - dren lost and lone.
 I may feed Thy hun - g'ring ones with man - na sweet.
 lov - ing hand To wrest - lers with the trou - bled sea.
 they may reach The hid - den depths of many a heart.

5 Oh! give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh! fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
 Until my very heart o'erflow
 In kindling thought and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

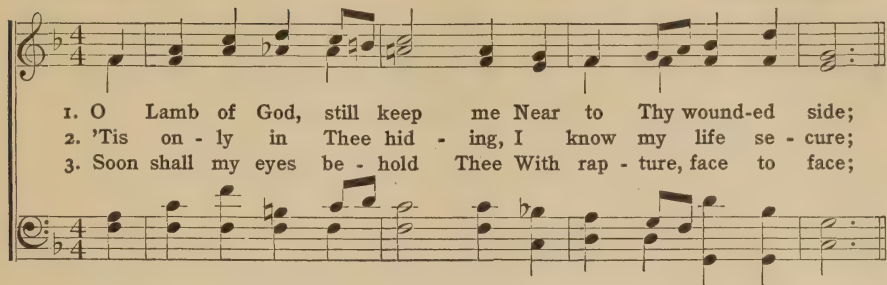
7 Oh! use me, Lord, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,
 Until Thy blessed face I see,
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

O Lamb of God, Still Keep Me

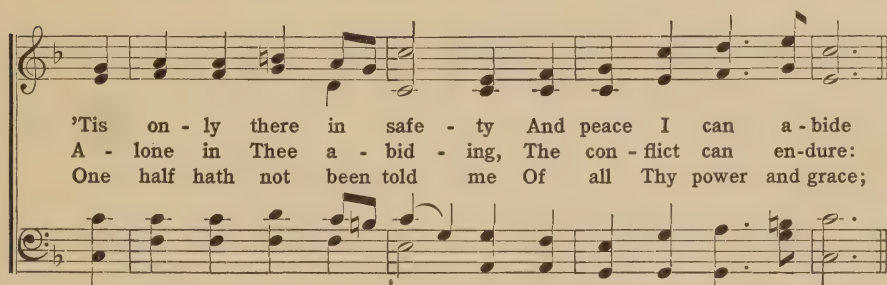
DAY OF REST 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. G. Deck

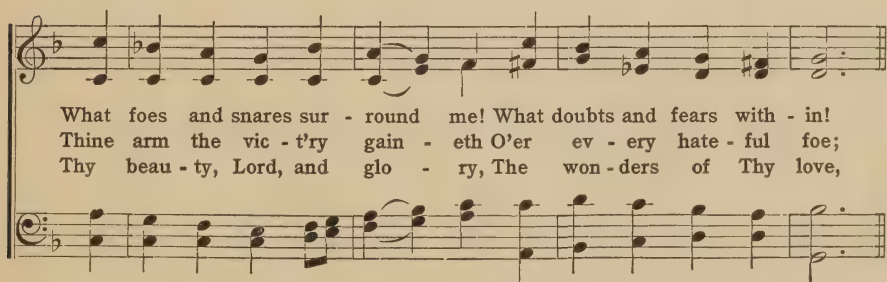
James W. Elliott



1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to Thy wound-ed side;
 2. 'Tis on - ly in Thee hid - ing, I know my life se - cure;
 3. Soon shall my eyes be - hold Thee With rap - ture, face to face;



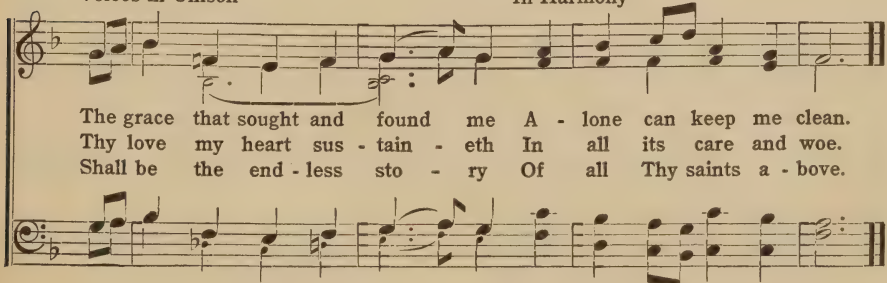
'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide
 A - lone in Thee a - bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure:
 One half hath not been told me Of all Thy power and grace;



What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears with - in!
 Thine arm the vic - t'ry gain - eth O'er ev - ery hate - ful foe;
 Thy beau - ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The won - ders of Thy love,

Voices in Unison

In Harmony



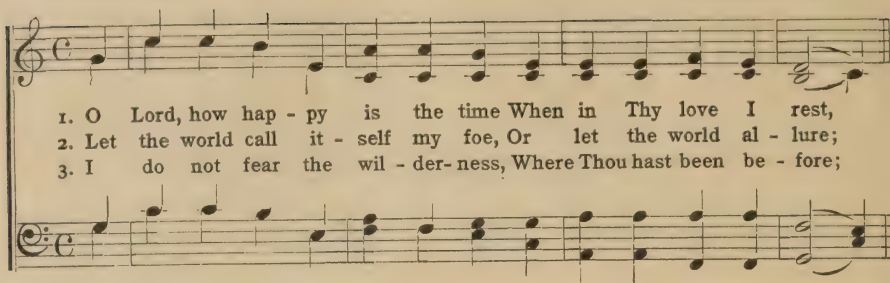
The grace that sought and found me A - lone can keep me clean.
 Thy love my heart sus - tain - eth In all its care and woe.
 Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all Thy saints a - bove.

O Lord, How Happy Is the Time

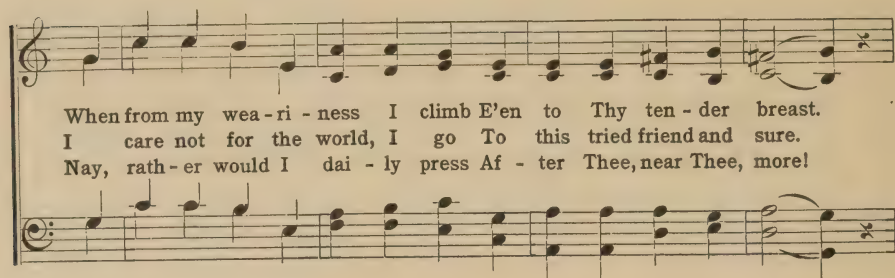
TRUST C. M. D.

W. C. Deseler

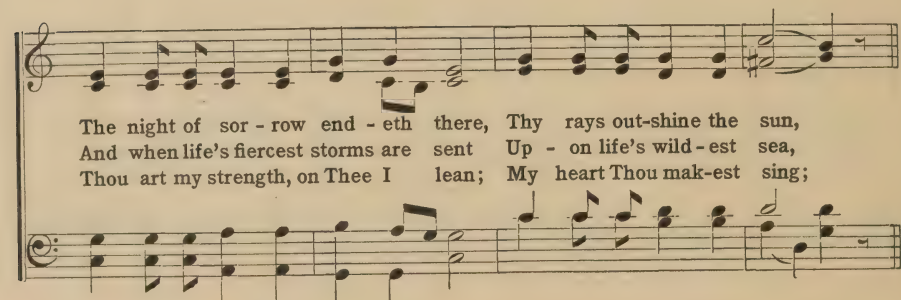
Norwegian Folk-song



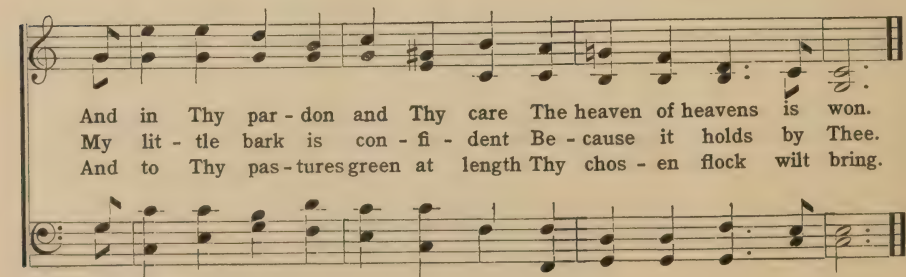
1. O Lord, how hap - py is the time When in Thy love I rest,
 2. Let the world call it - self my foe, Or let the world al - lure;
 3. I do not fear the wil - der-ness, Where Thou hast been be - fore;



When from my wea - ri - ness I climb E'en to Thy ten - der breast.
 I care not for the world, I go To this tried friend and sure.
 Nay, rath - er would I dai - ly press Af - ter Thee, near Thee, more!



The night of sor - row end - eth there, Thy rays out-shine the sun,
 And when life's fiercest storms are sent Up - on life's wild - est sea,
 Thou art my strength, on Thee I lean; My heart Thou mak - est sing;



And in Thy par - don and Thy care The heaven of heavens is won.
 My lit - tle bark is con - fi - dent Be - cause it holds by Thee.
 And to Thy pas - tures green at length Thy chos - en flock wilt bring.

O Jesus Christ, Grow Thou in Me

J. C. Lavater

BELMONT C. M.

S. Webbe

1. O Je - sus Christ, grow Thou in me, And all things else re - cede;
 2. Each day, let Thy sup - port - ing might My weak - ness still em - brace;
 3. In Thy bright beams, which on me fall, Fade ev - ery e - vil thought;

My heart be dai - ly near - er Thee, From sin be dai - ly freed.
 My dark - ness van - ish in Thy light; Thy life my death e - face.
 That I am noth - ing, Thou art all, I would be dai - ly taught.

4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
 Be Thou my life and aim;
 Oh! make me daily, through Thy grace,
 More worthy of Thy Name.

5 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
 My every motive move;
 Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
 My passion and my love.

Lord Jesus, Are We One With Thee

James G. Deck

WIRTH C. M.

W. B. Bradbury

1. Lord Je - sus, are we one with Thee? O height! O depth of love!
 2. Such was Thy grace, that for our sake Thou didst from heaven come down,
 3. Our sins, our guilt, in love di - vine, Con - fessed and borne by Thee;
 4. As - cend - ed now, in glo - ry bright, Still one with us Thou art;

With Thee we died up - on the tree, In Thee we live a - bove.
 Thou didst of flesh and blood par - take, In all our sor - rows one.
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine To set Thy mem - bers free.
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height, Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery,
 That Thou with us art truly one,
 And we are one with Thee!

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
 When, seated on Thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
 That Thou with us art one.

Thou Life, Within My Life

ROCHESTER 10. 10. 10. 10.

Eliza Scudder

John H. Strong

1. Thou Life with - in my life, than self more near,
 2. Be - low all depths Thy sav - ing mer - cy lies,
 3. Take part with me a - gainst these doubts that rise
 4. How shall I call Thee Who art al - ways here?

Thou veil - ed pres - ence in - fi - nite - ly clear,
 Through thick - est glooms I see Thy light a - rise;
 And seek to throne Thee far in dis - tant skies;
 How shall I praise Thee Who art still more dear?

From all il - lu - sive shows of sense I flee
 A - bove the high - est heavens Thou art not found
 Take part with me a - gainst this self that dares
 What may I give Thee, save what Thou hast given?

To find my cen - ter and my rest in Thee.
 More sure - ly, than with - in this earth - ly round.
 As - sume the bur - den of these sins and cares.
 And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?

Jesus, Grant Me This, I Pray

VISTULA 7. 7. 7. 7.

Latin. Trans. by Henry W. Baker

Polish Folk-song

1. Je - sus, grant me this, I pray, Ev - er in Thy
 2. If the e - vil one pre - pare, Or the world, a
 3. If the flesh, more dan - gerous still, Tempt my soul to
 4. Death will come one day to me; Je - sus, cast me

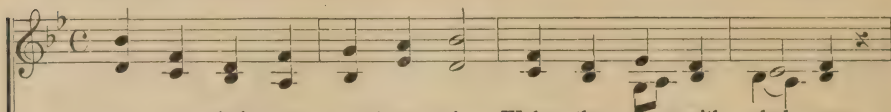
heart to stay; Let me ev - er - more a - bide,
 tempt - ing snare, I am safe when I a - bide
 deeds of ill, Nought I fear when I a - bide
 not from Thee; Dy - ing, let me still a - bide

Hid - den in Thy wound - ed side, Thy wound - ed side.
 In Thy heart and wound - ed side, Thy wound - ed side.
 In Thy heart and wound - ed side, Thy wound - ed side.
 In Thy heart and wound - ed side, Thy wound - ed side.

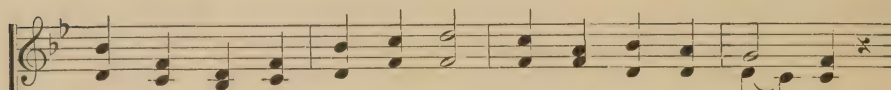
ROSENIUS 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

St. Joseph the Hymnographer. Trans. by John M. Neale

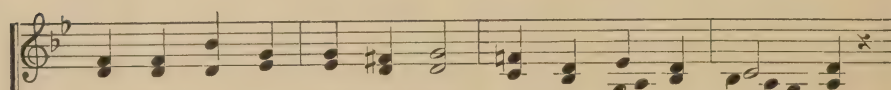
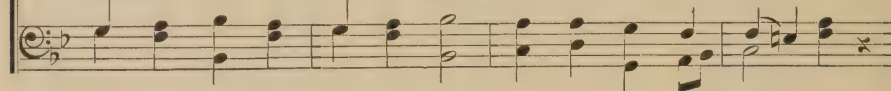
G. Wennerberg



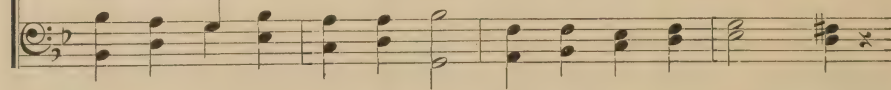
1. Let our choir new an-thems raise, Wake the morn with glad-ness.
 2. Nev - er flinched they from the flame, From the tor - ture nev - er;
 3. Faith they had that knew not shame, Love that could not lan - guish;
 4. Up and fol - low, Chris - tian men! Press through toil and sor - row,



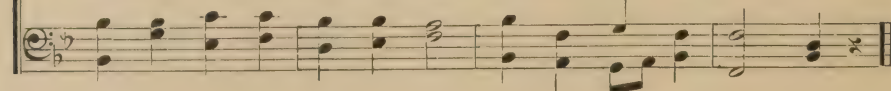
God Him - self to joy and praise Turns the mar - tyr's sad - ness:
 Vain the foe - man's sharp - est aim, Sa - tan's best en - deav - or:
 And e - ter - nal hope o'er - came Mo - men - ta - ry an - guish.
 Spurn the night of fear, and then O the glo - rious mor - row!



This the day that won the crown, O - pened heaven's bright por - tal,
 For by faith they saw the land, Decked in all its glo - ry,
 He, who trod the self - same road, Death and hell de - feat - ed;
 Who will ven - ture on the strife? Who will first be - gin it?



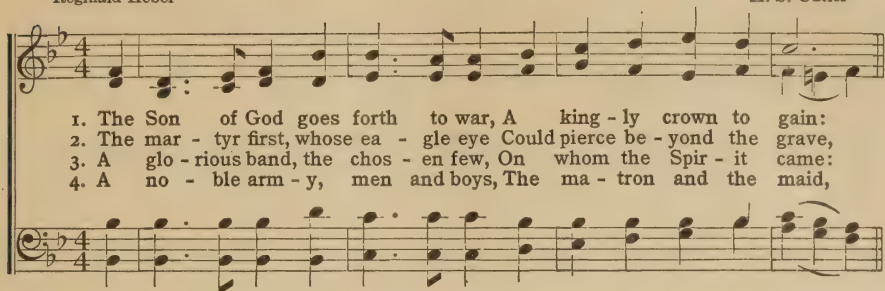
As they laid the mor - tal down, To put on the im - mor - tal.
 Where tri - um - phant now they stand With the vic - tor's sto - ry.
 Wherefore these their sufferings showed Cal - va - ry re - peat - ed.
 Who will seize the land of life? War - riors, up and win it.



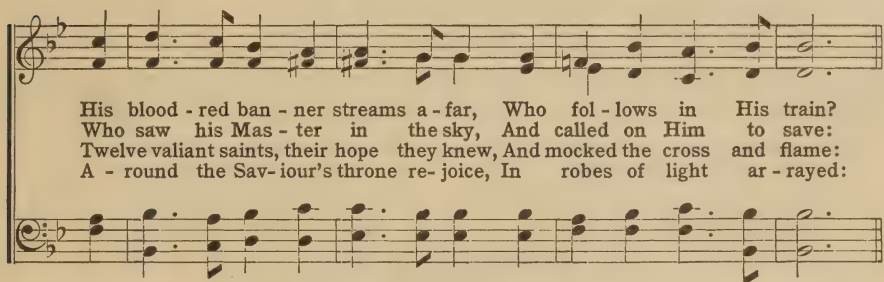
ALL SAINTS C. M. D.

Reginald Heber

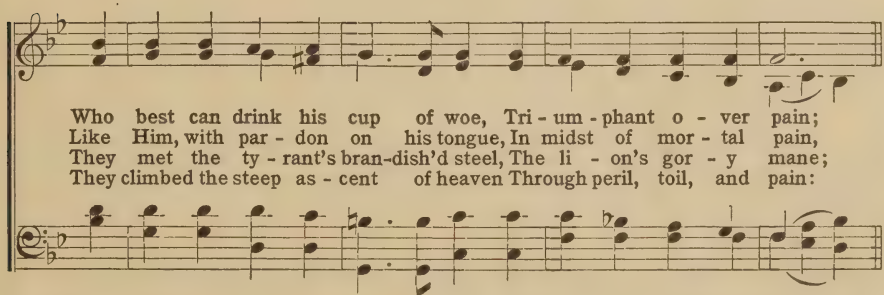
H. S. Cutler



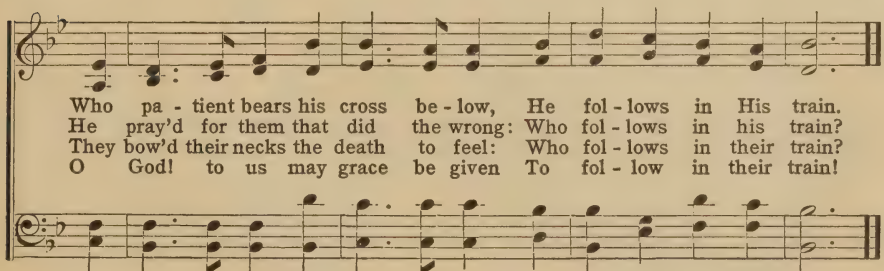
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain:
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
 3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came:
 4. A no - ble arm - y, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
 A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain;
 Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the ty - rant's bran - dish'd steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heaven Through peril, toil, and pain:



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
 They bow'd their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God! to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train!

Lo! What a Cloud of Witnesses

Scotch Paraphrase

STRATHCATHRO C. M.

Scotch Hymn Melody

1. Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness - es En - com - pass us a - round!
 2. Let us, with zeal like theirs in-spired, Strive in the Chris - tian race
 3. Be - hold a Wit - ness no - bler still, Who trod af - flic - tion's path;

Men, once like us with suf-fering tried, But now with glo - ry crowned.
 And, freed from e - very weight of sin, Their ho - ly foot-steps trace.
 Je - sus, the Au - thor, Fin - ish - er, Re - ward - er of our faith.

4 He for the joy before Him set,
 And, moved by pitying love,
 Endured the cross, despised the shame,
 And now He reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
 Press we to God's right hand:
 There, with the Saviour and His saints,
 Triumphantly to stand.

For the Warfare, Gird it On

Horatius Bonar

VIGILATE 7. 7. 7. 3.

W. H. Monk

1. For the war-fare gird it on; Not un - til the fight be won
 2. Sharp its edge: oh! use it well! Strong a - gainst the strong-est spell,
 3. Wea-pon of the true and just, Trust it strong-ly, war - rior, trust;
 4. Strike for God and let each blow Tell on Sa - tan's o - ver - throw;

And the hot day's work is done, Lay it by.
 Ev - er framed in earth or hell, It will prove.
 Keep it free from earth - ly rust: Win it must.
 Be the ru - in of a foe: Strike for God!

5 Sword of God, thy power we hail;
 He who has thee cannot fail,
 He who trusts thee must prevail,
 Mighty sword!

6 Till the warfare shall be done,
 Till the victory be won,
 Till the triumph be begun,
 Grasp we thee.

Lead on, O King Eternal!

LANGE-MUELLER 7. 6. 7. 6. 12 lines

Ernest W. Shurtleff

P. E. Lange-Mueller

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! The day of march has come: Hence-
 2. For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums, But

forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home. Through days of pre - par -
 deeds of love and mer - cy The heavenly kingdom comes. Lead on, O King E -

a - tion Thy grace has made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We
 ter - nal! We fol - low not with fears, For gladness breaks like morning Wher -

lift our bat - tle song. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal! Till sin's fierce war shall
 e'er Thy face ap - pears; Thy Cross is lift - ed o'er us, We jour - ney in its

cease, And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet a - men of peace.
 light; The crown a - waits the con - quest: Lead on, O God of might.

Soldiers, Who Are Christ's Below

J. H. Clark

ELLINGHAM 7. 7. 7. 7.

Nathaniel S. Godfrey

1. Sol - diers, who are Christ's be - low, Strong in faith, re - sist the foe;
 2. 'Tis no palm of fad - ing leaves That the conqueror's hand re - ceives;
 3. For the souls that o - ver - come Waits the beauteous heav - en - ly home,

Bound - less is the pledged re - ward, Un - to them who serve the Lord.
 Joys are his, se - rene and pure, Light that ev - er shall en - dure.
 Where the bless - ed ev - er - more Tread on high the star - ry floor.

4 Passing soon and little worth
 Are the things that tempt on earth;
 Heavenward lift thy soul's regard,
 God Himself is thy Reward.

5 Father, who the crown dost give,
 Saviour, by whose death we live,
 Spirit, who our hearts doth raise,
 Three in One, Thy Name we praise.

Fight the Good Fight

John S. B. Monsell

PENTECOST L. M

William Boyd

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might! Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
 2. Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;
 3. Cast care a - side, up - on thy Guide Lean, and His mer - cy will pro - vide;
 4. Faint not nor fear, His arms are near, He chang - eth not and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
 Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Lean, and the trust - ing soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

Cross of Christ! Lead Onward

CROSS OF CHRIST 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

R. Kelso Carter

R. Kelso Carter

1. Cross of Christ! lead onward, Through the ho-ly war; In this sign we con-quer,
 2. Not with pomp and pageant, Not in earthly pride; We must fight our bat-tles,
 3. Pan-o-plied in gra-cies, Bold, yet humbly meek; Resting, while we're working,

Now and ev-er-more. Not of man the pow-er, Not to man the fame;
 Like the Cru-ci-fied. O-ver-come by suf-f'ring, Con-quer through de-feat;
 Strong, but ev-er weak. Tim-id, though cour-a-geous, Gain-ing as we give;

Refrain

We are victors on-ly In our Leader's name.
 Tried and tested dai-ly In the fur-nace heat. Cross of Christ! lead on-ward,
 Cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, Yet, in Him, we live.

Thro' the ho-ly war; In this sign we con-quer Now and ev-er-more.

- 4 By a cloud encompassed,
 Witnesses above;
 Saints, apostles, prophets,
 Precious ones we love;
 Whi'e "advance!" is sounding,
 Mounts the battle thrill.
 Cross of Christ! lead onward
 Where the Captain will.

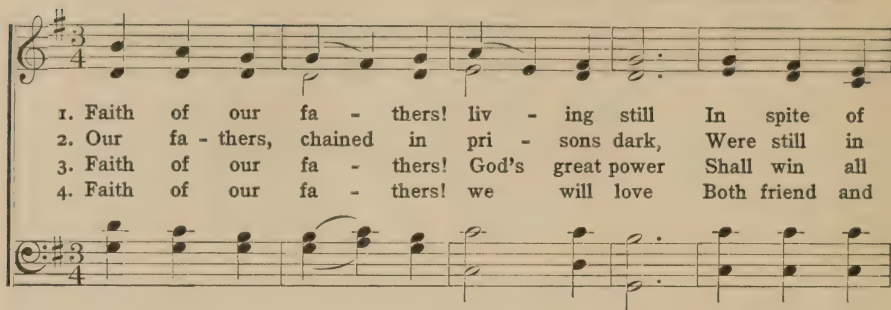
- 5 Marching in the pathway
 That the Master trod,
 Walks One daily with us
 Like the Son of God.
 To the end enduring,
 Armor ne'er laid down
 Till the cross leads upward
 To the blood-bought crown.

Faith of Our Fathers! Living Still

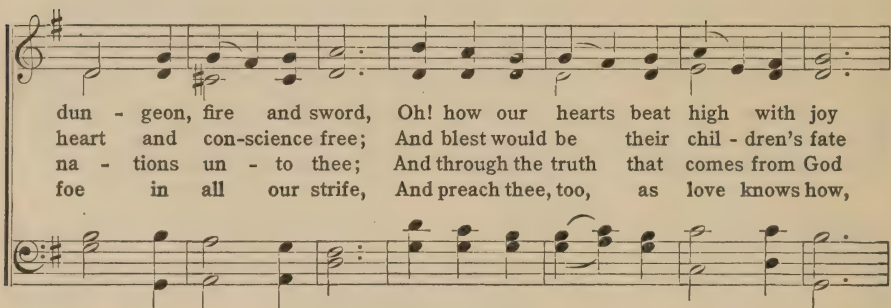
ST. CATHERINE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Frederick W. Faber

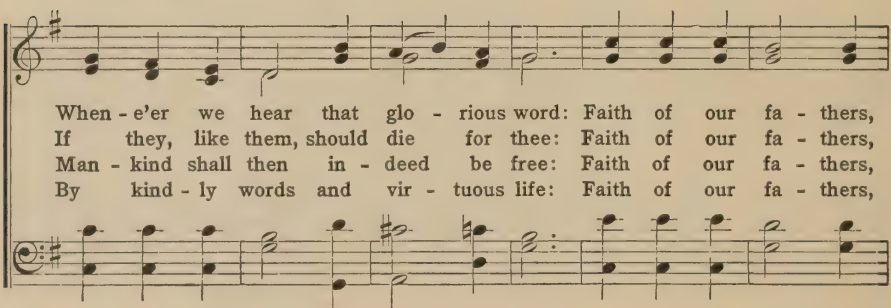
Henri F. Hemy. Arranged by James G. Walton



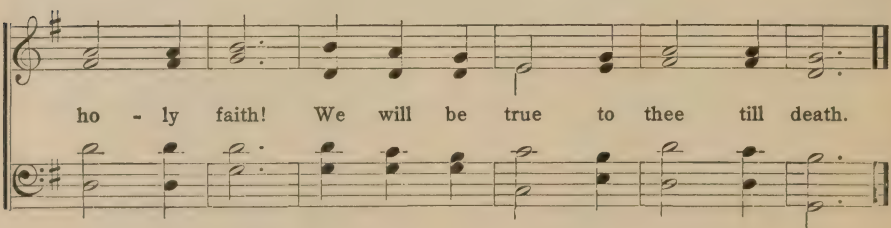
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pri - sons dark, Were still in
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! God's great power Shall win all
 4. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and



dun - geon, fire and sword, Oh! how our hearts beat high with joy
 heart and con-science free; And blest would be their chil - dren's fate
 na - tions un - to thee; And through the truth that comes from God
 foe in all our strife, And preach thee, too, as love knows how,



When - e'er we hear that glo - rious word: Faith of our fa - thers,
 If they, like them, should die for thee: Faith of our fa - thers,
 Man - kind shall then in - deed be free: Faith of our fa - thers,
 By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life: Faith of our fa - thers,



ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

Stand Fast for Christ the Saviour

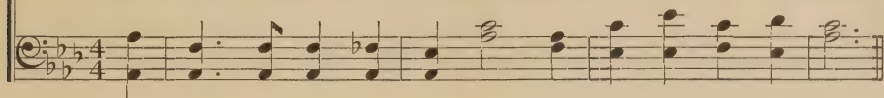
ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

Walter J. Mathams

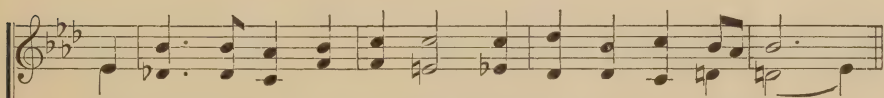
John B. Dykes



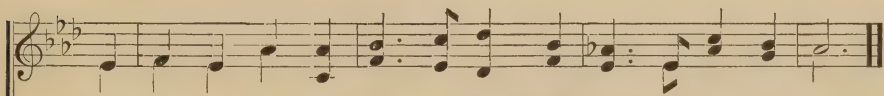
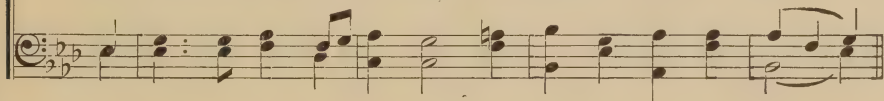
1. Stand fast for Christ the Sav - iour! Stand fast, what - e'er be - tide!
 2. Stout - heart - ed like a sol - dier Who nev - er leaves the fight,
 3. Stand fast for Christ the Sav - iour, He once stood fast for thee,



Keep thou the faith unstained, unshamed, By keep - ing at His side;
 But meets the foe - man face to face And meets him with his might,
 And stand - eth still and still shall stand For all e - ter - ni - ty;



Be faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, Wher - e'er thy lot be cast
 So bear thee in thy bat - tles Un - til the war be past;
 Be faith - ful, Oh! be faith - ful, To love so true, so vast;



Stand fast for Christ, stand fast for Christ, Stand faith - ful to the last.
 Stand fast for Christ, stand fast for Christ, Stand faith - ful to the last.
 Stand fast in Christ, stand fast in Christ, Stand faith - ful to the last.



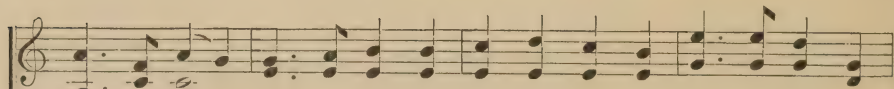
Henry Van Dyke

THE KING'S SONG 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

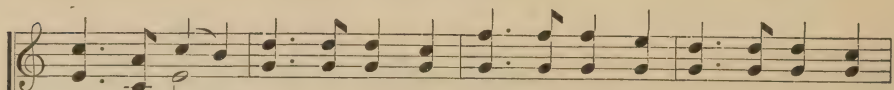
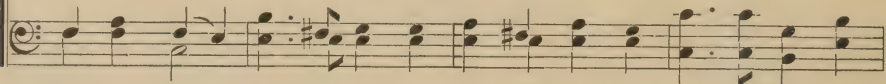
Eduard Grieg



1. Now a - gain the world is shak - en, Tem - pests break on
 2. Thrones are fall - ing, heath - en rag - ing, Peo - ples dream - ing
 3. Hu - man wis - dom in con - fu - sion Casts a - way the
 4. Right e - ter - nal, love im - mor - tal, Built the house where



sea and shore; Earth, with ru - in o - ver - tak - en, Trem - bles while the
 as of yore Vain im - ag - in - a - tions, wag - ing Man with man, un -
 forms it wore; An - cient er - ror, new il - lu - sion Lose the phan - tom
 we a - dore; Mer - cy is its gold - en por - tal, Vir - tue its un -



storm-winds roar; He a - bid - eth who con - fi - deth; God is God for
 mean - ing war; He a - bid - eth who con - fi - deth; Christ is King for
 fruit they bore; He a - bid - eth who con - fi - deth; Truth is truth for
 shak - en floor; He a - bid - eth who con - fi - deth; God is God for



ev - er - more, God is God for ev - er, ev - er - more.
 ev - er - more, Christ is King for ev - er, ev - er - more.
 ev - er - more, Truth is truth for ev - er, ev - er - more.
 ev - er - more, God is God for ev - er, ev - er - more.

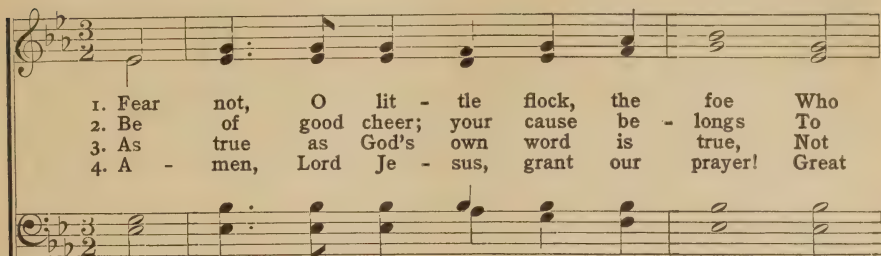


Fear Not, O Little Flock, the Foe

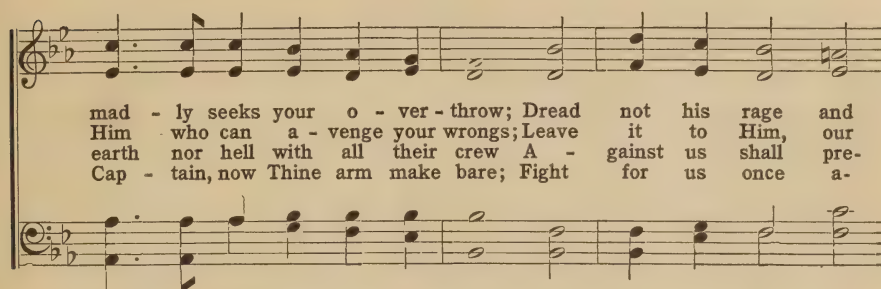
MERIBAH 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

Gustavus Adolphus. Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

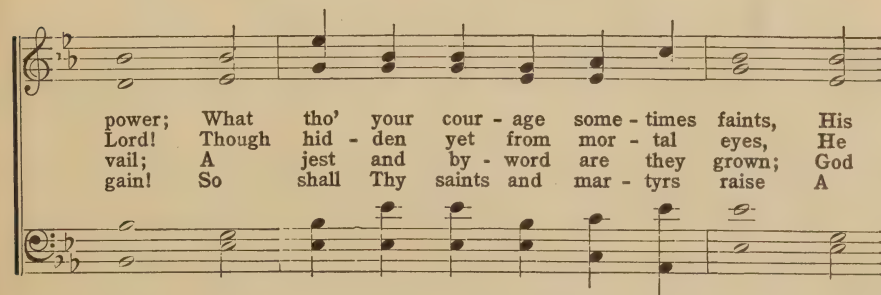
Lowell Mason



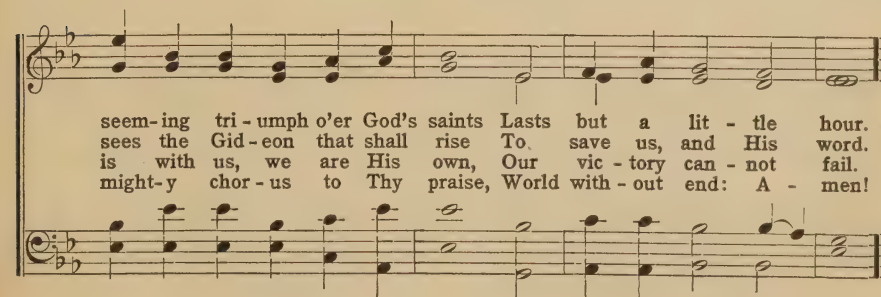
1. Fear not, O lit - tle flock, the foe Who
 2. Be of good cheer; your cause be - longs To
 3. As true as God's own word is true, Not
 4. A - men, Lord Je - sus, grant our prayer! Great



mad - ly seeks your o - ver - throw; Dread not his rage and
 Him who can a - venge your wrongs; Leave it to Him, our
 earth nor hell with all their crew A - gainst us shall pre-
 Cap - tain, now Thine arm make bare; Fight for us once a -



power; What tho' your cour - age some - times faints, His
 Lord! Though hid - den yet from mor - tal eyes, He
 vail; A jest and by - word are they grown; God
 gain! So shall Thy saints and mar - tyrs raise A



seem - ing tri - umph o'er God's saints Lasts but a lit - tle hour.
 sees the Gid - eon that shall rise To save us, and His word.
 is with us, we are His own, Our vic - tory can - not fail.
 might - y chor - us to Thy praise, World with - out end: A - men!

Onward, Christian Soldiers

ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

Sabine Baring-Gould

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. Like a might-y arm - y, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;

Refrain

Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
 We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
 This through countless a-ges Men and an-gels sing. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

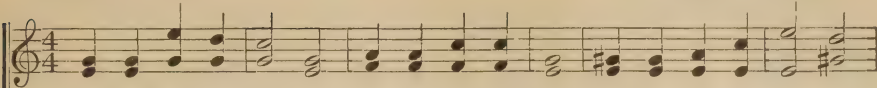
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.
 war, With the cross of Je-sus

Who is on the Lord's Side?

ARMAGEDDON 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 lines

Frances R. Havergal

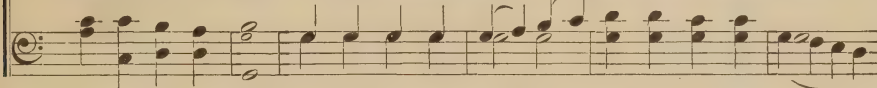
Arranged by John Goss



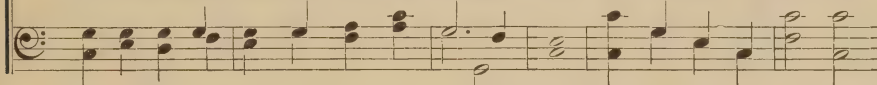
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,



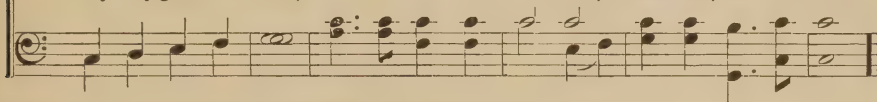
Oth-er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the warrior psalm; But for Love that claim-eth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 He whom Je-sus nam-eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
 Thou hast made us will-ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion,



By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.



- 4 Fierce may be the conflict,
 Strong may be the foe,
 But the King's own army
 None can overthrow:
 Round His standard ranging,
 Victory is secure;
 For His truth unchanging
 Makes the triumph sure.
 Joyfully enlisting
 By Thy grace Divine,
 We are on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, we are Thine.

- 5 Chosen to be soldiers
 In an alien land,
 Chosen, called, and faithful,
 For our Captain's band;
 In the service royal
 Let us not grow cold;
 Let us be right loyal,
 Noble, true, and bold.
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,
 By Thy grace Divine,
 Always on the Lord's side,
 Saviour, always Thine.

Christian, Dost Thou See Them

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

St. Andrew of Crete. Trans. by John M. Neale

John B. Dykes

1. Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
 2. Chris - tian, dost thou feel them, How they work with - in,
 3. Chris - tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?
 4. Well I know thy trou - ble, O My ser - vant true;

How the powers of e - - vil Rage thy steps a - round?
 Striv - ing, tempt - ing, lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?
 'Al - ways fast and vi - gil? Al - ways watch and prayer?"
 Thou art ver - y wea - ry, - I was wea - ry too.

f Unison Harmony

Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
 Chris - tian, nev - er trem - ble, Nev - er be down - cast,
 Chris - tian, an - swer bold - ly, "While I breathe I pray;"
 But that toil shall make thee Some day all Mine own;

Smite them by the mer - it Of the Sav - iour's Cross.
 Still thy trust in Je - sus Ev - er hold thou fast.
 Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.
 And the end of sor - row Shall be near My throne.

343 Through Good Report and Evil, Lord

Horatius Bonar

SOUTHGATE 8. 8. 8. 4.

T. B. Southgate, arranged

1. Through good re - port and e - vil, Lord, Still guid-ed by Thy faith-ful word,—
 2. With e - ne - mies on ev - ery side, We lean on Thee, the Cru - ci - fied;
 3. Thou hast passed on be - fore our face; Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
 4. Whom have we in the heaven a - bove, Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?

Our staff, our buck - ler, and our sword,—We fol - - low Thee.
 For - sak - ing all on earth be - side, We fol - - low Thee.
 Oh, keep us, aid us by Thy grace: We fol - - low Thee.
 Still in Thy light we on - ward move; We fol - - low Thee.

344 Comrades, Come, Take Up Your Cross

W. Mitchell

CAPETOWN 7. 7. 7. 5.

F. Filitz

1. Com-rades, come, take up your cross, Count your earth-ly gain but loss;
 2. Round us throng un - numbered foes Sins, temp - ta - tions, bit - ter woes,
 3. Char - iot - wheels are com - ing near, Soon the Bridegroom will be here,

Crowns in - stead of earth - ly dross Wait . us o - ver there!
 Yet o'er all our Sav - iour rose, Con - quer - or for aye!
 Then His saints with Him ap - pear, Clothed in spot - less white.

4 Oh! it's worth a lifelong fight,
 Worth the toil in darkest night,
 There to dwell in realms of light,
 There in full to rest.

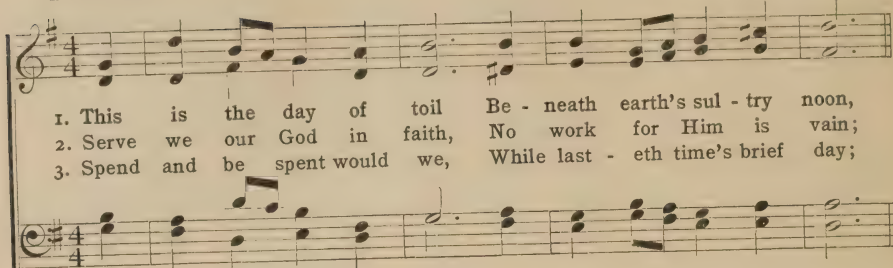
5 Onward, then, with joy and song;
 Though the fight be hard and strong,
 Heaven's rest will come ere long,
 Ev'ry toil be done.

This is the Day of Toil

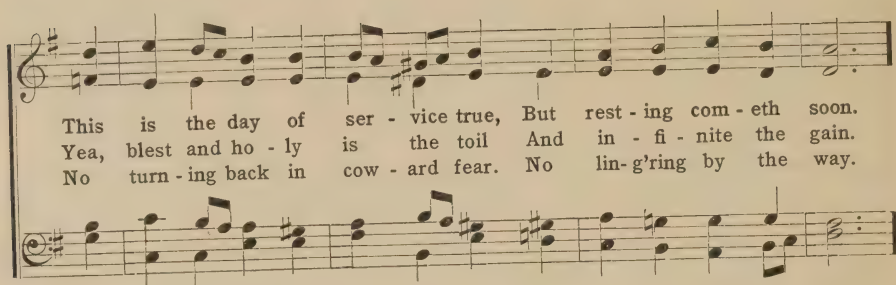
MARION S. M. with Refrain

Horatius Bonar

Arthur H. Messiter

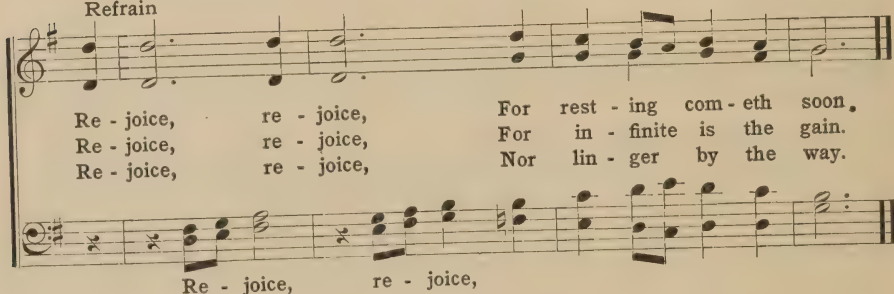


1. This is the day of toil Be - neath earth's sul - try noon,
 2. Serve we our God in faith, No work for Him is vain;
 3. Spend and be spent would we, While last - eth time's brief day;



This is the day of ser - vice true, But rest - ing com - eth soon.
 Yea, blest and ho - ly is the toil And in - fi - nite the gain.
 No turn - ing back in cow - ard fear. No lin - g'ring by the way.

Refrain



Re - joice, re - joice, For rest - ing com - eth soon,
 Re - joice, re - joice, For in - finite is the gain.
 Re - joice, re - joice, Nor lin - ger by the way.

Re - joice, re - joice,

4 Onward we press in haste,
 Upward our journey still;
 Ours is the path the Master trod
 Through good report and ill.
 Rejoice! rejoice!
 In good report and ill.

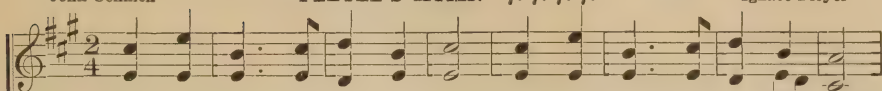
5 The way may rougher grow,
 The weariness increase,
 We gird our loins and hasten on;
 The end, the end is peace.
 Rejoice! rejoice!
 The end, the end is peace.

Children of the Heavenly King

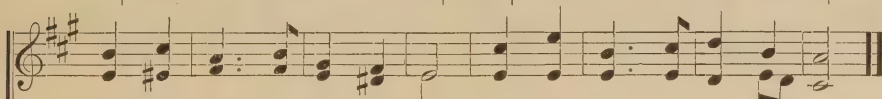
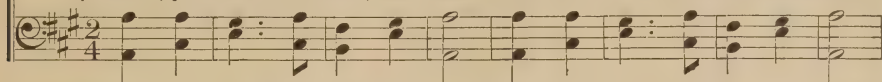
John Cennick

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7. 7. 7. 7.

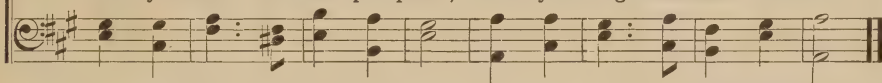
Ignace Pleyel



1. Chil - dren of the Heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweetly sing;
 2. Ye are trav - elling home to God In the way the fa - thers trod;
 3. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light! Si - on's ci - ty is in sight;
 4. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest! You on Je - sus' throne shall rest:



Sing your Sav-iour's worth-y praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
 They are hap - py now and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 There our end - less home shall be; There our Lord we soon shall see.
 There your seat is now pre - pared, There your king - dom and re - ward.



5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land.
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

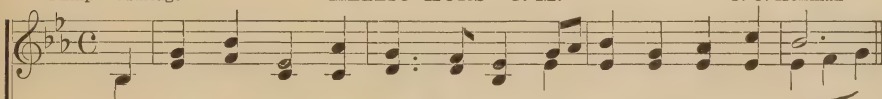
6 Lord, submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our Leader be
 And we still will follow Thee.

O God of Bethel! By Whose Hand

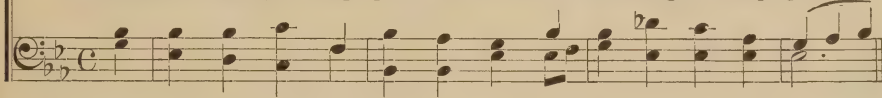
Philip Doddridge

HELLIG KORS C. M.

C. C. Hoffman



1. O God of Beth - el! by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
 2. Our vows, our prayers we now pre - sent, Be - fore Thy throne of grace:
 3. Through each per - plex - ing path of life Our wandering foot-steps guide:



Who through this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led;
 God of our fa - thers! be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race.
 Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro - vide.



4 Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And, at our Father's loved abode,
 Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
 Our humble prayers implore;
 And Thou shalt be our chosen God
 And portion evermore.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

ZION 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

William Williams

First Tune

Thomas Hastings



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen Thou the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing streams do flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my an - xious fears sub - side;



I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy power - ful hand;
 Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through;
 Death of death! and hell's De - struc - tion! Land me safe on Can - aan's side;



Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - liv - erer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.



Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - liv - erer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.



Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

KENSINGTON NEW 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

William Williams

Second Tune

J. Tilliard

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this
 2. O - pen Thou the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art migh - ty;
 streams do flow; Let the fi - ery, clou - dy pil - lar
 fears sub - side; Death of death! and hell's De - struc - tion!

Hold me with Thy power - ful hand; Bread of Heav - en,
 Lead me all my jour - ney through: Strong De - liv - erer,
 Land me safe on Can - aan's side; Songs of prais - es,

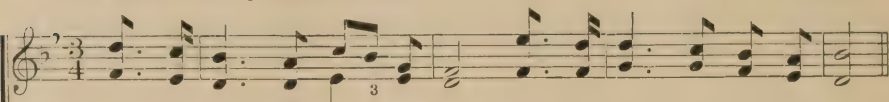
Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - liv - erer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
 Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee.

Though To-Day May Not Fulfil

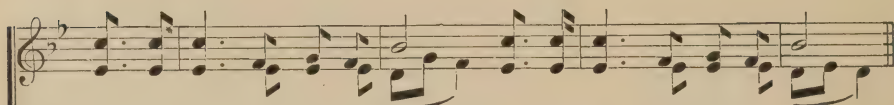
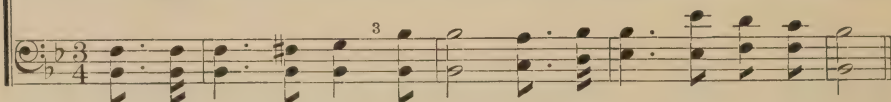
PILOT 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Paul Gerhardt. Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

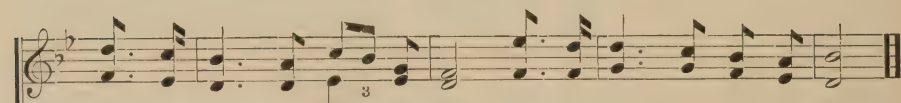
J. E. Gould



1. Though to-day may not ful - fil All thy hopes, have pa-tience still;
2. Ne'er was left a help - less prey, Ne'er with shame was turned a - way,
3. Ev - ery sor - row, ev - ery smart, That the E - ternal Fa-ther's heart
4. I will meet dis - tress and pain, I will greet e'en death's dark reign,



For perchance to-mor-row's sun Sees the hap - pier days be - gun.
 He who gave him-self to God And on Him had cast his load.
 Hath ap-point - ed me of yore Or hath yet for me in store,
 I will lay me in the grave, With a heart still glad and brave.



As God will - eth march the hours, And what-e'er we asked is ours.
 Who in God his hope hath placed Full - est joy he yet shall taste.
 As my life flows on I'll take Calm - ly, glad - ly, for His sake.
 Whom the High - est counts His friend, Can - not per - ish in the end.

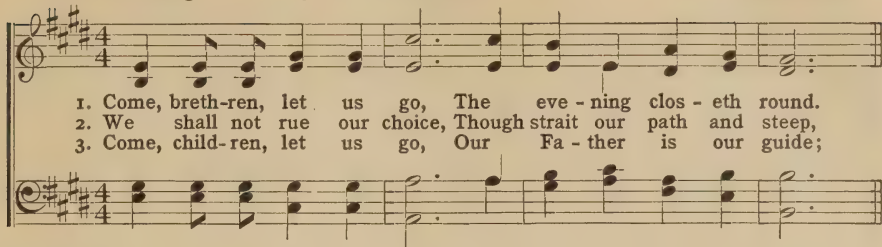


Come, Brethren, Let Us Go

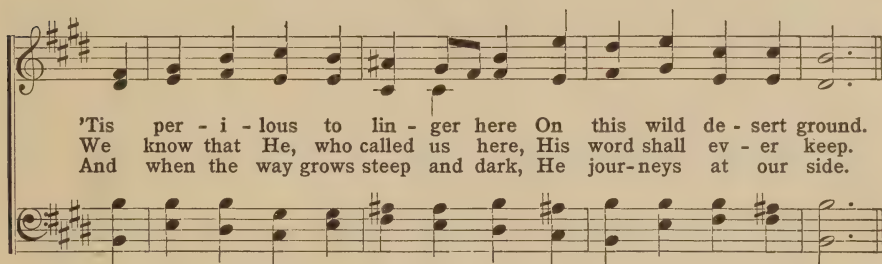
DIADEMATA S. M. D.

Gerhardt Tersteegen. Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

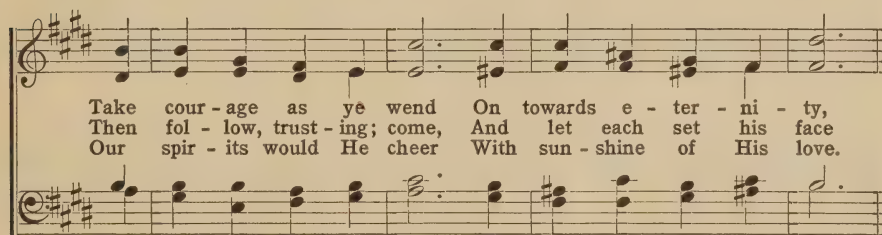
George J. Elvey



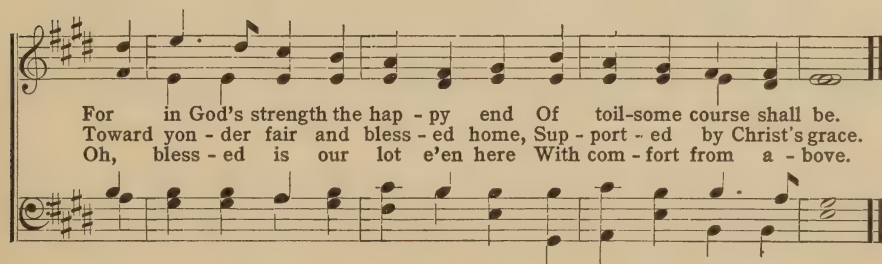
1. Come, breth-ren, let us go, The eve-ning clos-eth round.
 2. We shall not rue our choice, Though strait our path and steep,
 3. Come, child-ren, let us go, Our Fa-ther is our guide;



'Tis per-i-lous to lin-ger here On this wild de-sert ground.
 We know that He, who called us here, His word shall ev-er keep.
 And when the way grows steep and dark, He jour-neys at our side.



Take cour-age as ye wend On towards e-ter-ni-ty,
 Then fol-low, trust-ing; come, And let each set his face
 Our spir-its would He cheer With sun-shine of His love.



For in God's strength the hap-py end Of toil-some course shall be.
 Toward yon-der fair and bless-ed home, Sup-port-ed by Christ's grace.
 Oh, bless-ed is our lot e'en here With com-fort from a-bove.

4 Come, children, let us go,
 We travel hand in hand:
 Each in his brother finds his joy
 In this wild stranger land.
 As children let us be,
 Nor by the way fall out,
 The angels help us brotherly
 And guard us round about.

5 Friend of our perfect choice,
 Thou joy of all that live,
 Alone who know'st not chance or change,
 What courage dost Thou give!
 All beauty, Lord, we see,
 All bliss and life and love
 In Christ, and we rejoice in Thee,
 In whom we live and move.

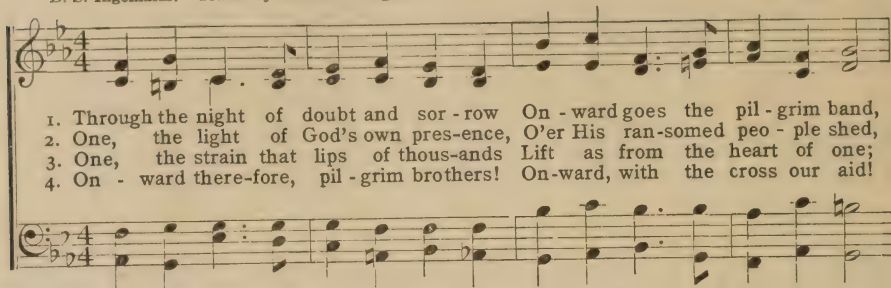
352 Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

NOERDISCHES LIED 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

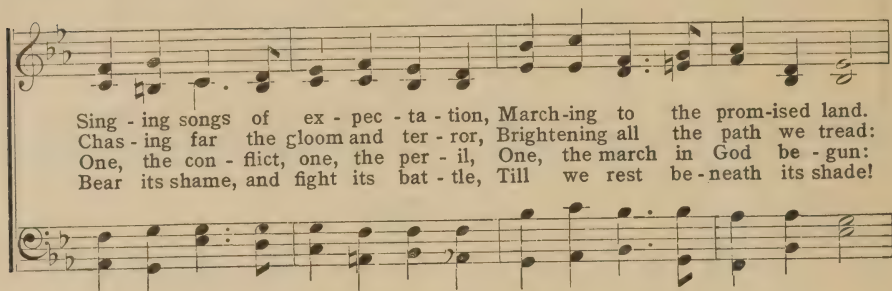
First Tune

B. S. Ingemann. Trans. by Sabine Baring-Gould

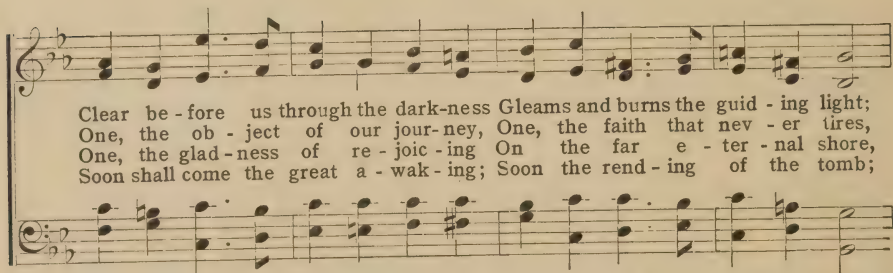
Robert Schumann



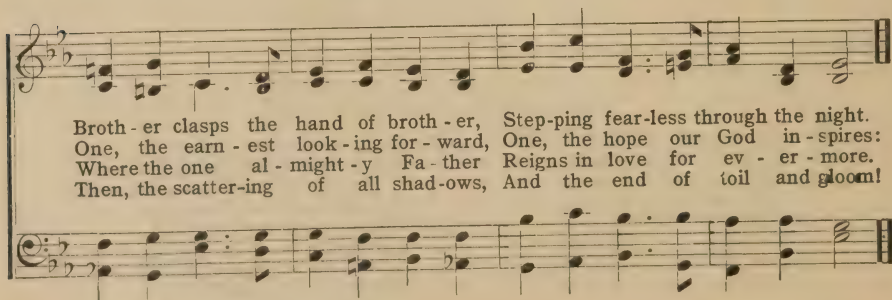
1. Through the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
 2. One, the light of God's own pres-ence, O'er His ran-somed peo-ple shed,
 3. One, the strain that lips of thous-ands Lift as from the heart of one;
 4. On-ward there-fore, pil-grim brothers! On-ward, with the cross our aid!



Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
 Chas-ing far the gloom and ter-ror, Brightening all the path we tread:
 One, the con-flict, one, the per-il, One, the march in God be-gun:
 Bear its shame, and fight its bat-tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade!



Clear be-fore us through the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light;
 One, the ob-ject of our jour-ney, One, the faith that nev-er tires,
 One, the glad-ness of re-joic-ing On the far e-ter-nal shore,
 Soon shall come the great a-wak-ing; Soon the rend-ing of the tomb;



Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less through the night.
 One, the earn-est look-ing for-ward, One, the hope our God in-spires:
 Where the one al-might-y Fa-ther Reigns in love for ev-er-more.
 Then, the scatter-ing of all shad-ows, And the end of toil and gloom!

353 Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

PISANI 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

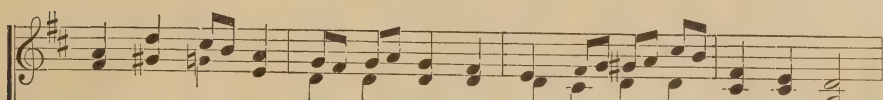
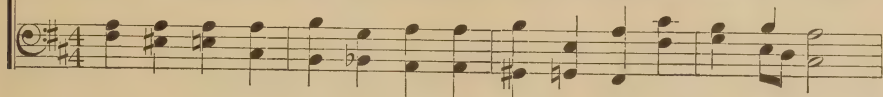
Second Tune

B. S. Ingemann. Trans. by Sabine Baring-Gould

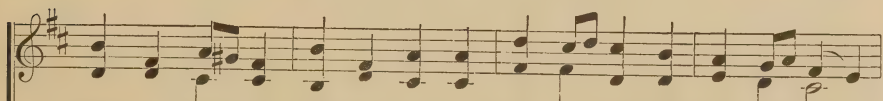
Umberto Pisani



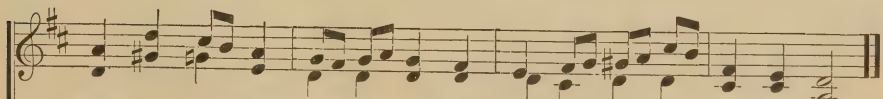
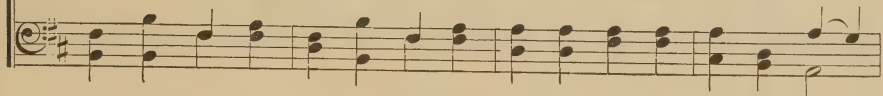
1. Through the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
2. One, the light of God's own presence, O'er His ran-somed peo-ple shed,
3. One, the strain that lips of thousands Lift as from the heart of one;
4. On-ward therefore, pil-grim brothers! On-ward, with the cross our aid!



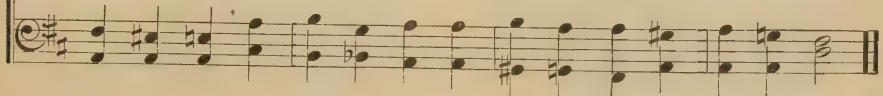
Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
 Chas-ing far the gloom and ter-ror, Brightening all the path we tread:
 One, the con-flict, one, the per-il, One, the march in God be-gun:
 Bear its shame, and fight its bat-tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade!



Clear be-fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light;
 One, the ob-ject of our jour-ney, One, the faith that nev-er tires;
 One, the gladness of re-joic-ing On the far e-ter-nal shore,
 Soon shall come the great a-wak-ing; Soon the rending of the tomb;



Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less through the night.
 One, the earn-est look-ing for-ward, One, the hope our God in-spires:
 Where the one al-might-y Fa-ther Reigns in love for ev-er-more.
 Then, the scattering of all shad-ows, And the end of toil and gloom!



O Happy Band of Pilgrims

MOSSLEIGH 7. 6. 7. 6.

Joseph of the Studium. Trans. by John M. Neale

H. A. Crosbie

1. O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread
 2. O hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men:
 3. The cross that Je - sus car - ried He car - ried as your due:
 4. The tri - als that be - set you, The sor - rows ye en - dure,

With Je - sus as your Fel - low, To Je - sus as your Head!
 O hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hungered then!
 The crown that Je - sus wear - eth He wear - eth it for you.
 The man - i - fold temp - ta - tions That death a - lone can cure;

- 5 What are they but His jewels
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they but the ladder
 Set up to heaven on earth?

- 6 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win so great a prize.

I Cannot Tell if Short or Long

Miss H. O. Knowlton

ST. AGNES C. M.

John B. Dykes

1. I can - not tell if short or long My earth - ly jour - ney be;
 2. Though fierce tempta - tions lie in wait, What need have I to care?
 3. What storms may beat, what bur - dens fall, My soul would not a - void;

But, all the way, I know Thy rod And staff will com - fort me.
 Thou wilt not suf - fer them to hurt Be - yond my strength to bear.
 Who fol - lows Thee, O Lord, may be Cast down, but not de - stroyed.

- 4 Though over steep and rugged ways
 My weary feet be brought,
 Still following where Thy footprints lead,
 I take no anxious thought.

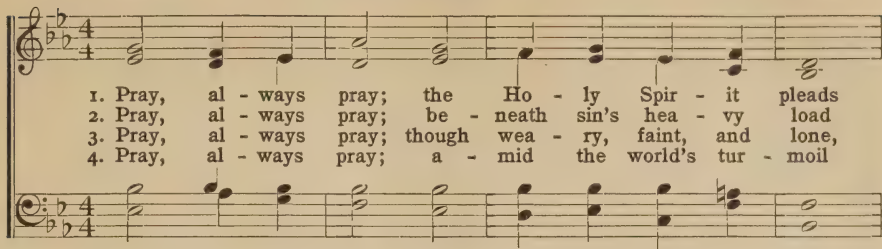
- 5 O perfect peace! O endless rest!
 No care, no vain alarms;
 Beneath my every cross I find
 The Everlasting Arms.

356 Pray, Always Pray; the Holy Spirit Pleads

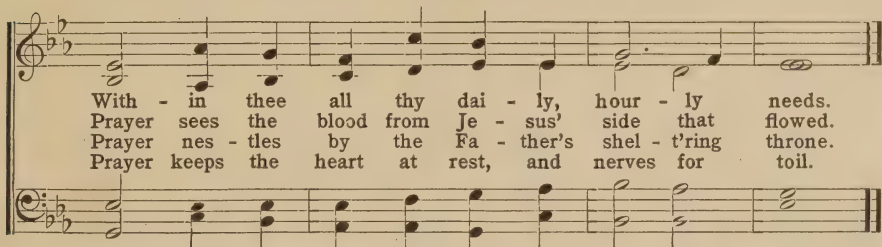
E. H. Bickersteth

COENA DOMINI 10. 10.

Arthur S. Sullivan



1. Pray, al - ways pray; the Ho - ly Spir - it pleads
 2. Pray, al - ways pray; be - neath sin's hea - vy load
 3. Pray, al - ways pray; though wea - ry, faint, and lone,
 4. Pray, al - ways pray; a - mid the world's tur - moil



With - in thee all thy dai - ly, hour - ly needs.
 Prayer sees the blood from Je - sus' side that flowed.
 Prayer nes - tles by the Fa - ther's shel - t'ring throne.
 Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves for toil.

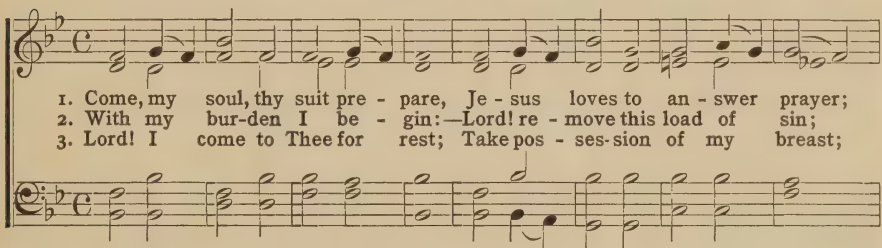
- 5 Pray, always pray; if joys thy pathway throng,
 Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the angel's song.
 6 All earthly things with earth shall fade away;
 Prayer grasps eternity; pray, always pray.

357 Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare

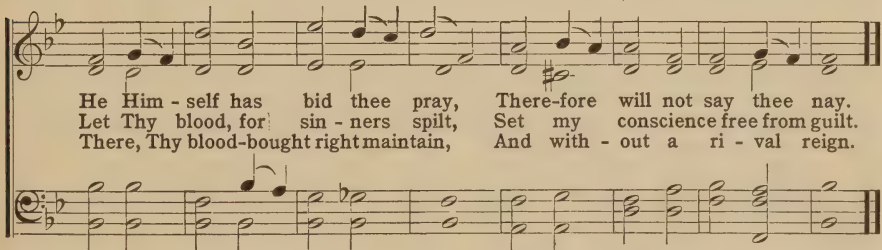
John Newton

FORD 7. 7. 7. 7.

Charles R. Ford



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
 2. With my bur - den I be - gin:—Lord! re - move this load of sin;
 3. Lord! I come to Thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast;



He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay.
 Let Thy blood, for sin - ners spilt, Set my conscience free from guilt.
 There, Thy blood-bought right maintain, And with - out a ri - val reign.

- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

- 5 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die Thy people's death.

358 Peace, Perfect Peace, in This Dark World of Sin

PAX TECUM 10. 10.

E. H. Bickersteth

Charles Vincent and G. T. Caldbeck

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows sur - ging round?
 4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a - way?

The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
 To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
 On Je - sus' bo - som nought but calm is found.
 In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe and they.

- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
 7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

359 Why Should I Fear the Darkest Hour

John Newton

SANKT OLAF 8. 4. 8. 8.

L. M. Lindeman

1. Why should I fear the dark - est hour, The dark - est hour, Or
 2. When earth - ly com - forts fade and die, Do fade and die, Though
 3. I know not what may soon be - tide, May soon be - tide, Or

trem - ble at the temp - ter's pow'r? Je - sus vouch - safes to be my Tower.
 oth - ers weep, yet why should I? Je - sus still lives and still is nigh.
 how my wants shall be sup - plied; But Je - sus knows and will pro - vide.

- 4 Though sin would fill me with distress,
 Me with distress,
 The Throne of Grace I dare address,
 For Jesus is my Righteousness.
- 5 Against me earth and hell combine,
 And hell combine,
 But on my side is power divine;
 Jesus is All and He is mine.

360 Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings

AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6.

Robert Seagrave

"The Foundry Collection," 1742

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
 2. Ri - vers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
 3. Fly me rich - es, fly me cares, Whilst I that coast ex - plore;
 4. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Towards heaven, thy na - tive place.
 Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
 Flat - tering world, with all thy snares, So - lic - it me no more.
 Soon our Sav - iour will re - turn Tri - umph - ant in the skies:

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
 So my soul, de - rived from God, Pants to view His glor - ious face,
 Pil - grims fix not here their home; Stran - gers tar - ry but a night;
 Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be given,

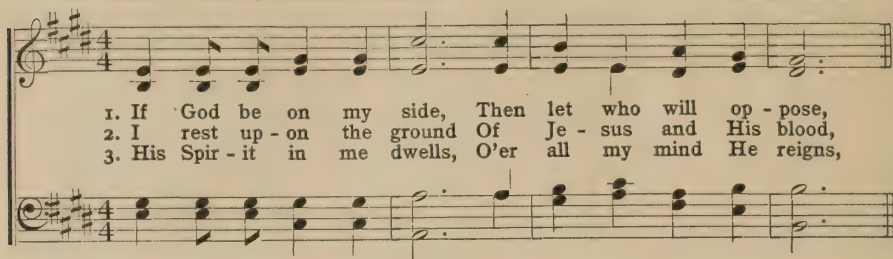
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
 For - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
 When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joy - ful light.
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.

If God Be on My Side

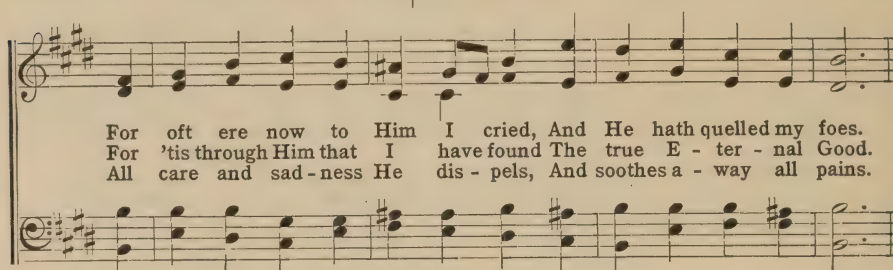
DIADEMATA S. M. D.

Paul Gerhardt. Trans. by Catherine Winkworth

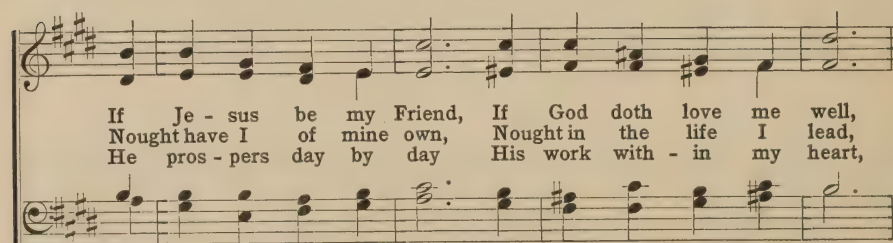
George J. Elvey



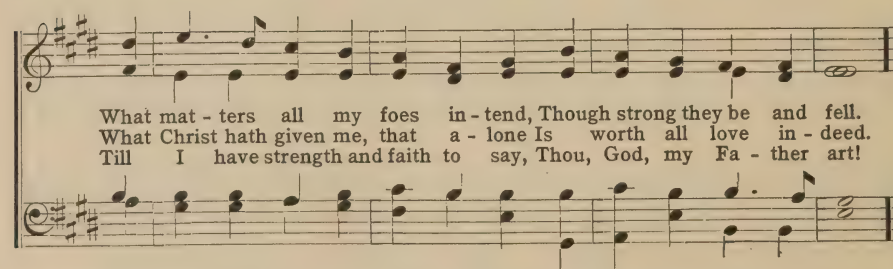
1. If God be on my side, Then let who will op - pose,
 2. I rest up - on the ground Of Je - sus and His blood,
 3. His Spir - it in me dwells, O'er all my mind He reigns,



For oft ere now to Him I cried, And He hath quelled my foes.
 For 'tis through Him that I have found The true E - ter - nal Good.
 All care and sad - ness He dis - pels, And soothes a - way all pains.



If Je - sus be my Friend, If God doth love me well,
 Nought have I of mine own, Nought in the life I lead,
 He pros - pers day by day His work with - in my heart,



What mat - ters all my foes in - tend, Though strong they be and fell.
 What Christ hath given me, that a - lone Is worth all love in - deed.
 Till I have strength and faith to say, Thou, God, my Fa - ther art!

4 He whispers in my breast
 Sweet words of holy cheer,
 How he who seeks in God his rest
 Shall ever find Him near;
 How God hath built above
 A city fair and new,
 Where eye and heart shall see and prove
 What faith had counted true.

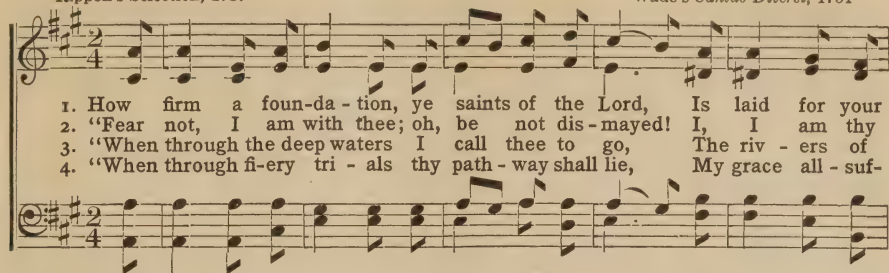
5 My happy heart upsprings,
 It cannot more be sad,
 For very joy it laughs and sings,
 Sees nought but sunshine glad.
 The sun that glads my eyes
 Is Christ the Lord I love,
 I sing for joy of that which lies
 Stored up for us above.

362 How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord

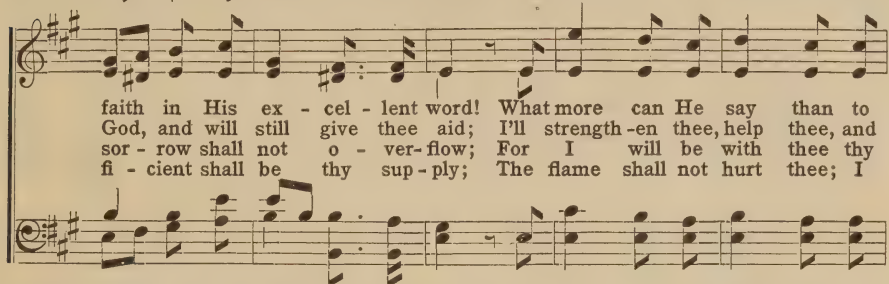
PORTUGUESE HYMN II. II. II. II.

Rippon's Selection, 1787

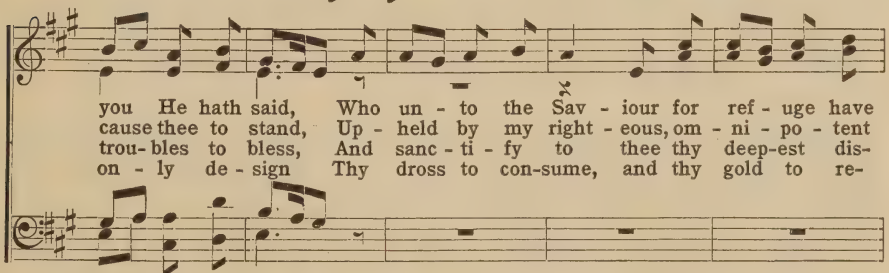
Wade's *Cantus Diversi*, 1751



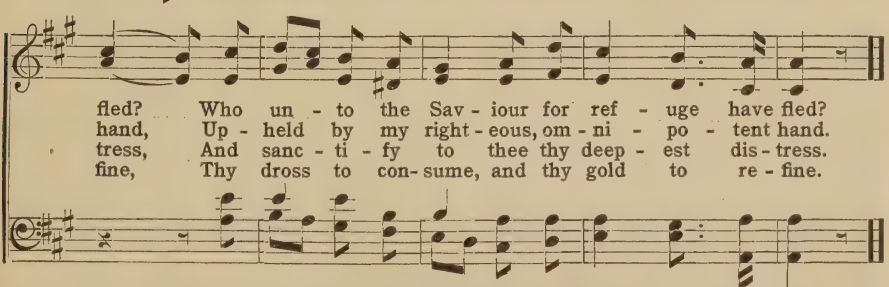
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy
 3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "When through fi-ery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all-suf-



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
 fi-cient shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I



you He hath said, Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my right-eous, om-ni-po-tent
 trou-bles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-



fled? Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my right-eous, om-ni-po-tent hand.
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

- 5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Lord, For Tomorrow and Its Needs

Sibyl F. Partridge

ROMSDAL 8. 4. 8. 4.

Norwegian Folk-song

1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray;
 2. Let me both dil - i - gent - ly work, And du - ly pray;
 3. Let me be slow to do my will; Prompt to o - bey:

Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day.
 Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to - day.
 Help me to sac - ri - fice my - self, Just for to - day.

4 Let me no wrong or idle word,
 Unthinking, say;
 Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
 Just for today.

5 So for tomorrow and its needs
 I do not pray;
 But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
 Just for today.

Courage, Brother! Do Not Stumble

Norman Macleod

GADE 8. 7. 8. 7.

N. V. Gade

1. Cour - age, bro - ther! do not stum - ble, Though thy path be dark as night;
 2. Let the road be rough and drear - y, And its end far out of sight,
 3. Per - ish pol - i - cy and cun - ning, Per - ish all that fears the light!

There's a star to guide the hum - ble: Trust in God and do the right.
 Foot it brave - ly: strong or wea - ry, Trust in God and do the right.
 Wheth - er los - ing, wheth - er win - ning, Trust in God and do the right.

4 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man and look above thee:
 Trust in God and do the right.

5 Simple rule and safest guiding,
 Inward peace and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,
 Trust in God and do the right.

Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart

ARFON 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

John Newton

Welsh Hymn Melody

1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me teach - a -
 2. What Thou shalt to - day pro - vide, Let me as a
 3. As a lit - tle child re - lies On a care be -

ble and mild, Up - right, sim - ple, free from art;
 child re - ceive; What to - mor - row may be - tide,
 yond his own, Knows he's neith - er strong nor wise,

Make me as a wean - ed child, From dis - trust and
 Calm - ly to Thy wis - dom leave; 'Tis e - nough that
 Fears to stir a step a - lone; Let me thus with

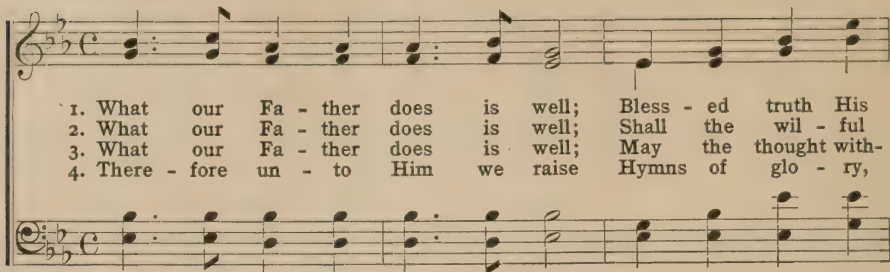
en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.
 Thou wilt care: Why should I the bur - den bear?
 Thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, Guard and Guide.

What Our Father Does is Well

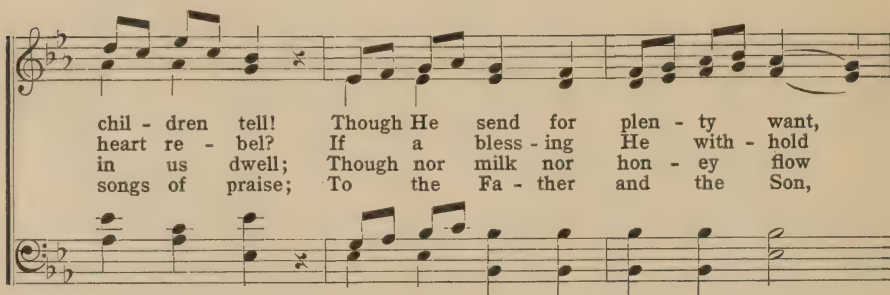
SWITZERLAND 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Benjamin Schmolck. Trans. by Henry W. Baker

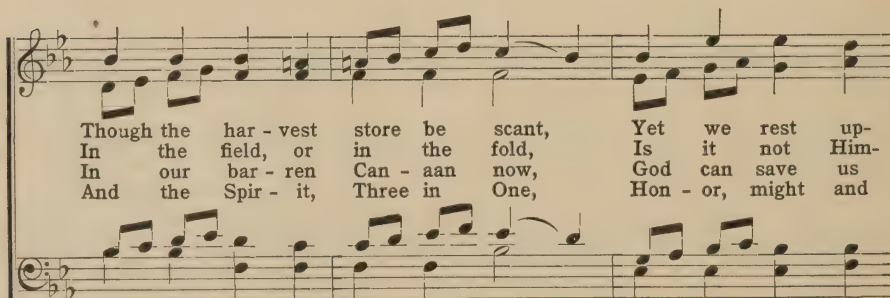
H. G. Naegeli



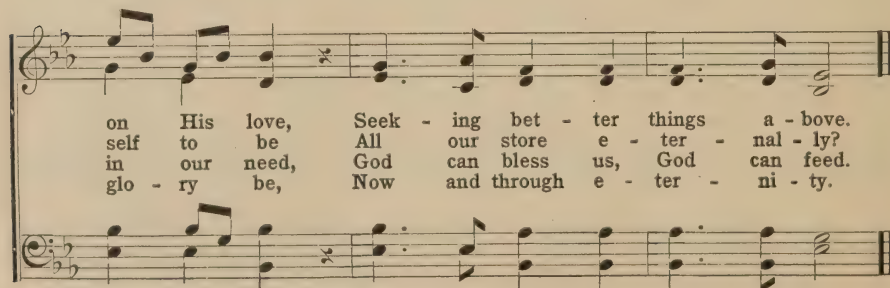
1. What our Fa - ther does is well; Bless - ed truth His
 2. What our Fa - ther does is well; Shall the wil - ful
 3. What our Fa - ther does is well; May the thought with -
 4. There - fore un - to Him we raise Hymns of glo - ry,



chil - dren tell! Though He send for plen - ty want,
 heart re - bel? If a bless - ing He with - hold
 in us dwell; Though nor milk nor hon - ey flow
 songs of praise; To the Fa - ther and the Son,



Though the har - vest store be scant, Yet we rest up -
 In the field, or in the fold, Is it not Him -
 In our bar - ren Can - aan now, God can save us
 And the Spir - it, Three in One, Hon - or, might and



on His love, Seek - ing bet - ter things a - bove.
 self to be All our store e - ter - nal - ly?
 in our need, God can bless us, God can feed.
 glo - ry be, Now and through e - ter - ni - ty.

367 He Who Suns and Worlds Upholdeth

SWEDEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

T. H. Gill

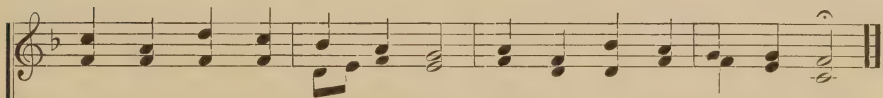
Swedish, 1676



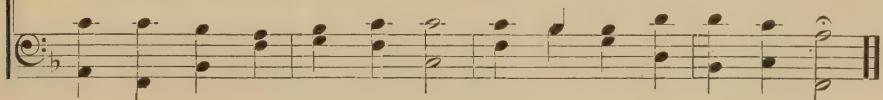
1. He who suns and worlds up - hold - eth Lends us His up - hold - ing hand;
2. He who sage and seer in - struct - ed Will not keep from us His lore:
3. 'Gainst op - pres - sion forth He sends us, His the cause of truth and right.
4. On - ward, up - ward, doth He beck - on; On - ward, up - ward would we press;



He the a - ges who un - fold - eth Doth our times and ways com - mand.
 Who those an - cient saints con - duct - ed Hath not given His guid - ing o'er.
 With His own great host He blends us, Lend - eth us of His own might.
 As His own our bur - dens reck - on, As our own His strength pos - sess.



God is for us, God is ours: In His strength and stay we stand.
 God is for us, God is ours: Help - ful now as here - to - fore.
 God is for us, God is ours: Brings to hap - py end the fight.
 God is for us, God is ours: God, our Help - er, still we bless.



My Jesus, as Thou Wilt

JEWETT 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Benjamin Schmolck. Trans. by Jane Borthwick

C. M. von Weber

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Oh, may Thy will be mine;
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: If need - y here and poor,
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: Though seen through man - y a tear,
 4. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me;

In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
 Give me Thy peo - ple's bread, Their por - tion rich and sure.
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear.
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee.

Through sor - row or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
 The man - na of Thy Word Let my soul feed up - on;
 Since Thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
 Straight to my home a - bove, I trav - el calm - ly on,

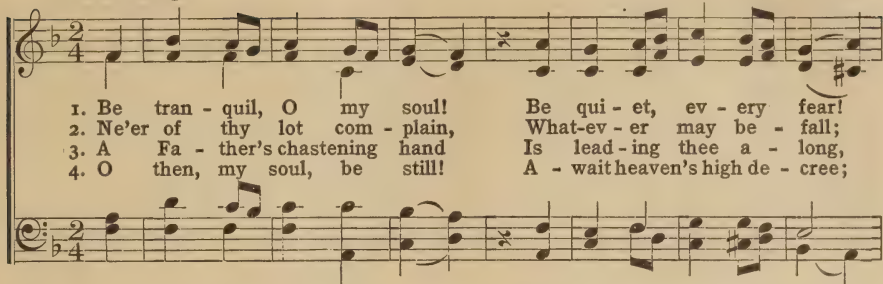
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 And if all else should fail, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

Be Tranquil, O My Soul!

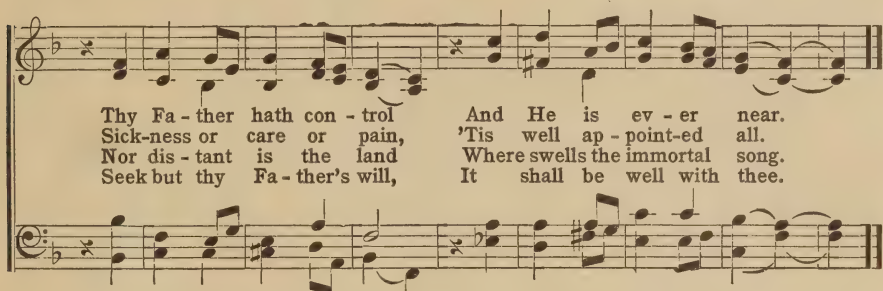
BRORSON 6. 6. 6. 6.

Thomas Hastings

Unknown Composer, 1542



1. Be tran-quil, O my soul! Be qui-et, ev-ery fear!
 2. Ne'er of thy lot com-plain, What-ev-er may be-fall;
 3. A Fa-ther's chastening hand Is lead-ing thee a-long,
 4. O then, my soul, be still! A-wait heaven's high de-cree;



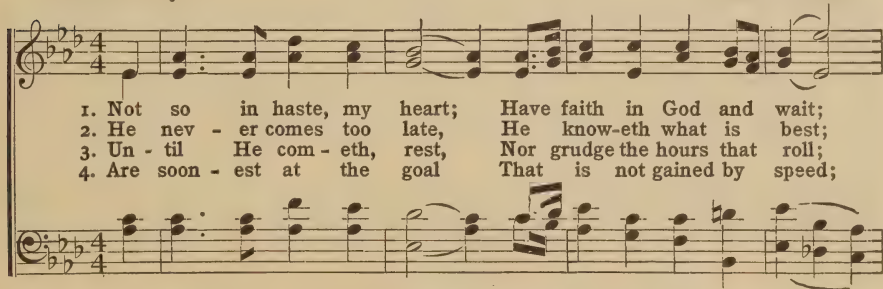
Thy Fa-ther hath con-trol And He is ev-er near.
 Sick-ness or care or pain, 'Tis well ap-point-ed all.
 Nor dis-tant is the land Where swells the immortal song.
 Seek but thy Fa-ther's will, It shall be well with thee.

Not So in Haste, My Heart

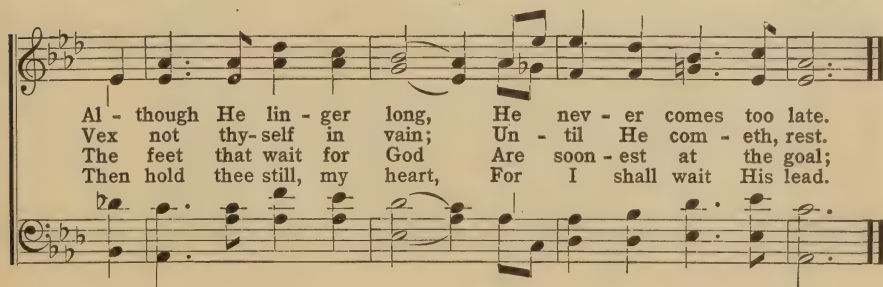
FLOTOW 6. 6. 6. 6.

Bradford Torrey

Friedrich Flotow



1. Not so in haste, my heart; Have faith in God and wait;
 2. He nev-er comes too late, He know-eth what is best;
 3. Un-til He com-eth, rest, Nor grudge the hours that roll;
 4. Are soon-est at the goal That is not gained by speed;



Al-though He lin-ger long, He nev-er comes too late.
 Vex not thy-self in vain; Un-til He com-eth, rest.
 The feet that wait for God Are soon-est at the goal;
 Then hold thee still, my heart, For I shall wait His lead.

Give to the Winds Thy Fears

SCHUMANN S. M.

Paul Gerhardt. Trans. by John Wesley

Arranged from Robert Schumann

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un-dis-mayed;
 2. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, He gent-ly clears thy way;
 3. What though thou rul-est not! Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
 4. Far, far a-bove thy thought His coun-sel shall ap-pear,

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
 Wait thou His time; so shall this night Soon end in joy-ous day.
 Pro-claim, God sit-teth on the throne, And rul-eth all things well.
 When ful-ly He the work has wrought That caused thy need-less fear.

Always With Us, Always With Us

DULCETTA 8. 7. 8. 7.

E. H. Nevin

Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Al-ways with us, al-ways with us; Words of cheer and words of love;
 2. With us when we toil in sad-ness, Sow-ing much and reap-ing none;
 3. With us when the storm is sweep-ing O'er our path-way dark and drear;
 4. With us in the lone-ly val-ley, When we cross the chill-ing stream,

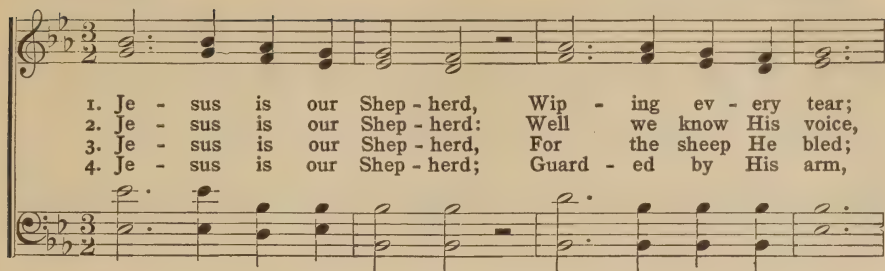
Thus the ris-en Sav-iour whis-pers, From His dwell-ing-place a-bove;
 Tell-ing us that in the fu-ture Gold-en har-vests shall be won;
 Wak-ing hope with-in our bos-oms, Still-ing ev-ery anx-ious fear;
 Light-ing up the steps to glo-ry With sal-va-tion's ra-diant beam.

Jesus is Our Shepherd

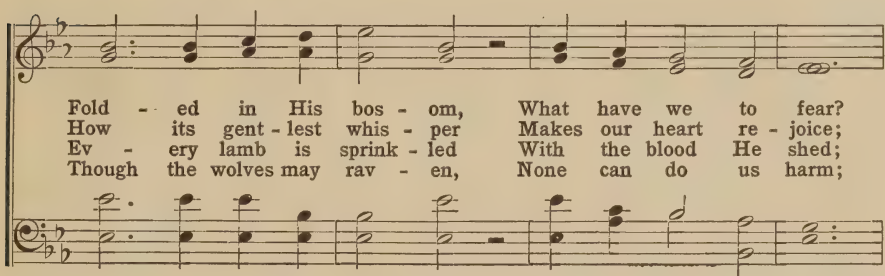
STOWELL 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

Hugh Stowell

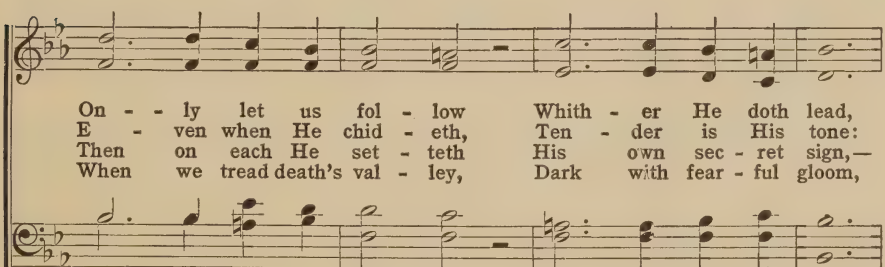
Llanthony Abbey Hymnal



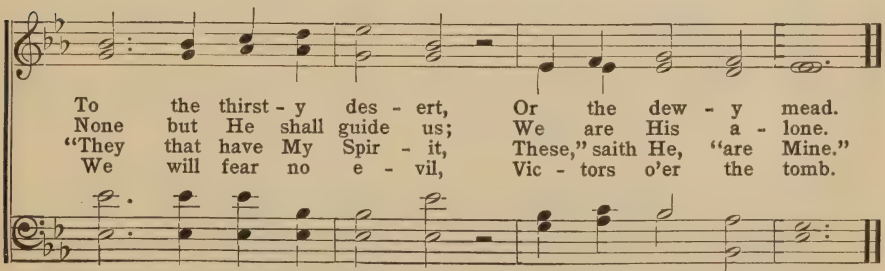
1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Wip - ing ev - ery tear;
 2. Je - sus is our Shep - herd: Well we know His voice,
 3. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, For the sheep He bled;
 4. Je - sus is our Shep - herd; Guard - ed by His arm,



Fold - ed in His bos - om, What have we to fear?
 How its gent - lest whis - per Makes our heart re - joice;
 Ev - ery lamb is sprink - led With the blood He shed;
 Though the wolves may rav - en, None can do us harm;



On - - ly let us fol - low Whith - er He doth lead,
 E - ven when He chid - eth, Ten - der is His tone:
 Then on each He set - teth His own sec - ret sign,—
 When we tread death's val - ley, Dark with fear - ful gloom,



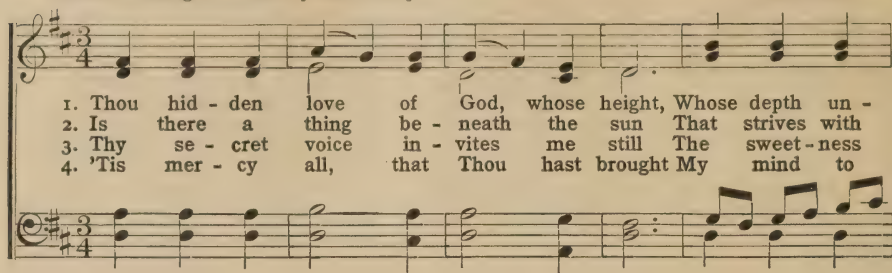
To the thirst - y des - ert, Or the dew - y mead.
 None but He shall guide us; We are His a - lone.
 "They that have My Spir - it, These," saith He, "are Mine."
 We will fear no e - vil, Vic - tors o'er the tomb.

374 Thou Hidden Love of God, Whose Height

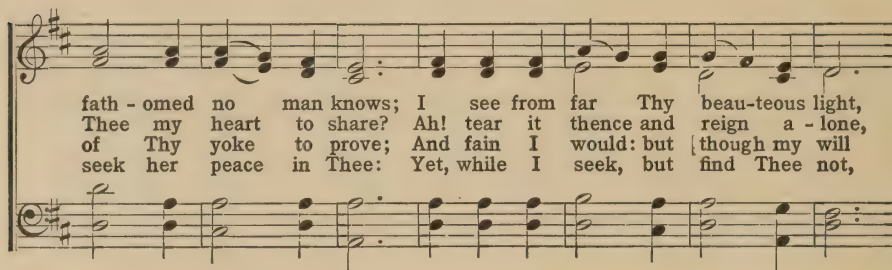
WAVERTREE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Trans. by John Wesley

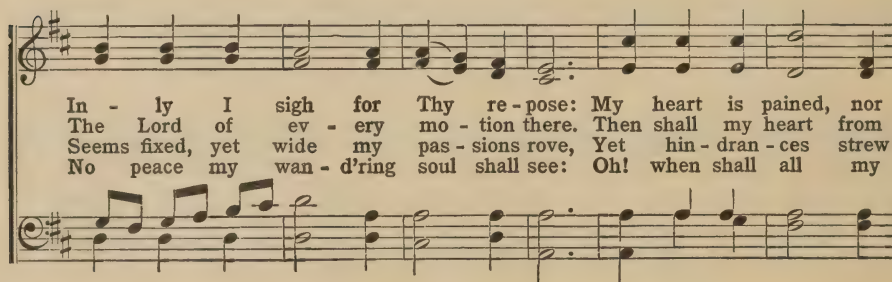
William Shore



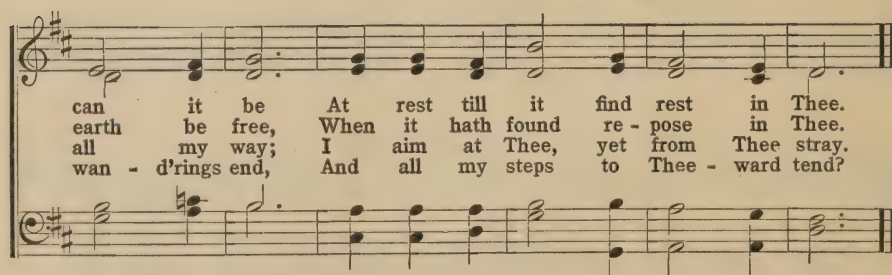
1. Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un -
 2. Is there a thing be - neath the sun That strives with
 3. Thy se - cret voice in - vites me still The sweet - ness
 4. 'Tis mer - cy all, that Thou hast brought My mind to



fath - omed no man knows; I see from far Thy beau - teous light,
 Thee my heart to share? Ah! tear it thence and reign a - lone,
 of Thy yoke to prove; And fain I would: but though my will
 seek her peace in Thee: Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,



In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose: My heart is pained, nor
 The Lord of ev - ery mo - tion there. Then shall my heart from
 Seems fixed, yet wide my pas - sions rove, Yet hin - dran - ces strew
 No peace my wan - d'ring soul shall see: Oh! when shall all my



can it be At rest till it find rest in Thee.
 earth be free, When it hath found re - pose in Thee.
 all my way; I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.
 wan - d'rings end, And all my steps to Thee - ward tend?

5 O Lord, Thy sovereign aid impart
 To save me from low-thoughted care;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there;
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may "Abba Father" cry.

6 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart that lowly waits Thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say:
 "I am thy love, thy God, thy all."
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Saviour, Blessed Saviour, Listen

LYNDHURST II. II. II. II.

Godfrey Thring

F. W. Blunt

1. Sav - iour, blessed Sav - iour, lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voi - ces
 2. Far - ther, ev - er far - ther, from Thy wounded side Heed - less - ly we
 3. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in a - dor -
 4. Great and ev - er great - er are Thy mer - cies here; True and ev - er -

rais - ing prais - es to our King. All we have we of - fer,
 wan - dered, wan - dered far and wide; Till Thou cam'st in mer - cy,
 a - tion, bend - ing low the knee: Thou for our re - demp - tion
 last - ing are the glo - ries there, Where no pain or sor - row,

all we hope to be, Bo - dy, soul, and spir - it, all we yield to Thee.
 seek - ing young and old, Lov - ing - ly to bear them, Sav - iour, to Thy fold.
 cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low, hast gone up on high.
 toil or care is known, Where the an - gel le - gions cir - cle round Thy throne.

- 5 Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from heaven,
 In our sadness bringing news of sin forgiven;
 Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within;
 Thou hast shed Thy radiance on a world of sin.
- 6 Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road,
 Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God:
 Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
 Backward never looking till the prize is won.
- 7 Higher then and higher bear the ransomed soul,
 Earthly toils forgotten, Saviour, to its goal;
 Where, in joys unthought of, saints with angels sing,
 Never weary raising praises to their King.

Jesus, Heavenly Shepherd!

BORCH II. II. II. II.

Godfrey Thring

Gaston Borch

1. Je - sus, Heavenly Shep - herd! Thou dost ev - er keep, Nev - er wea - ry
 2. All we are, Thou know - est, all we e'er have been, Ev - ery deed Thou
 3. When the storm is beat - ing, round with-out, with - in, Call - ing to re-

wait - ing, watch - es o'er Thy sheep; Oft - en we have wan - dered,
 se - est, ev - ery thought with - in; From the deed, that dark - ens,
 mem - brance sor - row, shame or sin; As in vain we clam - ber

oft - en wan - der now, Who can lead us home - ward, Je - sus, who but Thou?
 keep us, Je - sus, keep, From the thought that staineth, Shepherd of the sheep!
 up the mountain - steep, Then be Thou our Ref - uge, Shepherd of the sheep.

4 Where the wolf is watching, where the waste is wide,
 Cling we, Heavenly Shepherd, closer to Thy side;
 Faint with fear and friendless, when we fain would weep,
 Dry the tear that's falling, Shepherd of the sheep.

5 If the day be closing, cheerless in the west,
 O'er some lonely outcast, Jesus, ever blest!
 From the distant mountains, ere he sink to sleep,
 Gather in the wanderer, Shepherd of the sheep.

377 There's Not a Grief, However Light

Jane Crewdson

INGEMANN C. M.

A. P. Berggreen

1. There's not a grief, how - ev - er light, Too light for sym - pa - thy;
 2. Thou, who hast trod the thorn - y road, Wilt share each small dis - tress;
 3. There's not a se - cret sigh we breathe But meets Thine ear di - vine,
 4. Life's woes with - out, sin's strife with - in, The heart would o - ver - flow,

There's not a care, how - ev - er slight, Too slight to bring to Thee.
 For He, who bore the great - er load, Will not re - fuse the less.
 And ev - ery cross grows light be - neath The shad - ow, Lord, of Thine.
 But for that love which died for sin, That love which wept with woe.

378 O Lamb of God, That Tak'st Away

Alessie Faussett

GUDBRANDSDAL 8. 8. 8. 4.

Norwegian Folk-song

1. O Lamb of God, that tak'st a - way Our sin, and bid'st our sor - row cease,
 2. The troubled world hath war with - out; The restless, wayward heart with - in
 3. And there are needs that none can know, And tears no eyes but Thine can see;

Turn Thou, O turn this night to day, Grant us Thy peace! Grant us Thy peace!
 Hath fear and wea - riness and doubt, And death and sin, And death and sin.
 Hopes nought can sat - is - fy be - low: We look to Thee, We look to Thee.

- 4 Probe deep the wound, if so Thou wilt;
 If pain must wake us, purge our dross;
 Help us to lay our load of guilt
 Beneath Thy cross.
- 5 That we, amid the toil and strife
 And storms that never end below,
 Through all the chance and change of life,
 Thy peace may know.

In the Hour of Trial

PENITENCE 6. 5. 6. 5. D.

James Montgomery

Spencer Lane

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, pray for me;
 2. With for - bid - den plea - sures Would this vain world charm;
 3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe;
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,

Lest by base de - ni - al, I de - part from Thee.
 Or its sor - did trea - sures Spread to work me harm;
 Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low;
 When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain;

When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,
 Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne,
 Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see;
 On Thy truth re - ly - ing Through that mor - tal strife,

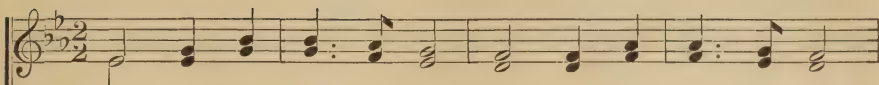
Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
 Or in dark - er sem - blance Cross-crowned Cal - va - ry.
 Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

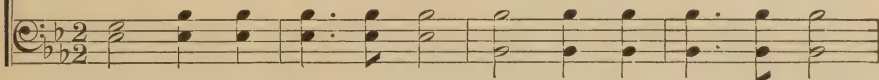
OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Ray Palmer

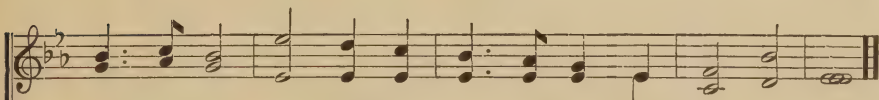
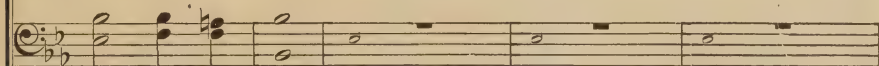
Lowell Mason



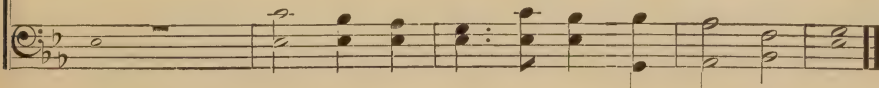
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As - Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -



guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

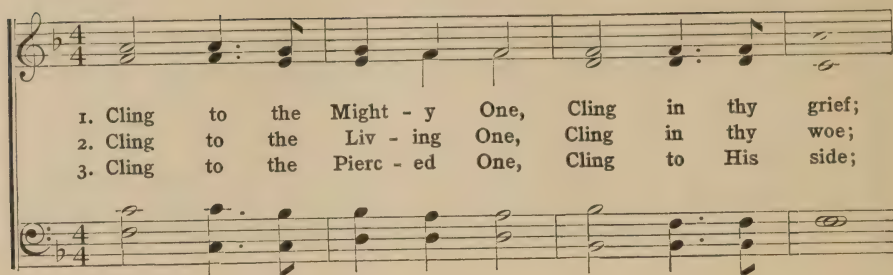


Cling to the Mighty One

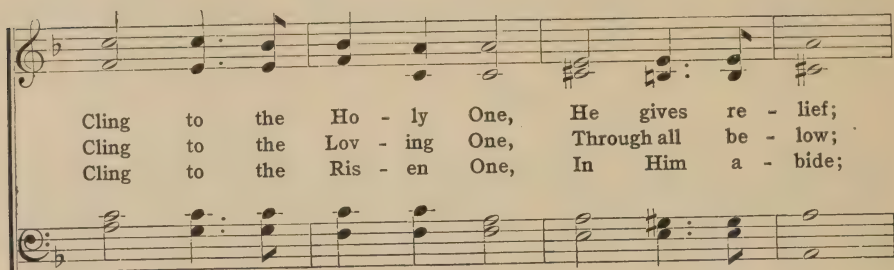
EDEN 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

Henry Bennett

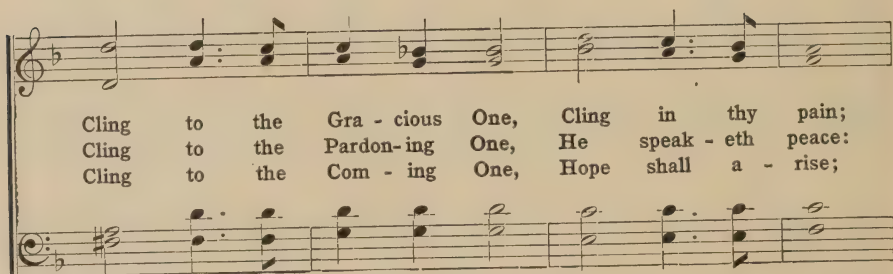
S. S. Wesley



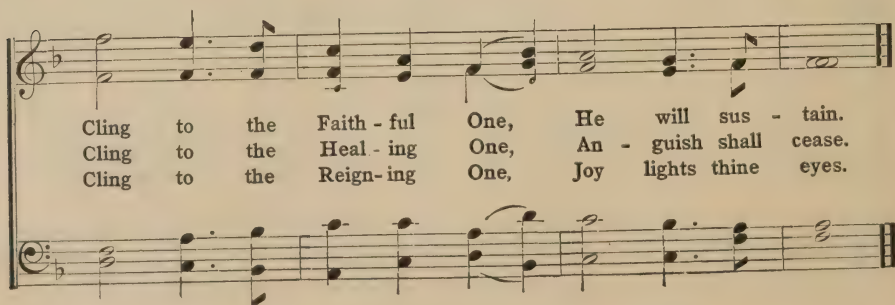
1. Cling to the Might - y One, Cling in thy grief;
 2. Cling to the Liv - ing One, Cling in thy woe;
 3. Cling to the Pierc - ed One, Cling to His side;



Cling to the Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief;
 Cling to the Lov - ing One, Through all be - low;
 Cling to the Ris - en One, In Him a - bide;



Cling to the Gra - cious One, Cling in thy pain;
 Cling to the Pardon - ing One, He speak - eth peace:
 Cling to the Com - ing One, Hope shall a - rise;



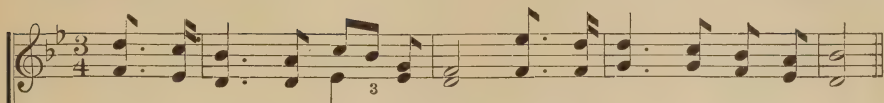
Cling to the Faith - ful One, He will sus - tain.
 Cling to the Heal - ing One, An - guish shall cease.
 Cling to the Reign - ing One, Joy lights thine eyes.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

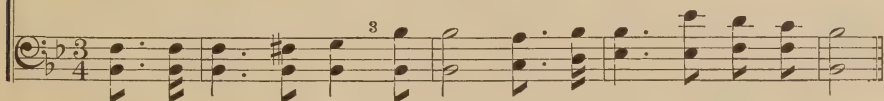
PILOT 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Edward Hopper

J. E. Gould



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me Over life's tem - pes - tu - ous sea;
2. When th' A-pos - tles' frag - ile bark Strug - gled with the bil - lows dark
3. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
4. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'-rous shoal;
 On the storm - y Gal - i - lee, Thou did'st walk a-cross the sea;
 Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

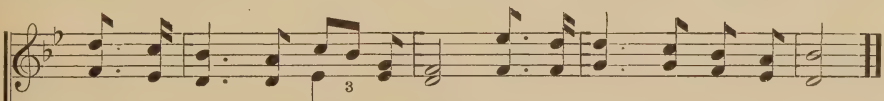
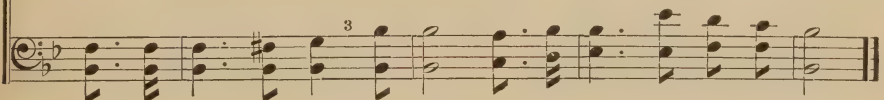


Chart and com - pass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 And when they be - held Thy form, Safe they glid - ed through the storm.
 Wond-rous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, [pi - lot me..
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

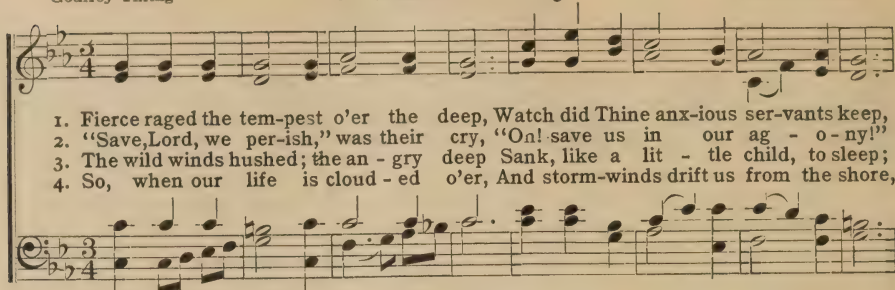


383 Fierce Raged the Tempest O'er the Deep

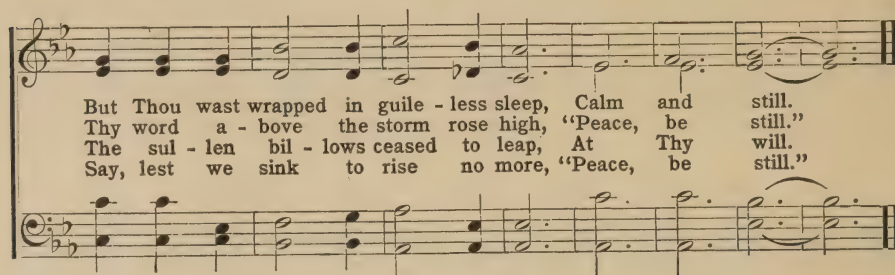
Godfrey Thring

ST. ÆLRED 8. 8. 8. 3.

John B. Dykes



1. Fierce raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anx-ious ser-vants keep,
 2. "Save, Lord, we per-ish," was their cry, "On! save us in our ag-o-ny!"
 3. The wild winds hushed; the an-gry deep Sank, like a lit-tle child, to sleep;
 4. So, when our life is cloud-ed o'er, And storm-winds drift us from the shore,



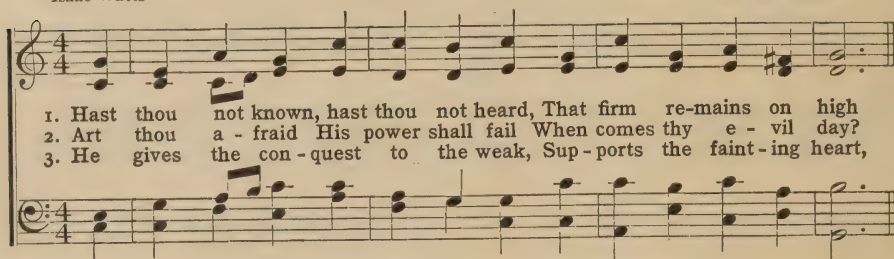
But Thou wast wrapped in guile-less sleep, Calm and still.
 Thy word a-bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."
 The sul-len bil-lows ceased to leap, At Thy will.
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still."

384 Hast Thou not Known, Hast Thou not Heard

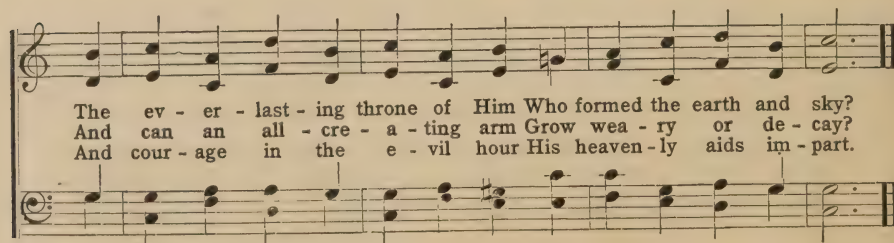
Isaac Watts

ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft



1. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, That firm re-mains on high
 2. Art thou a-fraid His power shall fail When comes thy e-vil day?
 3. He gives the con-quest to the weak, Sup-ports the faint-ing heart,



The ev-er-last-ing throne of Him Who formed the earth and sky?
 And can an all-cre-a-ting arm Grow wea-ry or de-cay?
 And cour-age in the e-vil hour His heav-en-ly aids im-part.

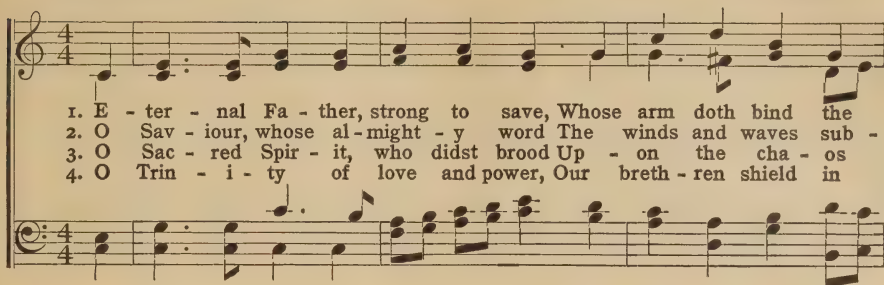
- 4 Mere human power shall fast consume,
 And youthful vigor cease;
 But they who wait upon the Lord
 In strength shall still increase.
- 5 They with unwearied feet shall tread
 The path of life divine,
 With growing ardor onward move,
 With growing brightness shine.

Eternal Father, Strong to Save

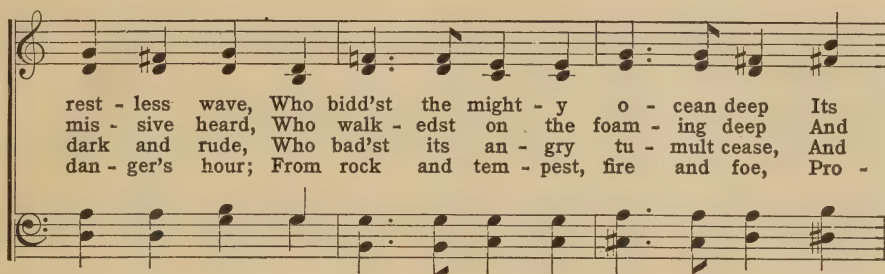
MELITA 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

William Whiting

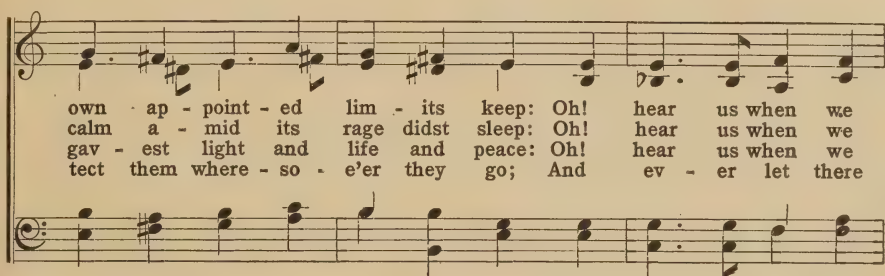
John B. Dykes



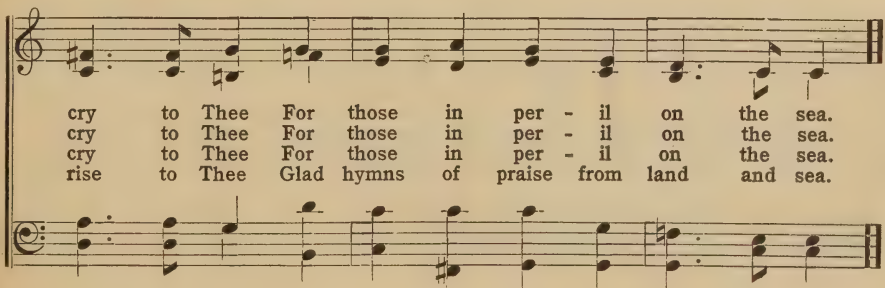
1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the
 2. O Sav - iour, whose al - might - y word The winds and waves sub -
 3. O Sac - red Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os
 4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power, Our breth - ren shield in



rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
 mis - sive heard, Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep And
 dark and rude, Who bad'st its an - gry tu - mult cease, And
 dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -



own - ap - point - ed lim - its keep: Oh! hear us when we
 calm a - mid its rage didst sleep: Oh! hear us when we
 gav - est light and life and peace: Oh! hear us when we
 tect them where - so - e'er they go; And ev - er let there



cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Fierce Was the Wild Billow

GENNESARET 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

Anatolius. Trans. by John M. Neale

George Hews

1. Fierce was the wild bil - low, Dark was the night,
 2. Ridge of the moun - tain wave, Low - er thy crest;
 3. Je - sus, De - liv - er - er, Come Thou to me;

Oars la - bored heav - i - ly, Foam glit - tered white,
 Wail of Eur - o - cly - don, Be thou at rest;
 Soothe Thou my voy - ag - ing O - ver life's sea:

Trem - bled the mar - i - ners, Per - il was nigh;
 Sor - row can nev - er be, Dark - ness must fly,
 Thou, when the storm of death Roars, sweep - ing by,

Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I."
 Where saith the Light of Light, "Peace! It is I."
 Whis - per, Thou Truth of Truth, "Peace! It is I."

Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us

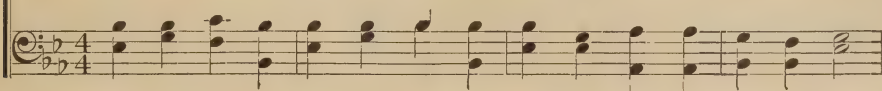
VESPER HYMN 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

James Edmeston

D. S. Bortniansky



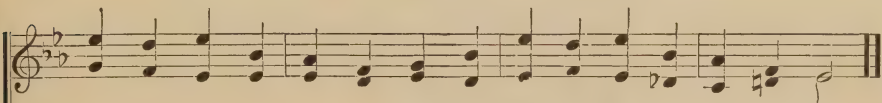
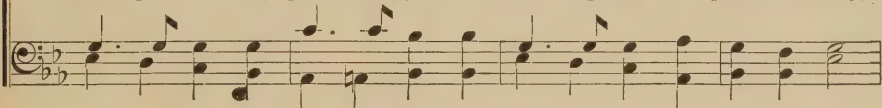
1. Lead us, heaven-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
2. Saviour, breathe for-give-ness o'er us; All our weak-ness Thou dost know;
3. Spir-it of our God, de-scend-ing, Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;



Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;
 Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us; Thou didst feel its keen-est woe;
 Love with ev - ery pas - sion blend-ing, Pleas-ure that can nev - er cloy;



Yet poss-ess - ing ev - ery bless-ing, If our God our Fath - er be,
 Lone and drear - y, faint and wear - y, Through the des - ert Thou didst go,
 Thus pro-vid - ed, par-doned, guid-ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy,



Yet poss - ess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
 Lone and drear - y, faint and wear - y, Through the des - ert Thou didst go.
 Thus pro - vid - ed, par - doned, guid - ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy.



Jesus, Still Lead on

GUIDANCE 5. 5. 8. 5. 5.

N. L. Zinzendorf. Trans. by Jane Borthwick

George Hews

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al -
 2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not
 3. When we seek re - lief From a long - felt grief, When temp -

though the way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and
 faith - less fears o'er - take us, Let not faith and hope for -
 ta - tions come al - lur - ing, Make us pa - tient and en -

fear - less: Guide us by Thy hand To our fa - ther - land.
 sake us; For, through many a foe, To our home we go.
 dur - ing; Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more.

4 Thus our path shall be
 Daily traced by Thee:
 Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,
 Help us most when most we suffer,
 And when all is o'er
 Ope to us Thy door.

5 Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our fatherland.

Lord, Where Thou Wilt

DIRECTION 10. 10. 10. 10. with Refrain

1. Lord, where Thou wilt; it mat-ters not to me, If Thou art
 2. Lord, where Thou wilt; it mat-ters not to me, Though skies may
 3. Lord, where Thou wilt; it mat-ters not to me, If faith's clear

near and I can cling to Thee; For I am weak, so
 frown, and dark my path may be; I am con-tent, since
 eye the po-lar star may see; If I can read my

weak, I am a-fraid To take one step with-out Thy kind-ly aid.
 Thou, my Life, my Light, Canst pierce the veil that hangs o'er dark-est night.
 tit-le to a home Where sin and death and night can nev-er come.

Refrain

Lead Thou my way, my faint-ing heart sus-tain; Lead Thou my

way, and make my du-ty plain; Lead Thou my way, then

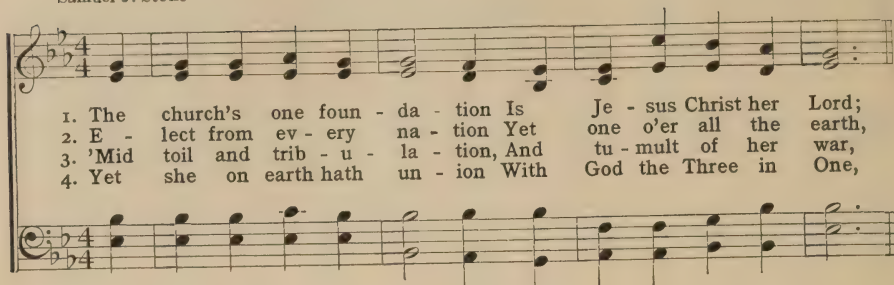
shall I fear no ill, If Thou, my "Rod and Staff," art with me still.

The Church's One Foundation

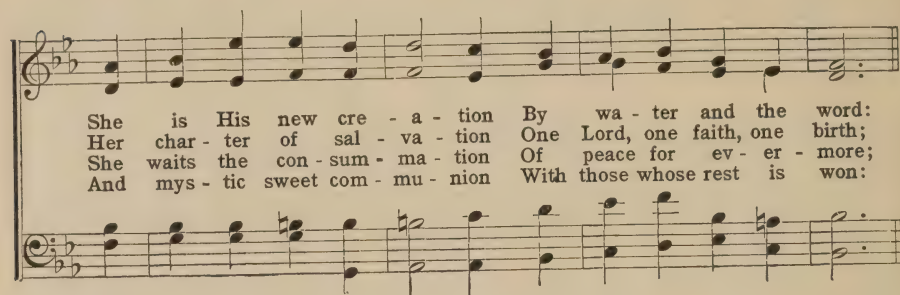
AURELIA 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Samuel J. Stone

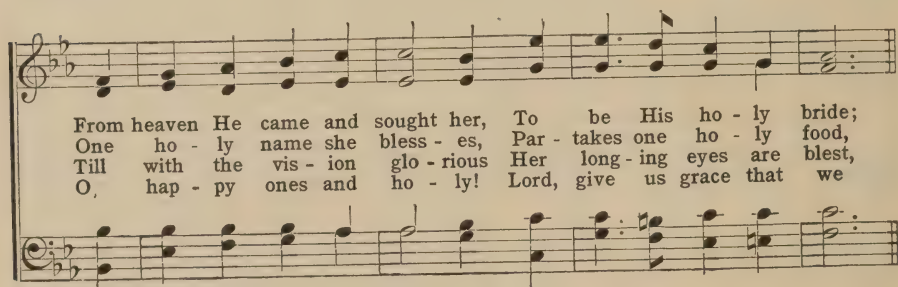
S. S. Wesley



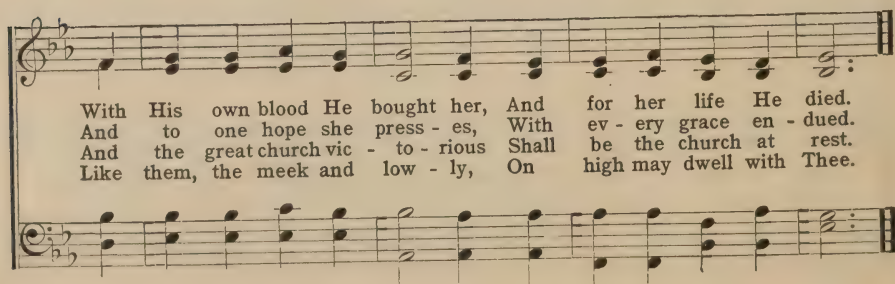
1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won:



From heaven He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O, hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

Horatius Bonar

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. Sweetser

1. Far down the a - ges now, Her jour - ney well - nigh done,
 2. No wi - der is the gate, No broad - er is the way,
 3. No fee - bler is the foe, No slack - er grows the fight,

The pil - grim Church pur - sues her way, And longs to reach her crown.
 No smooth - er is the an - cient path That leads to light and day.
 Nor less the need of arm - or tried, Of shield and hel - met bright.

4 Thus onward still we press,
 Through evil and through good,
 Through pain or poverty, or want,
 Through peril or through blood.

5 Still faithful to our God,
 And to our Captain true,
 We follow where He leads the way,
 The Kingdom still in view.

Anonymous

EUNICE C. M

B. Turner

1. Bride of the Lamb, there is for thee One on - ly safe re - treat;
 2. When Sa - tan tracks thy lone - ly way, There his temp - ta - tions meet;
 3. Through trib - u - la - tion has - ten on, With Christ the cross is sweet;
 4. Bride of the Lamb, for - get the past, Pre - pare thy Lord to greet:

Where Je - sus is, thy heart should be, Thy home at His dear feet.
 In Je - sus' pres - ence watch and pray, Yea, con - quer at His feet.
 The "lit - tle while" will soon be gone; Keep on - ly at His feet.
 'Tis thine to share His throne, and cast Thy crown be - fore His feet.

393 Lord, Her Watch Thy Church is Keeping

Henry Downton

RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7.

Ithamar Conkey

1. Lord, her watch Thy church is keep-ing; When shall earth Thy rule o - bey?
 2. See the whitening har - vest languish, Wait - ing still the labor-ers' toil;
 3. Give the word; in ev - ery na - tion Let the gos - pel trum - pet sound,

When shall end the night of weep-ing, When shall break the prom - ised day?
 Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re - tain the spoil?
 Wit - ness-ing a world's sal - va - tion, To the earth's re - mo - test bound.

4 Then the end: Thy church completed,
 All Thy chosen gathered in,
 With their King in glory seated,
 Satan bound, and banished sin:

5 Gone forever, parting, weeping,
 Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;
 Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping,
 Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

394 Light Up This House With Glory Lord

John Harris

DEDICATION 8. 6. 8. 6.

C. E. F. Weyse

1. Light up this house with glo - ry, Lord, En - ter and claim Thine own.
 2. We rear no al - tar: Thou hast died. We deck no priest - ly shrine.
 3. We ask no bright she - kin - ah cloud To glo - ri - fy the place;

Re - ceive the ho - mage of our souls; E - rect Thy tem - ple - throne.
 What need have we of crea - ture aid? The power to save is Thine.
 Give, Lord, the sub - stance of that sign, A plen - i - tude of grace.

4 No rushing, mighty wind we ask,
 No tongues of flame desire;
 Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
 His purifying fire.

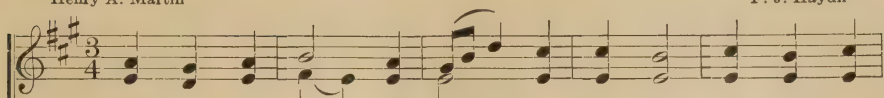
5 Light up this house with glory, Lord,
 The glory of that love
 Which forms and saves a church below
 And makes a heaven above.

O Rock of Ages, One Foundation

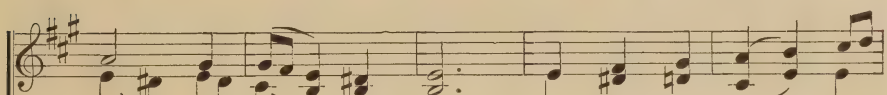
BOWEN 9. 8. 9. 8.

Henry A. Martin

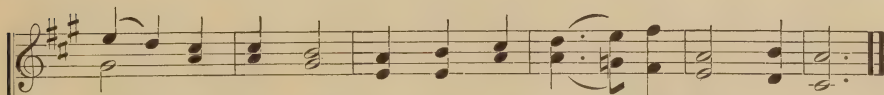
F. J. Haydn



1. O Rock of a - ges, one foun - da - tion, On which the
 2. Son of the liv - ing God! Oh, call us Once and a -
 3. When fears ap - pall, and faith is fail - ing, Make Thy voice



liv - ing church doth rest, The church, whose walls are
 gain to fol - low Thee; And give us strength, what-
 heard o'er wind and wave, "Why doubt?" And in Thy



strong sal - va - tion, Whose gates are praise, Thy name be blest.
 e'er be - fall us, Thy true dis - ci - ples still to be.
 love pre - vail - ing, Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
 In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
 Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
 But with a look subdue us, Lord.

5 Oh! strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
 Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
 To give ourselves to Thee for ever
 And find Thee with us to the end.

Blest be the Tie That Binds

John Fawcett

DENNIS S. M.

H. G. Naegeli

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love:
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free,
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

For all Thy Saints, O Lord

Richard Mant

ST. BRIDE S. M.

S. Howard

1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live,
 2. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Ac - cept our thank - ful cry,
 3. They all in life and death, With Thee, their Lord, in view,
 4. For this Thy name we bless, And hum - bly pray that we

Who fol - lowed Thee, o - beyed, a - dored, Our grate - ful hymn re - ceive.
 Who count - ed Thee their great re - ward, And strove in Thee to die.
 Learned from Thy Ho - ly Spir - it's breath To suf - fer and to do.
 May fol - low them in ho - li - ness, And live and die in Thee.

For all Thy Saints in Warfare

HUGUENOT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Horatio, Earl Nelson

Elisée Bost

1. For all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,
 2. A - post - les, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, And all the sa - cred throng,
 3. Then praise we God the Fa - ther, And praise we God the Son,

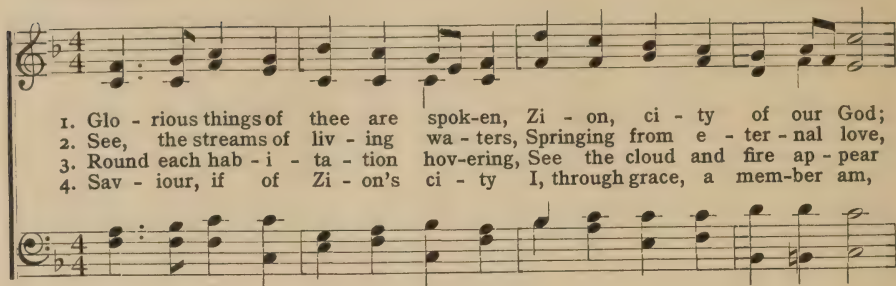
To Thee, O Bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dressed;
 Who wear the spot - less rai - ment, Who raise the cease - less song;
 And God the Ho - ly Spir - it, E - ter - nal Three in One;

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle, That they might conquerors be;
 For these, passed on be - fore us, Sav - iour, we Thee a - dore,
 Till all the ran - somed num - ber Fall down be - fore the Throne,

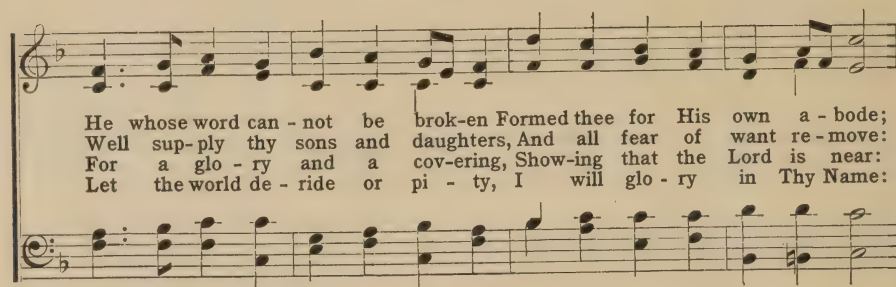
Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee.
 And, walk - ing in their foot - steps, Would serve Thee more and more.
 And hon - or, power and glo - ry As - cribe to God a - lone.

John Newton

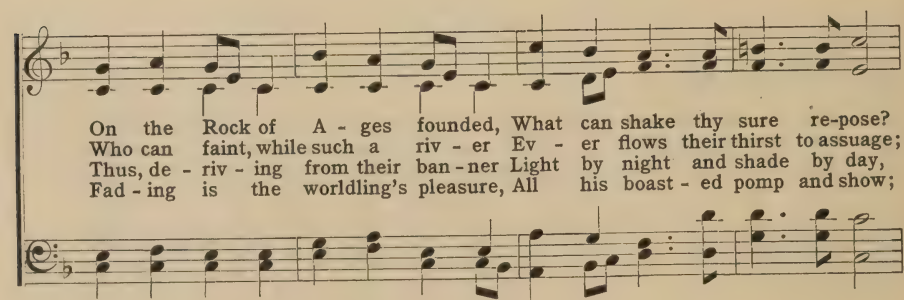
F. J. Haydn



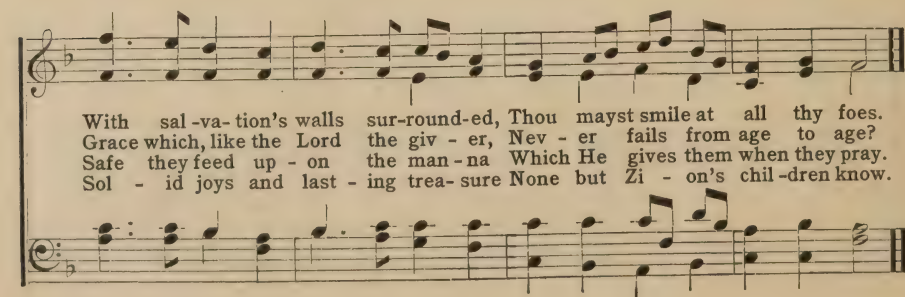
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-ering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
 4. Sav - iour, if of Zi - on's ci - ty I, through grace, a mem-ber am,



He whose word can - not be brok-en Formed thee for His own a - bode;
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:
 For a glo - ry and a cov-ering, Show-ing that the Lord is near:
 Let the world de - ride or pi - ty, I will glo - ry in Thy Name:



On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage;
 Thus, de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night and shade by day,
 Fad - ing is the worldling's pleasure, All his boast - ed pomp and show;



With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
 Grace which, like the Lord the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.
 Sol - id joys and last - ing trea - sure None but Zi - on's chil - dren know.

Jesus, With Thy Church Abide

William Pollock

ST. BASIL 7. 7. 7.

German

1. Je - sus, with Thy church a - bide, Be her Sav - iour,
 2. Keep her life and doc - trine pure, Help her, pa - tient
 3. May she guide the poor and blind, Seek the lost un -
 4. Save her love from grow - ing cold, Make her watch - men

Lord, and Guide, While on earth her faith is tried.
 to en - dure, Trust - ing in Thy prom - ise sure:
 til she find, And the brok - en - heart - ed bind:
 strong and bold, Fence her round, Thy peace - ful fold.

5 Help her in her time of fast,
 Till her toil and woe are past,
 And the Bridegroom come at last.

6 May she then all glorious be,
 Spotless and from wrinkle free,
 Pure and bright and worthy Thee.

The Grave Itself a Garden Is

Christopher Wordsworth

SOLOMON C. M.

G. F. Handel

1. The grave it - self a gar - den is Where loveliest flowers a - bound,
 2. Oh! give us grace to die to sin, That we, O Lord, may have
 3. Thou, Lord, bap-tised in Thine own blood, And bur - ied in the grave,

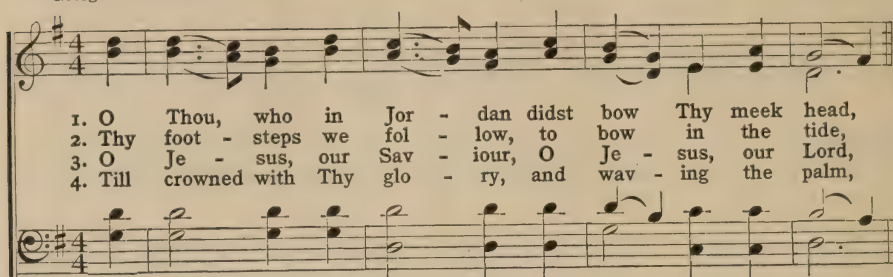
Since Christ, our nev - er - fad - ing life, Sprang from that ho - ly ground.
 A ho - ly, hap - py rest in Thee, A sab - bath in the grave.
 Didst raise Thy - self to end - less life, Om - ni - po - tent to save.

4 Baptised into Thy death we died,
 And buried were with Thee,
 That we might live with Thee to God,
 And ever blest might be.

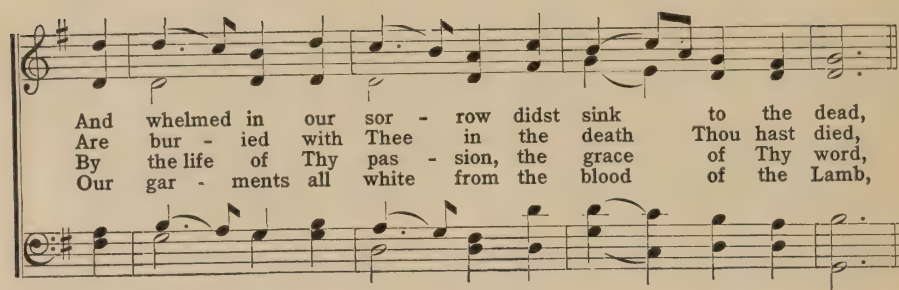
5 Lord, through the grave and gate of death,
 May we, with Thee, arise
 To an eternal Easter day
 Of glory in the skies!

George W. Bethune

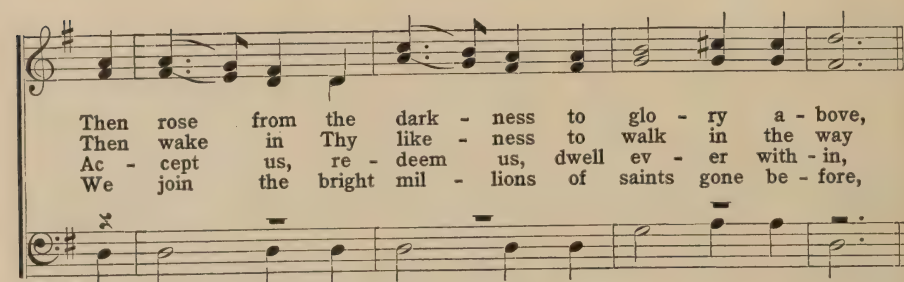
German



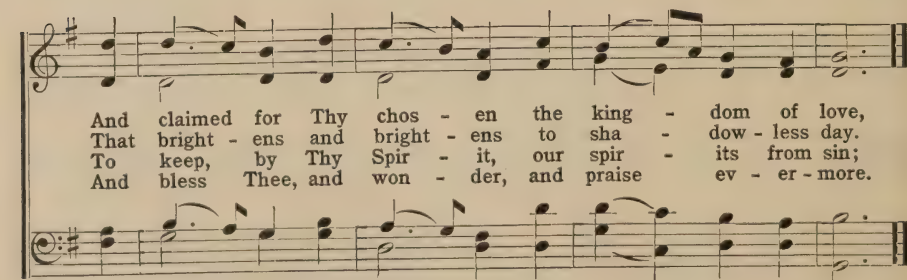
1. O Thou, who in Jor - dan didst bow Thy meek head,
 2. Thy foot - steps we fol - low, to bow in the tide,
 3. O Je - sus, our Sav - iour, O Je - sus, our Lord,
 4. Till crowned with Thy glo - ry, and wav - ing the palm,



And whelmed in our sor - row didst sink to the dead,
 Are bur - ied with Thee in the death Thou hast died,
 By the life of Thy pas - sion, the grace of Thy word,
 Our gar - ments all white from the blood of the Lamb,



Then rose from the dark - ness to glo - ry a - bove,
 Then wake in Thy like - ness to walk in the way
 Ac - cept us, re - deem us, dwell ev - er with - in,
 We join the bright mil - lions of saints gone be - fore,



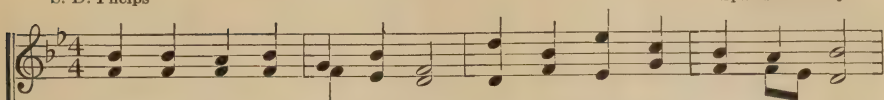
And claimed for Thy chos - en the king - dom of love,
 That bright - ens and bright - ens to sha - dow - less day.
 To keep by Thy Spir - it, our spir - its from sin;
 And bless Thee, and won - der, and praise ev - er - more.

Christ, Who Came My Soul to Save

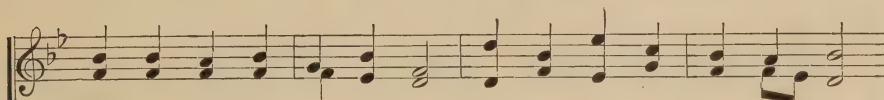
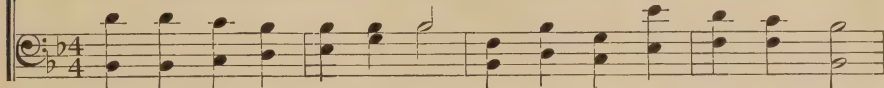
SPANISH HYMN 7. 7. 7. D.

S. D. Phelps

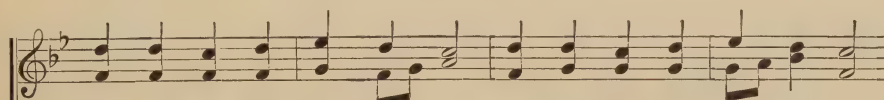
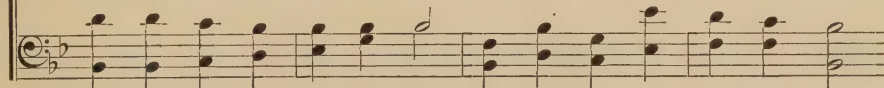
Spanish Melody



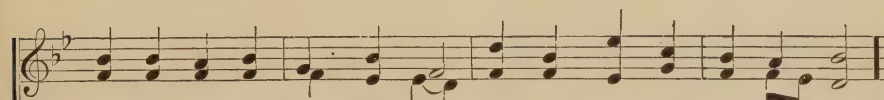
1. Christ, who came my soul to save, En - tered Jor - dan's yield - ing wave,
 2. In the gar - den, o'er His soul, Sor - row's whelming waves did roll;
 3. In the new-made tomb He lay, Tak - ing all its dread a - way;



Rose from out the crys - tal flood, Owned and sealed the Son of God,
 Ah, on Cal - vary's cru - el tree, Je - sus bowed in death for me.
 Burst He through its rock-bound door, Glo - rious now, and ev - er - more.



By the Fa - ther's voice of love, By the heaven-de - scending Dove;
 I with Him am cru - ci - fied; All my hope is, He hath died;
 I with Christ would bu - ried be In this rite re - quired of me,



Sav - iour, Pat - tern, Guide for me, I, like Him, bap - tised would be.
 At His feet my place I take, Bear the cross for His dear sake.
 Ris - ing from the mys - tic flood, Liv - ing hence a - new to God.

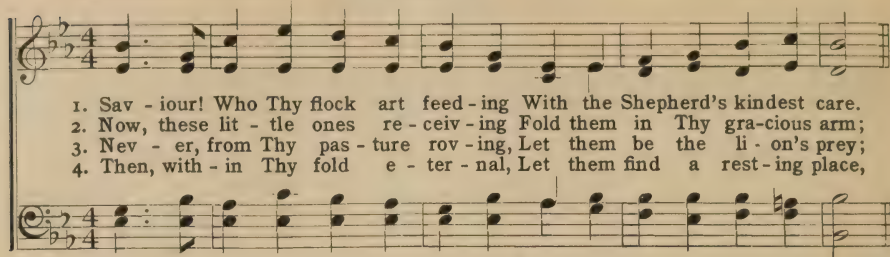


404 Saviour! Who Thy Flock Art Feeding

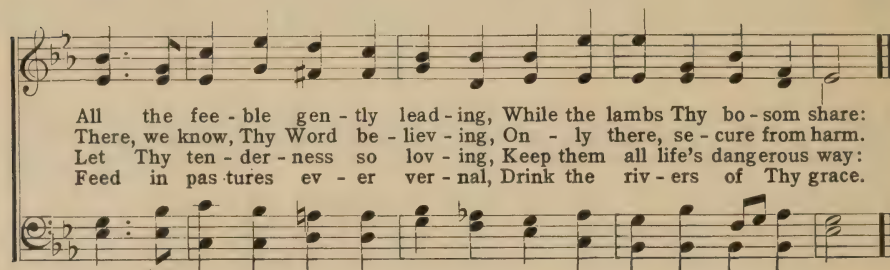
William Augustus Muhlenberg

SYCHAR 8. 7. 8. 7.

John Bacchus Dykes



1. Sav - iour! Who Thy flock art feed - ing With the Shepherd's kindest care.
 2. Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm;
 3. Nev - er, from Thy pas - ture rov - ing, Let them be the li - on's prey;
 4. Then, with - in Thy fold e - ter - nal, Let them find a rest - ing place,



All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share:
 There, we know, Thy Word be - liev - ing, On - ly there, se - cure from harm.
 Let Thy ten - der - ness so lov - ing, Keep them all life's dangerous way:
 Feed in pas - tures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of Thy grace.

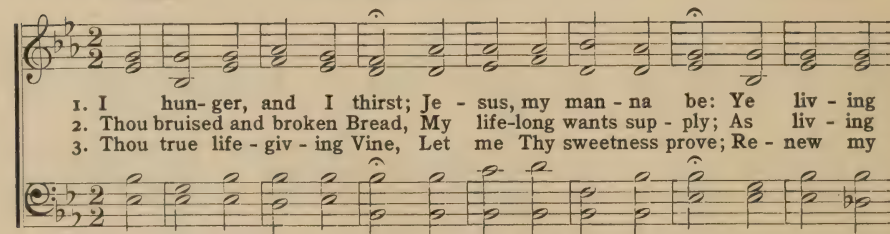
405

I Hunger, and I Thirst

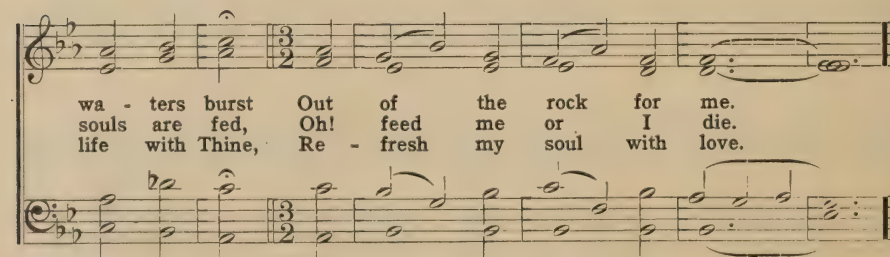
J. B. S. Monsell

DOLOMITE CHANT 6. 6. 6. 6.

Austrian Melody



1. I hun - ger, and I thirst; Je - sus, my man - na be: Ye liv - ing
 2. Thou bruised and broken Bread, My life-long wants sup - ply; As liv - ing
 3. Thou true life - giv - ing Vine, Let me Thy sweetness prove; Re - new my



wa - ters burst Out of the rock for me.
 souls are fed, Oh! feed me or I die.
 life with Thine, Re - fresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod
 Since first their course began:
 Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
 Help me, Thou Son of Man.

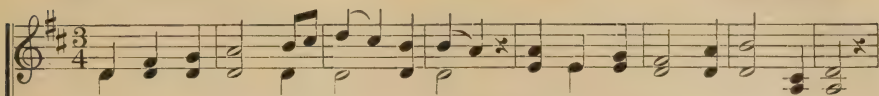
5 For still the desert lies
 My thirsting soul before,
 O living waters, rise
 Within me evermore.

O Jesus, Bruised and Wounded More

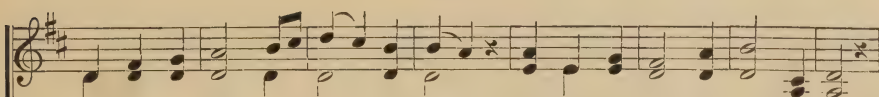
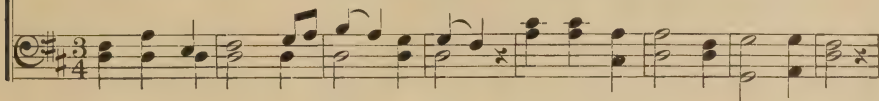
HOLY COMMUNION L. M. D.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander

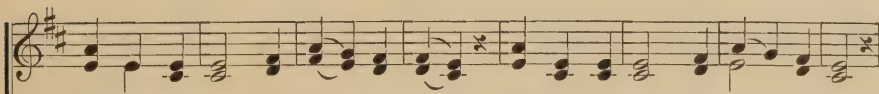
J. Michael Haydn



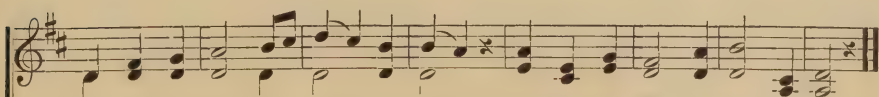
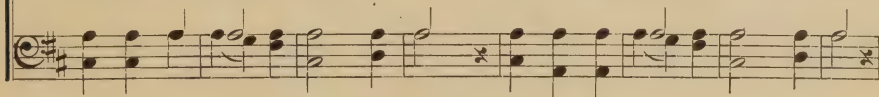
1. O Je-sus, bruised and wound-ed more Than bursted grape or bread of wheat,
 2. O Heart! that, with a dou - ble tide Of blood and wa - ter, maketh pure;



The Life of life with - in our souls, The Cup of our sal - va - tion sweet!
 O Flesh! once of - fered on the cross, The gift that makes our par - don sure;



We come to show Thy dy - ing hour, Thy streaming vein, Thy bro - ken flesh;
 Let nev - er more our sin - ful souls The an - guish of Thy cross re - new;



And still the blood is warm to save, And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.
 Nor forge a - gain the cru - el nails, That pierced Thy vic - tim bo - dy through.

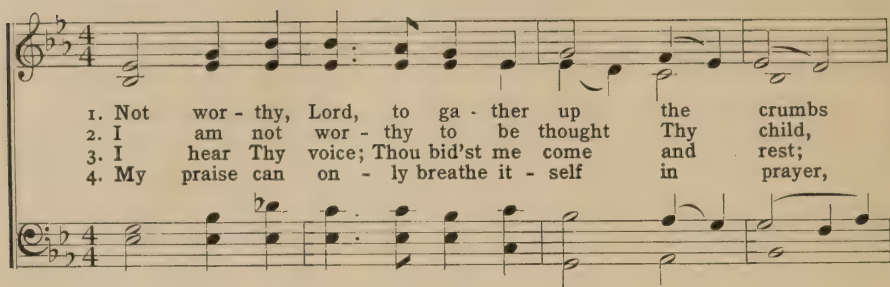


407 Not Worthy, Lord, to Gather Up the Crumbs

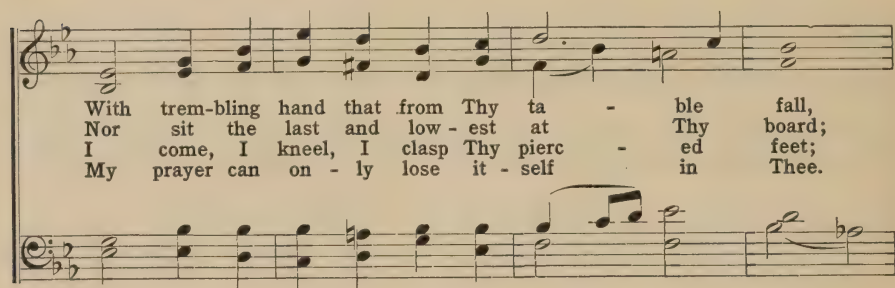
PAX DEI 10. 10. 10. 10.

E. M. Bickersteth

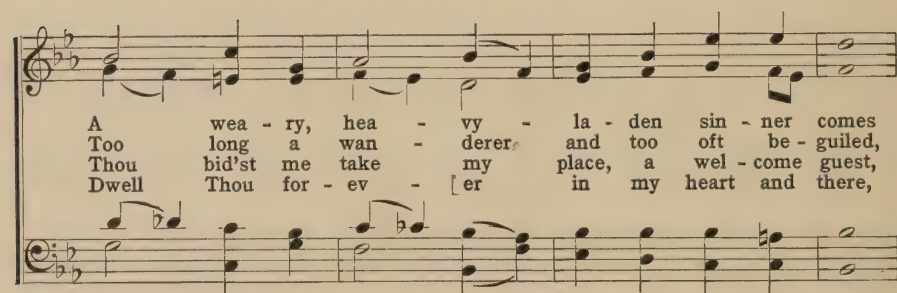
John B. Dykes



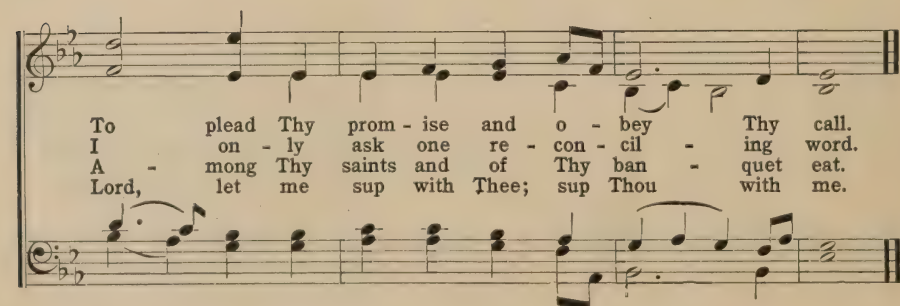
1. Not wor - thy, Lord, to ga - ther up the crumbs
 2. I am not wor - thy to be thought Thy child,
 3. I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;
 4. My praise can on - ly breathe it - self in prayer,



With trem - bling hand that from Thy ta - ble fall,
 Nor sit the last and low - est at Thy board;
 I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierc - ed feet;
 My prayer can on - ly lose it - self in Thee.



A wea - ry, hea - vy - la - den sin - ner comes
 Too long a wan - derer and too oft be - guiled,
 Thou bid'st me take my place, a wel - come guest,
 Dwell Thou for - ev - er in my heart and there,



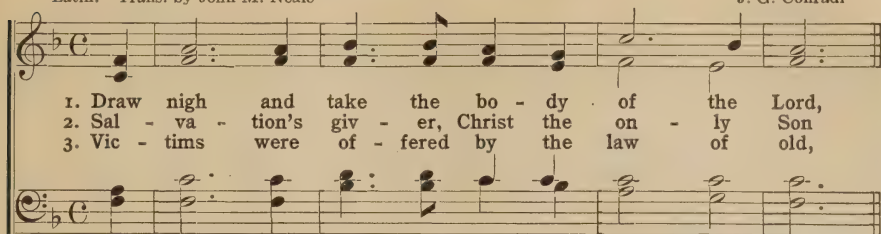
To plead Thy prom - ise and o - bey Thy call.
 I on - ly ask one re - con - cil - ing word.
 A - mong Thy saints and of Thy ban - quet eat.
 Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

408 Draw Nigh and Take the Body of the Lord

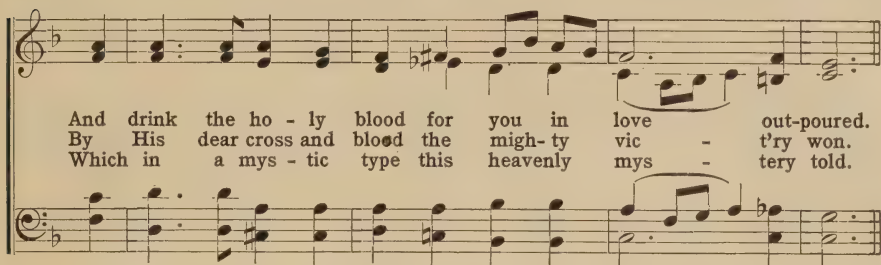
CONRADI 10. 12. 10. 12.

Latin. Trans. by John M. Neale

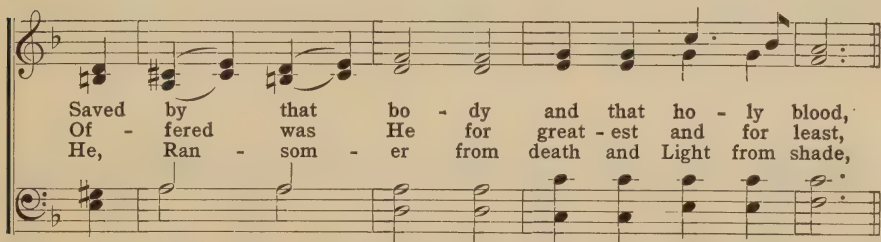
J. G. Conradi



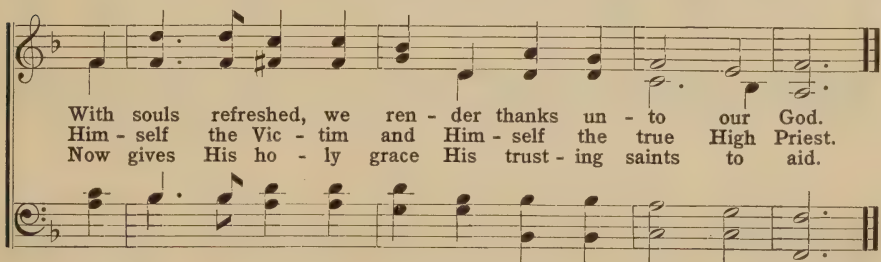
1. Draw nigh and take the bo - dy of the Lord,
 2. Sal - va - tion's giv - er, Christ the on - ly Son
 3. Vic - tims were of - fered by the law of old,



And drink the ho - ly blood for you in love out-poured.
 By His dear cross and blood the migh - ty vic - t'ry won.
 Which in a mys - tic type this heavenly mys - tery told.



Saved by that bo - dy and that ho - ly blood,
 Of - fered was He for great - est and for least,
 He, Ran - som - er from death and Light from shade,



With souls refreshed, we ren - der thanks un - to our God.
 Him - self the Vic - tim and Him - self the true High Priest.
 Now gives His ho - ly grace His trust - ing saints to aid.

- 4 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
 And take the safeguard of a full salvation here,
 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
 To all His true believers life eternal yields;
- 5 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
 Gives living waters to the parched and thirsting soul,
 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
 All nations at the day of doom, is with us now.

Bread of Heaven, on Thee We Feed

BREAD OF HEAVEN 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Josiah Conder

W. D. MacLagan

1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is
2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup - plies This blest cup of

meat in - deed; Ev - er may our souls be fed
sac - ri - fice; 'Tis Thy wounds our heal ing give,

With this true and liv - ing Bread; Day by day with
To Thy cross we look and live; Thou our life! Oh!

strength sup - plied Through the life of Him who died.
let us be Root - ed, graft - ed, built on Thee.

"Till He Come": Oh, Let the Words

KUECKEN 7. 7. 7. 7. 7.

E. H. Bickersteth

F. W. Kuecken

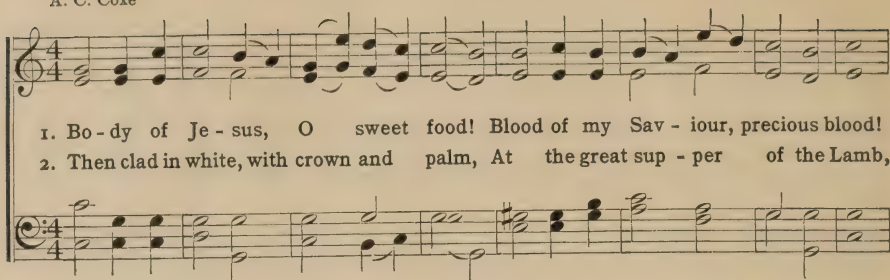
1. "Till He come": Oh, let the words Lin - ger on the
 2. When the wear - y ones we love En - ter on their
 3. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine, and

trem - bling chords; Let the lit - tle while be - tween
 rest a - bove, Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 break the bread; Sweet mem - or - ials, till the Lord

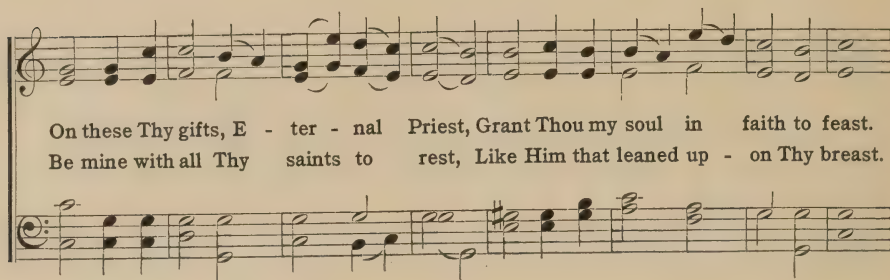
In their gold - en light be seen; Let us think how
 All our life joy o - ver - cast? Hush, be ev - ery
 Call us round His heaven - ly board; Some from earth, from

heaven and home Lie be - yond that— "Till He come."
 mur - mur dumb; It is on - ly— "Till He come."
 glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly "Till He come."

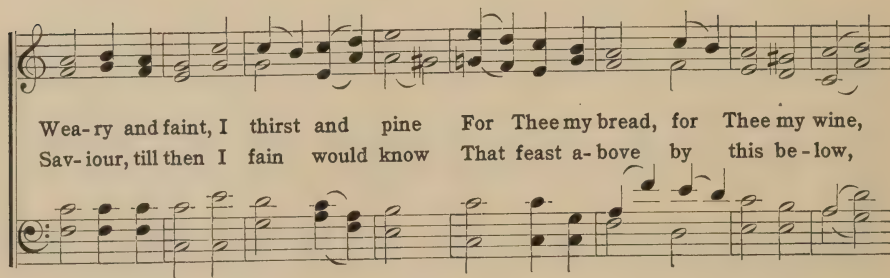
A. C. Coxe



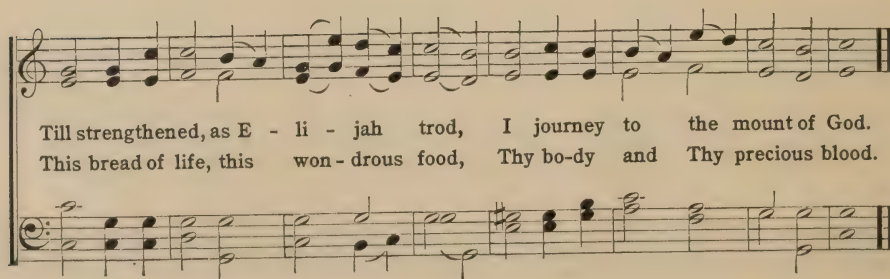
1. Bo - dy of Je - sus, O sweet food! Blood of my Sav - iour, precious blood!
2. Then clad in white, with crown and palm, At the great sup - per of the Lamb,



On these Thy gifts, E - ter - nal Priest, Grant Thou my soul in faith to feast.
Be mine with all Thy saints to rest, Like Him that leaned up - on Thy breast.



Wea - ry and faint, I thirst and pine For Thee my bread, for Thee my wine,
Sav - iour, till then I fain would know That feast a - bove by this be - low,



Till strengthened, as E - li - jah trod, I journey to the mount of God.
This bread of life, this won - drous food, Thy bo - dy and Thy precious blood.

Jesus, to Thy Table Led

MAUNDER 7. 7. 7.

R. H. Baynes

J. A. Maunder

1. Je - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - ery
 2. When on Thy dear cross we gaze, Mourn - ing o'er our
 3. When we taste the mys - tic wine, Of Thine out - poured
 4. Draw as to Thy wound - ed side, Whence there flowed the

heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread.
 sin - ful ways, Turn our sad - ness in - to praise.
 blood the sign, Fill our hearts with love di - vine.
 heal - ing tide; There our sins and sor - rows hide.

5 From the bonds of sin release,
 Cold and wavering faith increase,
 Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

6 Lead us by Thy piercé hand
 Till around Thy throne we stand
 In the bright and better land.

And Now We Rise

BENEDICTION CHANT 10. 10. 10. 10.

Horatius Bonar

1. And now we rise; the symbols disappear; The feast, though not the love, is past and gone,
 2. Feast after feast thus comes and passes by, And passing points to the glad feast above,

The bread and wine remove; but Thou art here, Nearer than ever; still my shield and sun.
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy, The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Break Thou the Bread of Life

BREAD OF LIFE 6. 4. 6. 4. D.

Mary Ann Lathbury

William F. Sherwin

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me,

As Thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea;
As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord;
Then shall all bond - age cease, All fet - ters fall;

My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
And I shall find my peace, My All in all.

We Give Thee But Thine Own

W. Walsham How

MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be:
 2. May we Thy boun - ties thus, As ste - wards true, re - ceive,
 3. Oh! hearts are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold,
 4. To com - fort, and to bless, To find a balm for woe,

All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
 And glad - ly as Thou bless - est us To Thee our first fruits give.
 And lambs for whom the Sav - iour bled Are stray - ing from the fold.
 To tend the lone and fa - ther - less, Is an - gels work be - low

5 The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,
 It is a Christian thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be;
 Whate'er for Thine, we do, O Lord
 We do it unto Thee.

How Welcome Was the Call

Henry W. Baker

ADRIAN S. M.

John E. Gould

1. How wel - come was the call, And sweet the fes - tal lay,
 2. And hap - py was the bride, And glad the bridegroom's heart,
 3. His gra - cious power di - vine The wa - ter ves - sels knew;
 4. O Lord of life and love, Come Thou a - gain to - day;

When Je - sus deigned in Ca - na's hall To bless the mar - riage day.
 For He who tar - ried at their side, Bade grief and ill de - part.
 And plen - teous was the mys - tic wine, The won - dering ser - vants drew.
 And bring a bless - ing from a - bove That ne'er shall pass a - way.

5 Oh! bless, as erst of old,
 The bridegroom and the bride;
 Bless with the holier stream that flowed
 Forth from Thy pierced side.

6 Before Thine altar - throne
 This mercy we implore;
 As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore.

O Perfect Love

PERFECT LOVE II. IO. II. IO.

Dorothy F. Blomfield (Doxology, John Ellerton)

Joseph Barnby

1. O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought trans - cend - ing,
 2. O per - fect Life, be Thou their full as - sur - ance
 3. Grant them the joy which bright - ens earth - ly sor - row;
 4. Hear us, O Fa - ther, grac - ious and for - giv - ing,

Low - - ly we kneel in prayer be - fore Thy throne,
 Of ten - der char - i - ty and stead - fast faith,
 Grant them the peace which calms all earth - ly strife,
 Through Je - sus Christ Thy co - e - ter - nal Word,

That theirs may be the love which knows no end - ing,
 Of pa - tient hope, and qui - et, brave en - dur - ance,
 And to life's day the glo - rious un - known mor - row
 Who, with the Ho - ly Ghost, by all things liv - ing

Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one.
 With child - like trust that fears nor pain nor death.
 That dawns up - on e - ter - nal love and life.
 Now and to end - less a - ges art a - dored.

O Spirit of the Living God

James Montgomery

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner

1. O Spir-it of the liv-ing God, In all Thy plen-i-tude of grace,
 2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, To preach the rec-on-cil-ing word;
 3. Be darkness, at Thy com-ing, light; Con-fu-sion, or-der in Thy path;

Wher-e'er the foot of man hath trod, De-send on our a-pos-tate race.
 Give power and unc-tion from a-bove, Wher-e'er the joy-ful sound is heard.
 Souls with-out strength inspire with might, Bid mer-cy tri-umph o-ver wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
 All the round earth her God to meet.
 Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him Lord.

Send Thou, O Lord, to Every Place

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

Mrs. Mary C. Gates, adapted

James W. Elliott

1. Send Thou, O Lord, to ev-ery place Swift mess-en-gers be-fore Thy face,
 2. Send men whose eyes have seen the King, Men in whose ears His great words ring;
 3. To bring good news to souls in sin; The bruised and brok-en hearts to win;

The her-alds of Thy wondrous grace, Where Thou hast promised them to come.
 Send such Thy lost ones home to bring; Send them where Thou wilt sure-ly come;
 In ev-ery place to bring them in To be with Thee when Thou shalt come.

4 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
 The sword of Thine own deathless word;
 And make them conquerors, conquering Lord,
 When Thou Thyself again dost come.

5 Raise up, O Lord, the Holy Ghost,
 From this broad land a mighty host,
 Their war cry, "We will seek the lost,
 Since Thou, O Christ, wilt quickly come."

The Voice Says, "Cry!"

CAREY L. M.

Henry Twells

Henry Carey

1. The Voice says, "Cry!" What shall we cry? "All flesh is
 2. The Voice says, "Cry!" O pit - eous cry! And are there
 3. The Voice says, "Cry!" Yet glo - rious cry! The Word of
 4. The Voice says, "Cry!" Who needs the cry? O broth - er

grass, and like its flower Its glo - ries droop, its
 none to help and save? Have all that live be -
 God can nev - er fall, And tells how Je - sus,
 man! Who needs it not? By count - less mil - lions,

pleas - ures die, Its joys but last one fleet - ing hour."
 neath the sky No oth - er pros - pect but a grave?
 throned on high, Holds out e - ter - nal life to all.
 far and nigh, Un - heard, de - spised or else for - got.

5 The Voice says, "Cry!" What stops the cry?
 Our greed of wealth, our love of ease,
 Our lack of earnest will to try
 Our race to save, our God to please.

6 The Voice says, "Cry!" Oh! let us cry!
 Though, standing on death's awful brink,
 Men feast, they jest, they sell, they buy,
 And cannot see and will not think.

7 The Voice says, "Cry!" Lord, we would cry,
 But of Thy goodness teach us how;
 For fast the hours of mercy fly,
 And if we cry it must be now!

Revive Thy Work, O Lord

Albert Midlane

ST. BRIDE S. M.

S. Howard

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare;
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Dis - turb this sleep of death;
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee;

Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
 Quick-en the smouldering em - bers now By Thine al - might - y breath.
 And hungering for the Bread of Life O may our spir - its be.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Exalt Thy precious Name;
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
 Give pentecostal showers:
 The glory shall be all Thine own,
 The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float

George W. Doane

WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin

1. Fling out the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban - ner! an - gels bend In an - xious si - lence o'er the sign;
 3. Fling out the ban - ner! heath - en lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight
 4. Fling out the ban - ner! sin - sick souls, That sink and per - ish in the strife,

The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross, on which the Sav - iour died.
 And vain - ly seek to com - prehend The won - der of the love di - vine.
 And na - tions, crowding to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra - diant hem, And spring im - mor - tal in - to life.

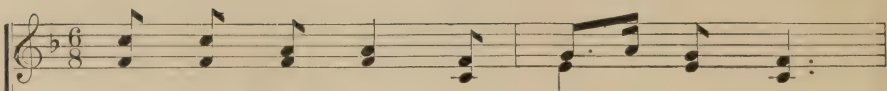
5 Fling out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
 Our glory, only in the cross;
 Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

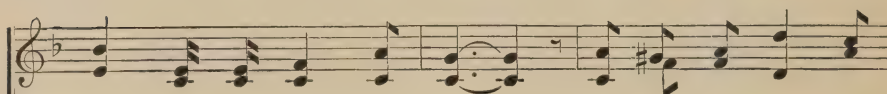
AFTONSANG C. M.

Edward Denny

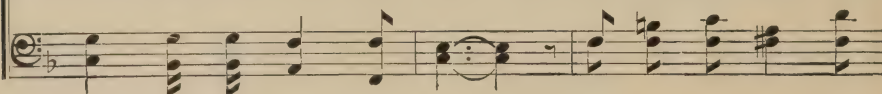
R. Bay



1. Light of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart,
 2. Come, bles - sed Lord, bid eve - ry shore
 3. Lord, Lord, Thy fair cre - a - tion groans,
 4. Thine was the cross with all its fruits



Star of the com - ing day, A - rise, and with Thy
 And an - swer - ing is - land sing The prais - es of Thy
 The air, the earth, the sea, In u - ni - son with
 Of grace and peace di - vine; Be Thine the crown of



morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way.
 roy - al name, And own Thee as their King.
 all our hearts, And calls a - loud for Thee.
 glo - ry now, The palm of vic - tory Thine.



Coming, Coming, Yes, They Are

COMING 7. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

J. W. MacGill

Edward Husband

1. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
 2. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
 3. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
 4. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,

from a - far, From the wild and scorch - ing des - ert,
 from a - far, From the fields and crowd - ed cit - ies
 from a - far, From the In - dus and the Gan - ges
 from a - far, All to meet in plains of glo - ry,

Af - ric's sons of col - or deep; Je - sus' love has
 Chi - na gath - ers at His feet; In His love Shem's
 Stead - y flows the liv - ing stream, To love's o - cean,
 All to sing His prais - es sweet, What a cho - rus,

drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
 gen - tle chil - dren Now have found a safe re - treat.
 to His bo - som, Cal - va - ry their won - d'ring theme.
 what a meet - ing, With the fam - i - ly com - plete!

425 O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling

TIDINGS 11. 10. 11. 10. with Refrain

Mary A. Thomson

James Walch

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing,
2. Be - hold how man - y thou - sands still are ly - ing,
3. Pro - claim to ev - ery peo - ple, tongue, and na - tion,

To tell to all the world that God is Light; That He who
Bound in the dark - some pri - son-house of sin, With none to
That God, in whom they live and move, is Love: Tell how He

made all na - tions is not will - ing One soul should per - ish,
tell them of the Sav - iour's dy - ing, Or of the life He
stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion, And died on earth that

Refrain

lost in shades of night.
died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings, ti - dings of peace,
man might live a - bove.

Ti - dings of Je - sus, re - demp - tion and re - lease.

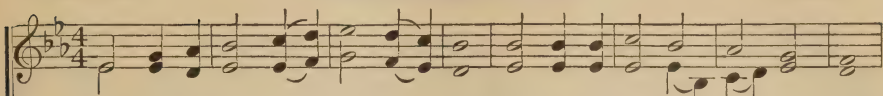
- 4 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
- 5 He comes again: O Zion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.

Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun

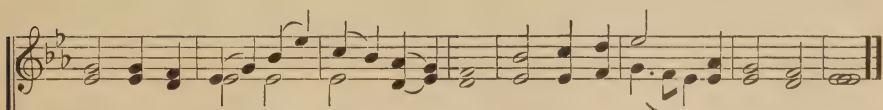
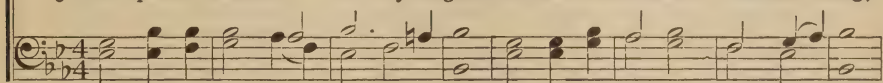
Isaac Watts

DUKE STREET L. M.

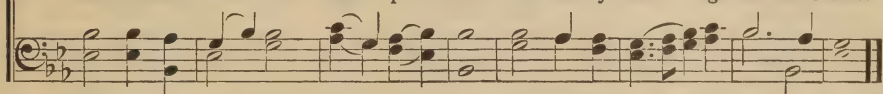
John Hatton



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
 2. For Him shall end - less prayer be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev-ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in-fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear-ly bless - ings on His name.



- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

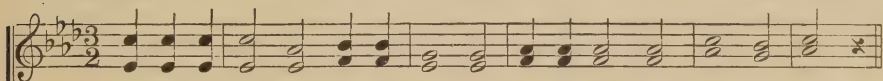
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen!

Arm of the Lord! Awake, Awake!

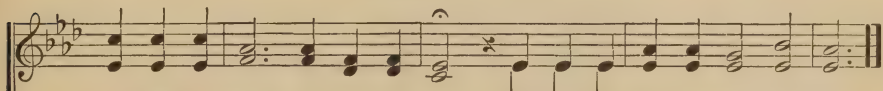
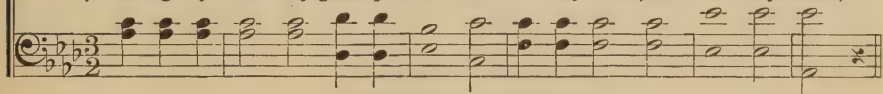
W. Shrubsole

MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

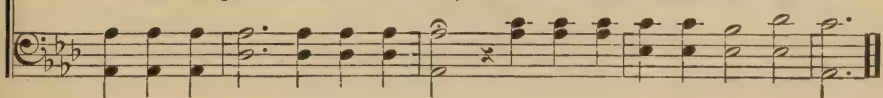
Charles Zeuner



1. Arm of the Lord! a - wake, a-wake! Put on Thy strength, the na - tions shake:
 2. Say to the heath-en from Thy Throne, "I am Je-ho - vah, God a - lone!"
 3. Let Zi - on's time of fav - or come; Oh, bring the tribes of Is - rael home:
 4. Al-might-y God! Thy grace proclaim In ev - ery clime, of ev - ery name;



And let the world, a - dor-ing, see Thy voice their i - dols shall con-found,
 And let our won-dering eyes be-hold Gen-tiles and Jews in Je - sus' fold!
 Let adverse powers be-fore Thee fall, And crown the Sav-iour Lord of all.



Hills of the North, Rejoice

ST. MAURA 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

F. Oakley

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. Hills of the north, re-joice, Riv-er and moun-tain spring,
 2. Isles of the south-ern seas, Keep in your cor-al caves,
 3. Lands of the east, a-wake, Soon shall your sons be free;

Hark to the ad-vent voice, Val-ley and low-land, sing:
 Pent be each war-ring breeze, Lull'd be your rest-less waves;
 The sleep of a-ges break, And rise to lib-er-ty.

Though ab-sent long, your Lord is nigh; He judgment brings and vic-to-ry.
 He comes to reign with boundless sway, And make your wastes His great high-way.
 On your far hills, long cold and gray, Has dawn'd the ev-er-last-ing day.

- 4 Shores of the utmost west,
 Ye that have waited long,
 Unvisited, unblest,
 Break forth to swelling song:
 High raise the note that Jesus died,
 Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

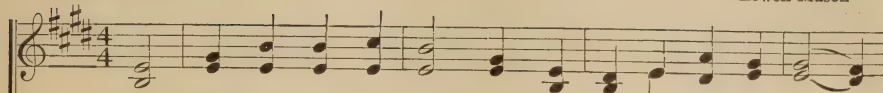
- 5 Shout while ye journey home,
 Songs be in every mouth:
 Lo, from the north, we come,
 From east, and west, and south.
 City of God, the bond are free:
 We come to live and reign in thee.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

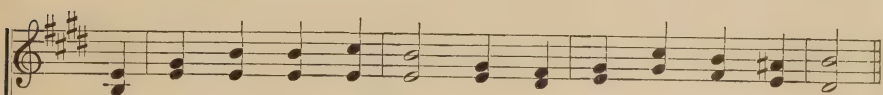
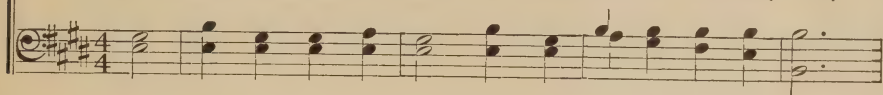
MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 7. 6. D

Reginald Heber

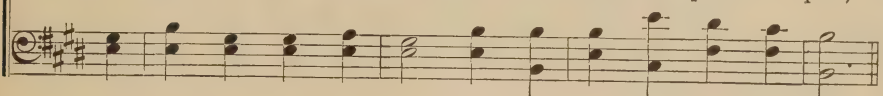
Lowell Mason



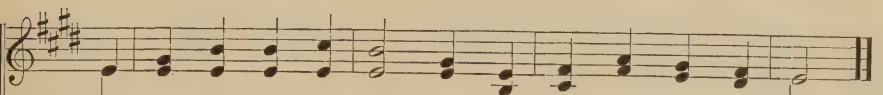
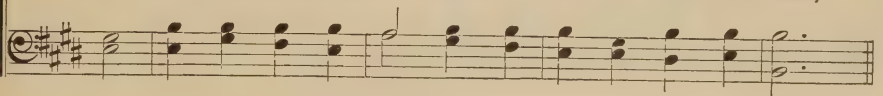
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What though the spic - y breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
 3. Can we whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand,
 Though ev - ery pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
 Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till like a sea of glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The heath - en in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till each re - mo - test na - tion Has learnt Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.




430 Lord, Thy Ransomed Church Is Waking



AUSTRIA 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Sarah G. Stock

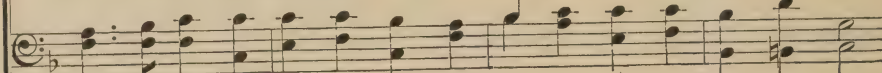

F. J. Haydn





1. Lord, Thy ransomed church is wak-ing Out of slum-ber far and near,
 2. Praise for these glad showers of blessing, Earn-est of the lat-ter rain;
 3. Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning O'er the lost and wandering throng;
 4. Set on fire our hearts' de-vo-tion With the love of Thy dear name;


Know-ing that the morn is breaking When the Bridegroom shall ap-pear;
 Praise for grate-ful hearts con-fess-ing Thou hast quickened us a-gain;
 Praise for voic-es, dai-ly learn-ing To up-raise the glad new song;
 Till o'er ev-ery land and o-cean Lips and lives Thy cross pro-claim.

Wak-ing up to claim the treasure With Thy pre-cious life-blood bought,
 That Thy gos-pel's price-less treasure Now is borne from land to land,
 Praise to Thee for sick ones, hast-ning Now to touch Thy gar-ment's hem;
 Fix our eyes on Thy re-turn-ing, Keep-ing watch till Thou shalt come;

And to trust in full-er measure All Thy wondrous Death has wrought.
 And that all the Fa-ther's pleasure Pros-pers in Thy pierc-ed Hand.
 Praise for souls, be-liev-ing, tast-ing All Thy love has won for them.
 Loins well-girt, lamps bright-ly burning, Then, Lord, take Thy ser-vants home.



Lord, a Saviour's Love Displaying

Ernest Hawkins

SARDIS 8. 7. 8. 7.

Arr. from Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Lord, a Sav-iour's love dis - play - ing, Show the heath - en lands Thy way;
 2. Shades of death are gath - ering o'er them, Lord, they per - ish from Thy sight;
 3. Fetch them home from ev - ery na - tion, From the is - lands of the sea;

Thou - sands still like sheep are stray - ing In the dark and cloud - y day.
 Let Thine an - gel go be - fore them, Bring the Gen - tiles to Thy light.
 By the Word of Thy sal - va - tion Call the wanderers back to Thee.

4 Thou their pasture hast provided,
 Grant the blessing long foretold.
 Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
 Find at last the one true fold.

5 Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
 Blest Redeemer, be to Thee,
 Who with Father and with Spirit
 Art one God eternally.

The Year is Gone; Another Dawns

William Cooke

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp

1. The year is gone; an - oth - er dawns: So life with si - lent wing flits on:
 2. To Thee our thanks Thy peo - ple bring For mer - cies, heaped up - on our path;
 3. Of Thee we ask our dai - ly bread; From out our coasts drive fell dis - ease;

Thou, Lord, dost or - der all the course Of time a - right, and Thou a - lone.
 Our prayer for grace to keep en - tire Thy choicest gift, the Ho - ly Faith.
 In mer - cy send us peace, that we May reap with joy the earth's increase.

4 Oh! grant us pardon; vice restrain:
 Let Thy Right Hand our shelter be:
 Though dread the foe and fierce the strife,
 Thy grace shall win the victory.
 5 To Thee, O God, our hearts we yield.
 Oh! fill us with Thy holy fear,
 To hate the sin that stains the past;
 And with Thy goodness crown the year.


6 Lord, make Thy face to shine on us,
 As years and ages onward move,
 That all the earth in duteous praise
 May sing to Thee, Thou God of love:
 7 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom Heaven and earth adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

433 While With Ceaseless Course the Sun

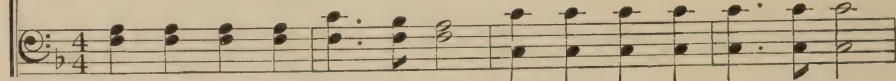
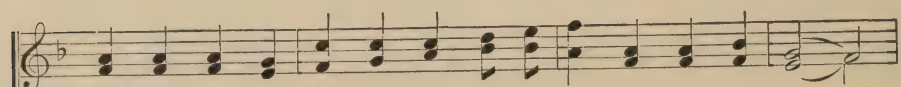
BENEVENTO 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

John Newton


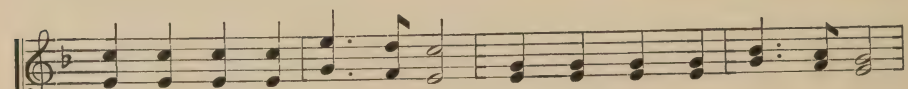
S. Webbe



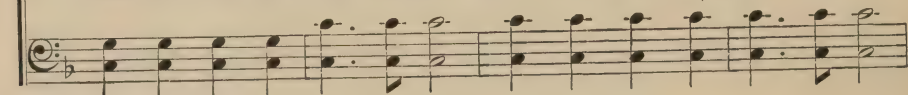

1. While with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed through the form - er year,
 2. As the wing - éd ar - row flies Speed - i - ly the mark to find;
 3. Thanks for mer - cies past re - ceive; Par - don of our sins re - new;


Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:
 As the light - ning from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace be - hind;
 Teach us hence - forth how to live With e - ter - ni - ty in view:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;
 Swift - ly thus our fleet - ing days Bear us down life's rap - id stream:
 Bless Thy word to young and old; Fill us with a Sav - iour's love;

We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle none can know.
 Up - ward, Lord, our spir - its raise, All be - low is but a dream.
 And when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with Thee a - bove.



From Glory Unto Glory!

LANGE-MUELLER 7. 6. 7. 6. 12 lines

Frances R. Havergal, adapted

P. E. Lange-Mueller

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song, As
 2. The ful - ness of His bless - ing en - com - pass - eth our way; The
 3. Oh! let our a - do - ra - tion for all that He hath done, Peal

on the King's own highway we brave-ly march a - long. From glo - ry un - to
 ful-ness of His prom-ise crowns every brightening day, And clo - ser yet and
 out be-yond the heav - ens while voice and life are one; As on - ward, ev - er

glo - ry! O word of stir-ring cheer, As dawns in solemn brightness an-
 clo - ser the gold - en bonds shall be, U - ni - ting all His fol - lowers in
 on - ward, from strength to strength we go, While grace for grace a - bound-ing shall

oth - er glad New Year. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! What mighty bless-ings
 pure sin - cer - i - ty; And wi - der yet and wi - der shall cir - cling glo - ry
 from His ful-ness flow, To glo - ry's full fru - i - tion, from glo-ry's fore-taste

crown The lives, for which our Lord laid His own so free - ly down!
 grow, As more and more are taught God's own might - y Love to know.
 here, Till crowns His ver - y pres - ence our hap - pi - est New Year.

1. The year is swift - ly wan - ing, The sum - mer days are past;
 2. The ev - er - chang - ing sea - sons In si - lence come and go;
 3. Oh, pour Thy grace up - on us, That we may worth - ier be,
 4. Be - hold the bend - ing or - chards With bount - eous fruits are crowned;

And life, brief life, is speed - ing; The end is near - ing fast.
 But Thou, e - ter - nal Fa - ther, No time or change canst know.
 Each year that pass - es o'er us To dwell in heaven with Thee.
 Lord, in our hearts more rich - ly Let heaven - ly fruits a - bound.

5 Oh, by each mercy sent us,
 And by each grief and pain,
 By blessings like the sunshine,
 And sorrows like the rain,

6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
 With every goodly grace,
 That we Thy name may hallow,
 And see at last Thy face.

1. For Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Faith - ful through an - oth - er year,
 2. Dark the fu - ture; let Thy light Guide us, Bright and Morn - ing Star,
 3. In our weak - ness and dis - tress, Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
 4. Who of us death's aw - ful road In the com - ing year shall tread,

Hear our song of thank - ful - ness; Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, hear.
 Fierce our foes and hard the fight; Arm us, Sav - iour, for the war.
 In the path - less wil - der - ness Be our true and liv - ing way.
 With Thy rod and staff, O God, Com - fort Thou his dy - ing bed.

5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own;
 Help, O help us, to endure,
 Fit us for the promised crown.

6 So within Thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords and King of kings.

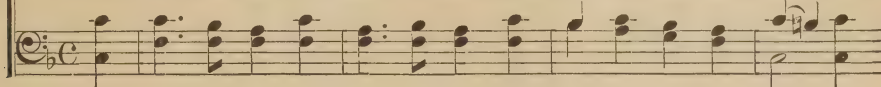
GLAESER 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

James Hamilton

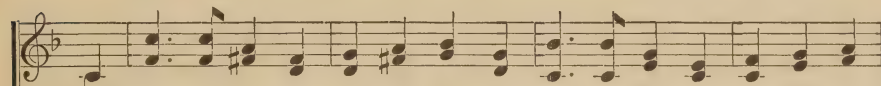
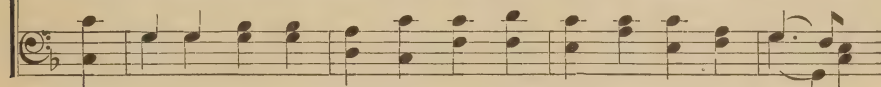
Josef Glaeser



1. A - cross the sky the shades of night This win-ter's eve are fleet - ing.
 2. And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes To dear ones gone be - fore us;
 3. We gath - er up in this brief hour The mem-'ry of Thy mer - cies;
 4. Then, O Great God, in years to come, What - ev - er fate be - tide us,



We seek Thee, ev - er - last - ing Light, In sol - emn wor - ship meet - ing.
 Safe housed with Thee in par - a - dise, Their spir - its hov-'ring o'er us;
 Thy won-drous goodness, love and power Our grate - ful song re - hears - es;
 Right on - ward through our jour - ney home Be Thou at hand to guide us:



And as the year's last hours go by, We lift to Thee our ear - nest cry
 And beg of Thee when life is past To re - u - nite us all at last,
 For Thou hast been our Strength and Stay, In ma - ny a dark and drear - y day
 Nor leave us till, at close of life, Safe from all per - ils, toil and strife,

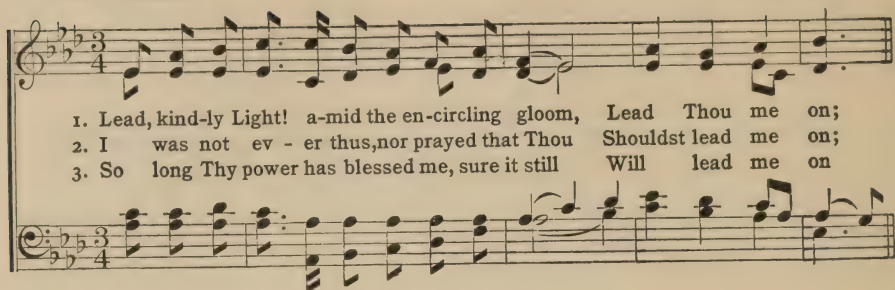


Once more Thy love en - treat - ing, Once more Thy love en - treat - ing.
 And to our lost re - store us, And to our lost re - store us.
 Of sor - row and re - vers - es, Of sor - row and re - vers - es.
 Heaven shall en - fold and hide us, Heaven shall en - fold and hide us.

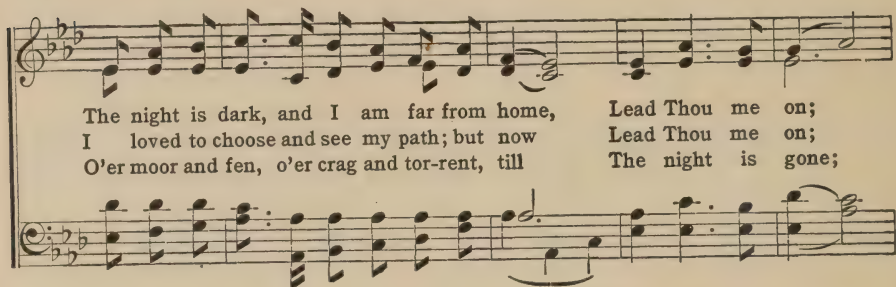


John H. Newman

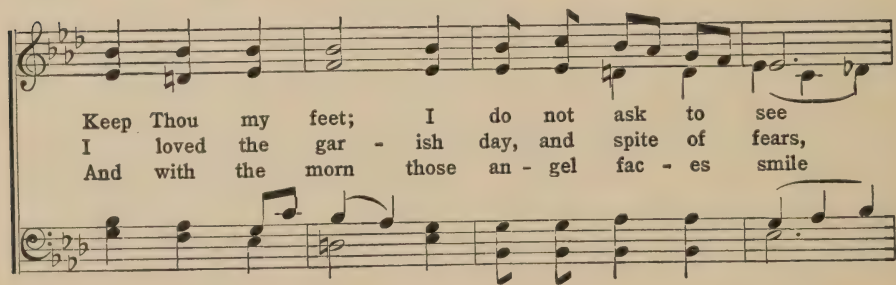
John B. Dykes



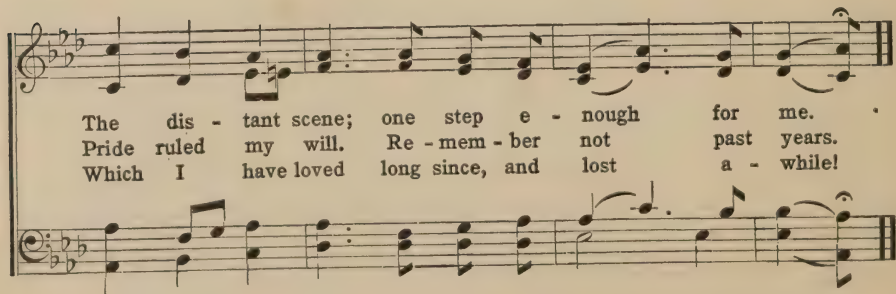
1. Lead, kind-ly Light! a-mid the en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on



The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on;
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone;



Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,
 And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 Pride ruled my will. Re - mem - ber not past years.
 Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

RUTHERFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

Anne R. Cousin

Chrétien D'Urhan

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
 2. The King there in His beau - ty, With - out a veil is seen;
 3. Oh! Christ He is the Foun - tain, The deep sweet well of love!

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes.
 It were a well - spent jour - ney, Though seven deaths lay be - tween;
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove:

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 The Lamb, with His fair arm - y, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,
 There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time He wove;
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lusted with His love:
 I'll bless the Hand that guided,
 I'll bless the Heart that plann'd,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.

5 Oh, I am my Beloved's
 And my Beloved's mine!
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His "house of wine":
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no other stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.

6 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of grace:
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His pierced hand;
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Emmanuel's land.

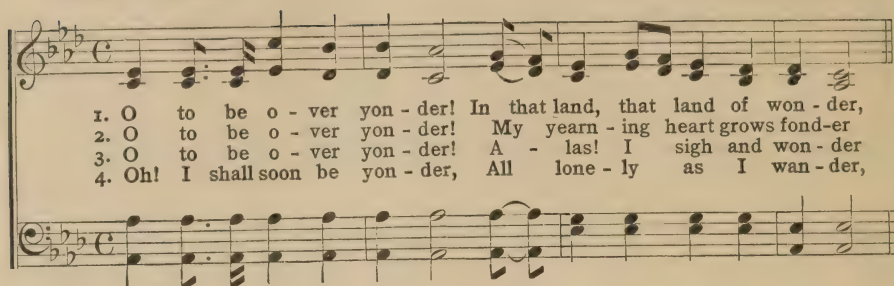
7 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
 'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
 Now, like a weary traveller
 That leaneth on his guide,
 Amid the shades of evening,
 While sinks life's lingering sand,
 I hail the glory dawning
 In Emmanuel's land.

O to Be Over Yonder

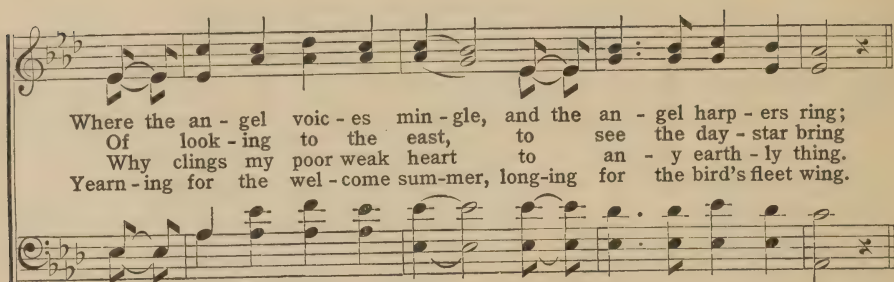
OVER YONDER P. M.

Florence C. Armstrong

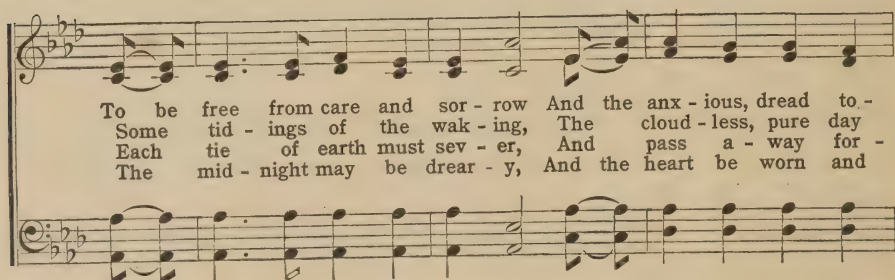
Arranged from an English Tune



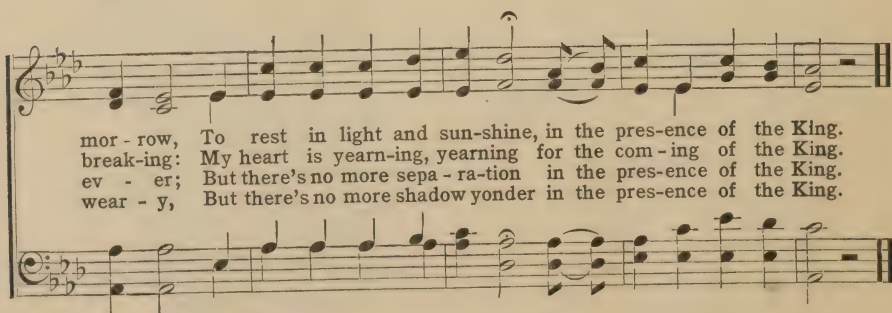
1. O to be o - ver yon - der! In that land, that land of won - der,
 2. O to be o - ver yon - der! My yearn - ing heart grows fond - er
 3. O to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
 4. Oh! I shall soon be yon - der, All lone - ly as I wan - der,



Where the an - gel voic - es min - gle, and the an - gel harp - ers ring;
 Of look - ing to the east, to see the day - star bring
 Why clings my poor weak heart to an - y earth - ly thing.
 Yearn - ing for the wel - come sum - mer, long - ing for the bird's fleet wing.



To be free from care and sor - row And the anx - ious, dread to -
 Some tid - ings of the wak - ing, The cloud - less, pure day -
 Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for -
 The mid - night may be drear - y, And the heart be worn and



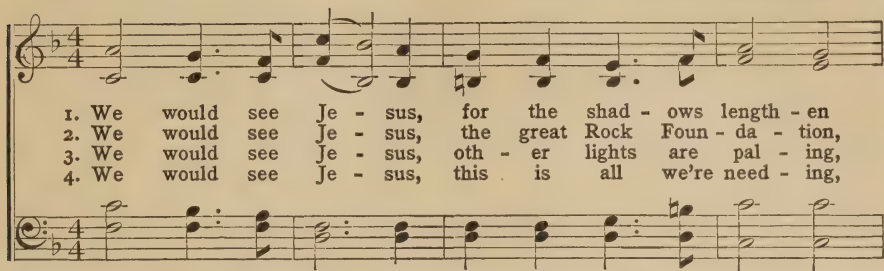
mor - row, To rest in light and sun - shine, in the pres - ence of the King.
 break - ing: My heart is yearn - ing, yearning for the com - ing of the King.
 ev - er; But there's no more sepa - ra - tion in the pres - ence of the King.
 wear - y, But there's no more shadow yonder in the pres - ence of the King.

441 We Would See Jesus, for the Shadows Lengthen

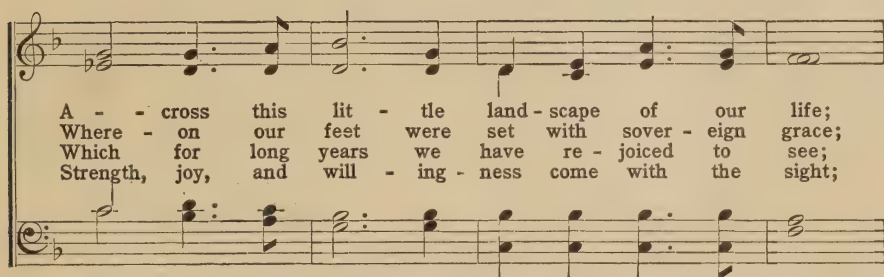
RAYNOLDS II. 10. II. 10.

Anna B. Warner

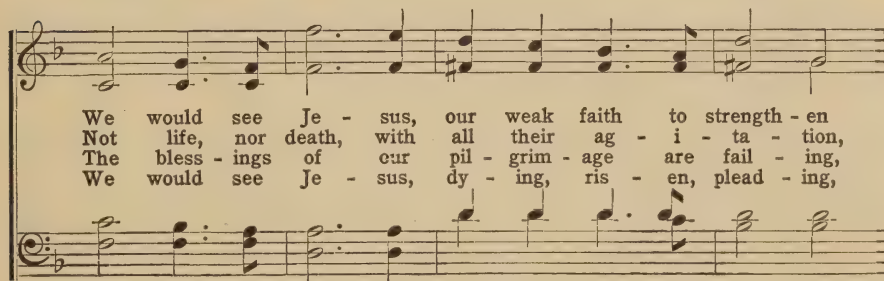
Arranged from Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy



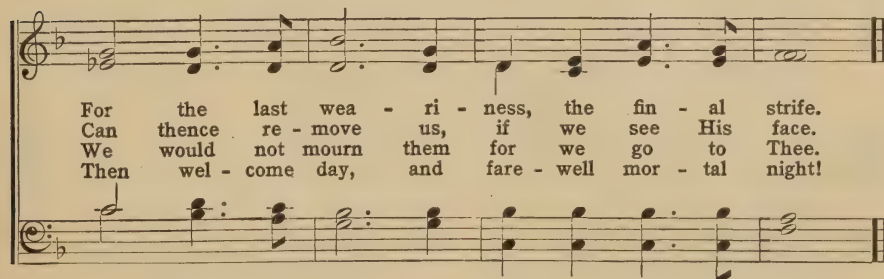
1. We would see Je - sus, for the shad - ows length - en
 2. We would see Je - sus, the great Rock Foun - da - tion,
 3. We would see Je - sus, oth - er lights are pal - ing,
 4. We would see Je - sus, this is all we're need - ing,



A - - cross this lit - tle land - scape of our life;
 Where - on our feet were set with sover - eign grace;
 Which for long years we have re - joiced to see;
 Strength, joy, and will - ing - ness come with the sight;



We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strength - en
 Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion,
 The bless - ings of our pil - grim - age are fail - ing,
 We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead - ing,



For the last wea - ri - ness, the fin - al strife.
 Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
 We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
 Then wel - come day, and fare - well mor - tal night!

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

Phoebe Cary, altered

AMBROSE S. M.

Robert S. Ambrose

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be,
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down,
 4. But ly - ing dark be - tween, Wind - ing down through the night,

Near - er my home to - day am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 Near - er to leave the heav - y cross, Near - er to gain the crown.
 There rolls the deep and un - known stream To be crossed ere we reach the light.

5 Jesus, perfect my trust,
 Strengthen my power of faith;
 Nor let me stand at last alone
 Upon the shore of death;

6 Be near me when my feet
 Are slipping o'er the brink;
 For it may be I'm nearer home,
 Nearer now than I think.

"Forever With The Lord!"

James Montgomery

FESCA S. M.

Alexander Fesca

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men; so let it be;
 2. Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam:
 3. My Fa - ther's house on high, Home of my soul! how near,
 4. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis Thy will,

Life from the dead is in that word; 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.
 Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.
 At times, to faith's fore - see - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear!
 The prom - ise of that faith - ful word E'en here to me ful - fill.

5 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

Days and Moments, Quickly Flying

ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 8. 7. with Chorus

Edward Caswall

John B. Dykes

1. Days and moments, quick-ly fly - ing, Speed us on-ward to the dead;
 2. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful Re - deem-er, Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice:
 3. Mark we whith - er we are wend-ing; Pon - der how we soon must go
 4. As a shad - ow life is fleet-ing; As a va - por so it flies;

Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar-row bed!
 Wake, Oh! wake each i - dle dreamer Now to make th' e - ter - nal choice.
 To in - her - it bliss un - end - ing, Or e - ter - ni - ty of woe.
 For the by - gone years re - treat-ing Par - don grant, and make us wise;

Chorus. 3d and 6th verses

Life pass - eth soon: Death draw - eth near: Keep us, good Lord,

Till Thou ap - pear; With Thee to live, With Thee to die,

With Thee to reign thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

5 Wise that we our days may number,
 Strive and wrestle with our sin,
 Stay not in our work, nor slumber
 Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
 We with all the dead shall stand;
 Saviour, over death victorious,
 Place us then on Thy right hand.

When the Day of Toil is Done

JUGENDBUND 7. 7. 7. 5. 12 lines

John Ellerton

German

1. When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,
2. When the heart, by sor - row tried, Feels at length its throbs sub - side,

Fa - ther, grant Thy wear-ied one Rest for ev - er - more. When the strife of
Bring us where all tears are dried, Joy for ev - er - more. When for van-ished

sin is stilled, When the foe with-in is killed, Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
days we yearn, Days that nev-er can re-turn, Teach us in Thy love to learn

Peace for ev - er - more. When the darkness melts a-way At the breaking
Love for ev - er - more; When the breath of life is flown, When the grave must

of the day, Bid us hail the cheer-ing ray, Light for ev - er - more.
claim its own, Lord of life, be ours Thy crown, Life for ev - er - more.

Hush! Blessed Are the Dead

DOLOMITE CHANT 6. 6. 6. 6.

E. H. Bickersteth

Austrian Melody

1. Hush! bless - ed are the dead In Je - sus'
 2. O be - a - tif - ic sight! No dark - ling
 3. Them the Good Shep - herd leads, Where storms are
 4. Their voice, their touch, their smile, Those love - springs

arms who rest, And lean their wear - y head
 veil be - tween, They see the Light of Light,
 nev - er rife, In tran - quil dew - y meads
 flow - ing o'er, Earth for its lit - tle while

For - ev - - er on His breast.
 Whom here they loved un - seen.
 Be - side the Fount of Life.
 Shall nev - er know them more.

5 O tender hearts and true,
 Our long last vigil kept,
 We weep and mourn for you;
 Nor blame us: Jesus wept.

6 But soon at break of day,
 His calm almighty voice,
 Stronger than death, shall say,
 Awake, arise, rejoice.

God of the Living

ST. CHRYSOSTOM 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

John Ellerton

Joseph Barnby

1. God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un - veiled Thy
 2. Not spilt like wa - ter on the ground, Not wrapped in
 3. Thy Word is true, Thy Will is just; To Thee we
 4. O Breath - er in - to man of breath! O Hold - er

whole cre - a - tion lies; All souls are Thine; we must not say
 dream - less sleep pro - found, Not wand'r-ing in un - known de - spair
 leave them, Lord, in trust, And bless Thee for the Love which gave
 of the keys of death! O Giv - er of the life with - in!

That those are dead who pass a - way, From this our
 Be - yond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care; Not left to
 Thy Son to fill a hu - man grave, That none might
 Save us from death, the death of sin; That bod - y,

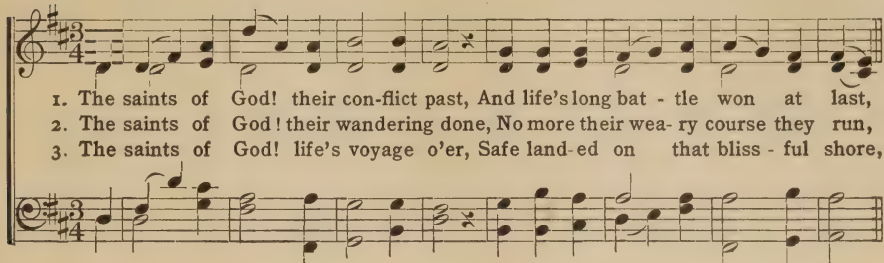
world of flesh set free, We know them liv - ing un - to Thee.
 lie like fall - en tree, Not dead, but liv - ing un - to Thee.
 fear that world to see, Where all are liv - ing un - to Thee.
 soul and spir - it be For - ev - er liv - ing un - to Thee!

448 The Saints of God! Their Conflict Past

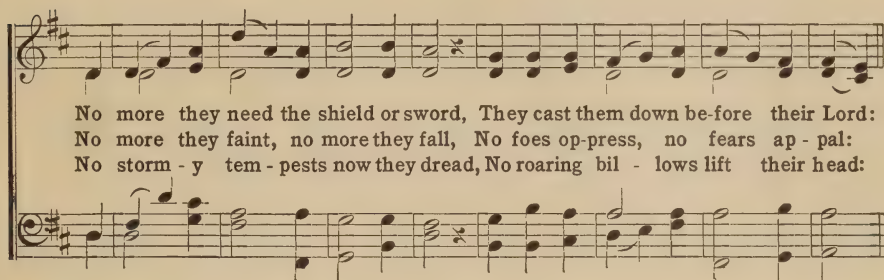
HARDANGER 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

W. D. MacLagen

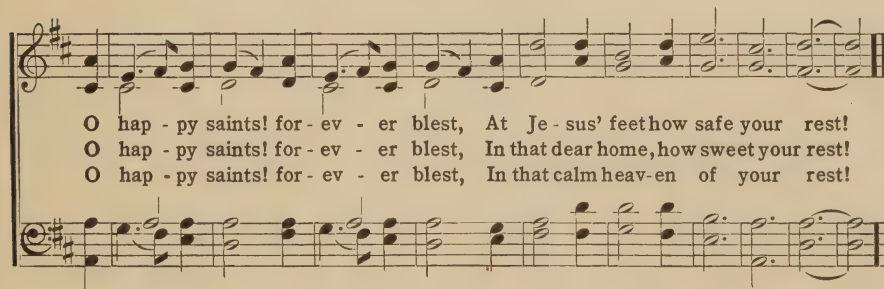
Norwegian Folk-song



1. The saints of God! their con-flict past, And life's long bat - tle won at last,
 2. The saints of God! their wandering done, No more their wea - ry course they run,
 3. The saints of God! life's voyage o'er, Safe land-ed on that bliss - ful shore,



No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down be-fore their Lord:
 No more they faint, no more they fall, No foes op-press, no fears ap - pal:
 No storm - y tem - pests now they dread, No roaring bil - lows lift their head:



O hap - py saints! for - ev - er blest, At Je - sus' feet how safe your rest!
 O hap - py saints! for - ev - er blest, In that dear home, how sweet your rest!
 O hap - py saints! for - ev - er blest, In that calm heav-en of your rest!

4 The saints of God their vigil keep,
 While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
 Till from the dust they, too, shall rise
 And soar triumphant to the skies;
 O happy saints! rejoice and sing,
 He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

5 O God of saints! to Thee we cry;
 O Saviour, plead for us on high;
 O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
 Grant us Thy grace till life shall end,
 That with all saints our rest may be
 In that bright paradise with Thee.

John Ellerton

Joseph Barnby

1. Now the la - borer's task is o'er, Now the bat - tle
 2. There the tears of earth are dried; There its hid - den
 3. There the an - gels bear on high Many a strayed and
 4. There the sin - ful souls, that turn To the cross their

day is past; Now up - on the far - ther shore
 things are clear; There the work of life is tried
 wound - ed lamb, Peace - ful - ly at last to lie
 dy - ing eyes, All the love of Christ shall learn

Lands the voy - a - ger at last. Fa - ther, in Thy
 By a just - er Judge than here. Fa - ther, in Thy
 In the breast of A - bra - ham. Fa - ther, in Thy
 At His feet in Par - a - dise. Fa - ther, in Thy

grac - ious keep - ing Leave we now Thy ser - vant sleep - ing.

5 There no more the powers of hell
 Can prevail to mar their peace;
 Christ, the Lord, shall guard them well,
 He who died for their release.
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

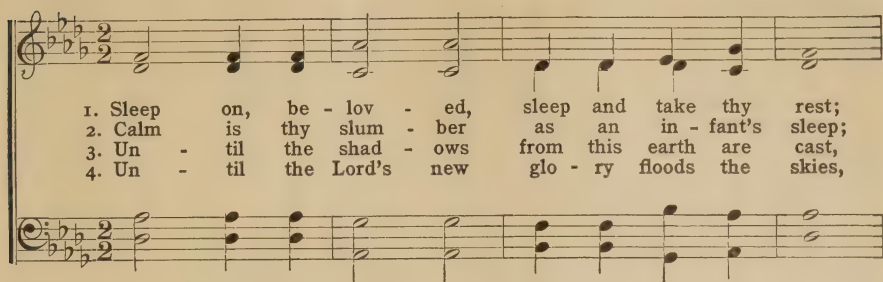
6 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
 Calmly now the words we say;
 Leaving him to sleep in trust,
 Till the resurrection day.
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

450 Sleep on, Beloved, Sleep and Take Thy Rest

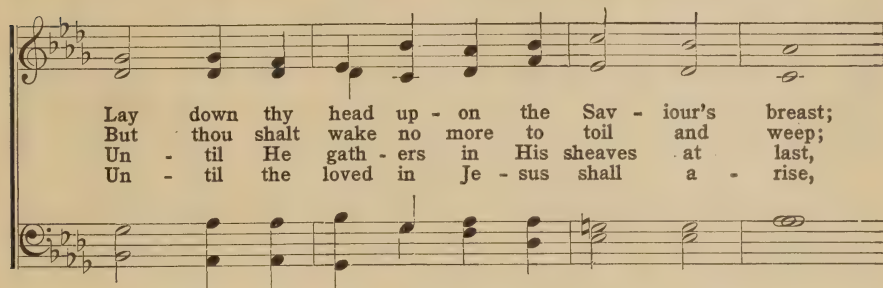
BLESSED REST 10. 10. 10. 4.

Sarah Doudney

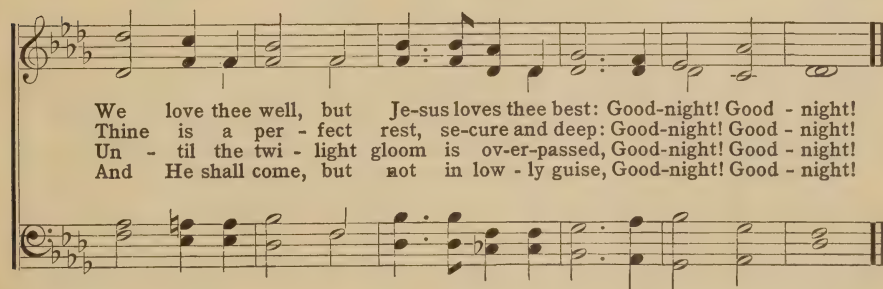
Joseph Barnby



1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep and take thy rest;
 2. Calm is thy slum - ber as an in - fant's sleep;
 3. Un - til the shad - ows from this earth are cast,
 4. Un - til the Lord's new glo - ry floods the skies,



Lay down thy head up - on the Sav - iour's breast;
 But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
 Un - til He gath - ers in His sheaves at last,
 Un - til the loved in Je - sus shall a - rise,



We love thee well, but Je - sus loves thee best: Good-night! Good - night!
 Thine is a per - fect rest, se - cure and deep: Good-night! Good - night!
 Un - til the twi - light gloom is ov - er - passed, Good-night! Good - night!
 And He shall come, but not in low - ly guise, Good-night! Good - night!

5 Until made beautiful by love divine,
 Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shall shine,
 And He shall bring that golden crown of thine,
 Good-night! Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night" beloved, not "Farewell!"
 A little while and all His saints shall dwell
 In hallowed union, indivisible:
 Good-night! Good-night!

7 Until we meet again before His throne,
 Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
 Until we know, even as we are known:
 Good-night! Good-night!

Asleep In Jesus! Blessed Sleep

REST L. M.

Margaret Mackay

William B. Bradbury

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
 2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet;
 3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose wak-ing is su-preme-ly blest;

A calm and un - dis-turbed re- pose, Un - broken by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost his venom'd sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fest's the Sav-iour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

452 Lord, if He Sleep, He Shall Do Well!

SOUTHGATE 8. 8. 8. 4.

William Pollock

T. B. Southgate

1. "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well!" Why should we weep? why should a knell,
 2. Long was his way, rugg-ed and drear; All his sad day trou-ble was near;
 3. No - bly he wrought; strongly he ran; Brave-ly he fought, fought in the van;
 4. "Till the day break," here let him be, Then shall he wake, glo-rious and free,

Dirg - ing and deep, o - ver him swell? He shall do well!
 Now doth he lay ev - ery load here! He shall do well!
 Rest hath he sought, he was but man: He shall do well!
 For Thy dear sake, like un - to Thee, He shall do well!

Sleep Thy Last Sleep

TRANQUILLITAS 4. 6. 4. 6. D.

Edward Arthur Dayman

Joseph Barnby

1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row;
 2. Life's dream is past, All its sin, its sad - ness;
 3. Though we may mourn Those in life the dear - est,

Rest, where none weep, Till th'e - ter - nal mor - row;
 Bright - ly at last Dawns a day of glad - ness.
 They shall re - turn, Christ! when Thou ap - pear - est.

Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent riv - er,
 Un - der thy sod Earth re - ceive our treas - ure
 Soon shall Thy voice Com - fort those now weep - ing,

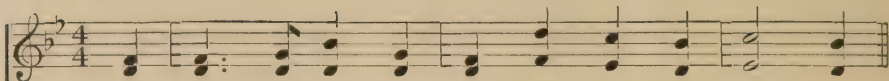
Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er.
 To rest in God, Wait - ing all His pleas - ure.
 Bid - ding re - joice All in Je - sus sleep - ing.

A Voice Is Heard on Earth


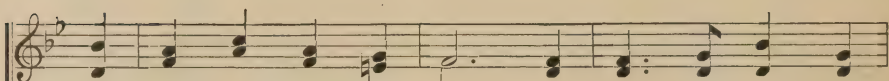
REQUIEM II. 6. II. 6.

G. D. Burns

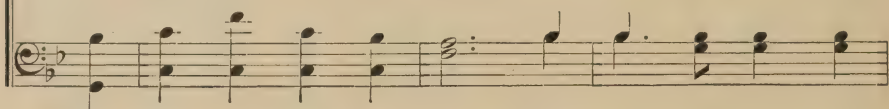

C. J. Vincent




1. A voice is heard on earth of kins - folk weep - ing
 2. The mourn - ers throng the way, and from the steep - le
 3. And say - ing, as they meet, Re - joice! an - oth - er,

The loss of one they love; But he is gone where
 The fun - eral bell tolls slow; But on the gold - en
 Long wait - ed for, is come: The Sav - iour's heart is

the re - deemed are keep - ing A fes - ti - val a - bove.
 streets the ho - ly peo - ple Are pass - ing to and fro;
 glad: a young - er broth - er Hath reached the Fa - ther's home.

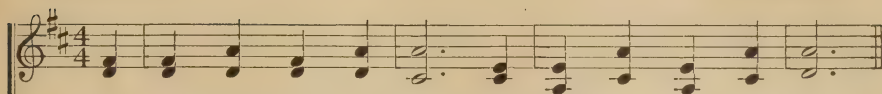


Safe Home, Safe Home in Port!

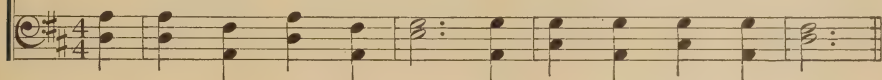
SAFE HOME 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

John M. Neale

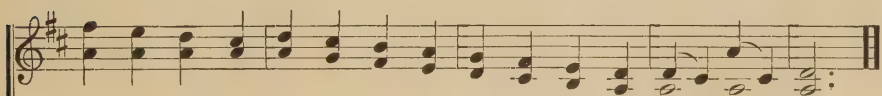
Arthur S. Sullivan



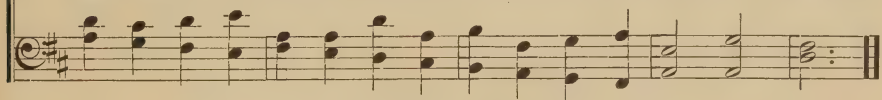
1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cord - age, shat - tered deck,
2. The prize, the prize se - cure! The ath - lete near - ly fell,
3. No more the foe can harm; No more the leag - uered camp,
4. The lamb is in the fold, In per - fect safe - ty penned;



Torn sails, pro - vis - ions short, And on - ly not a wreck. But,
 Bare all he could en - dure, And bare not al - ways well. But
 And cry of night - a - - alarm, And need of read - y lamp. And
 The li - on once had hold, And thought to make an end; But



O the joy up - on the shore To tell our voy - age per - ils o'er!
 he may smile at troub - les gone, Who sets the vic - tor - gar - land on.
 yet how near - ly he had failed, How near - ly had that foe pre - vailed!
 One came by with wounded side, And for the sheep the Shep - herd died.



5 The exile is at home!

O nights and days of tears!

O longings not to roam!

O sins and doubts and fears!

What matter now when, so men say,

The King has wiped those tears away?

6 O happy, happy Bride!

Thy widowed hours are past,

The Bridegroom at thy side,

Thou all His own at last!

The sorrows of thy former cup

In full fruition swallow up.

For All Thy Saints

SARUM 10. 10. 10. with Alleluia

W. Walsham How

Joseph Barnby

1. For all Thy saints, who from their la - bors rest,
 2. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true and bold,
 3. O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine!

Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fess'd, Thy name, 'O
 Fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old, And win, with
 We fee - bly strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are

Je - sus, be for ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
 them, the vic - tor's crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!
 one in Thee, for all are Thine. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia!

4 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day:
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array:
 The King of glory passes on His way.
 Alleluia, Alleluia!

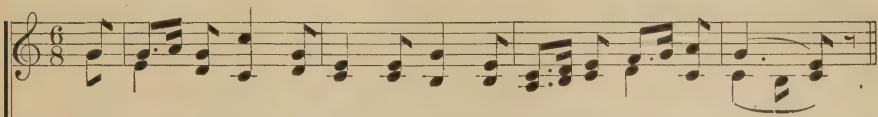
5 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Alleluia, Alleluia!

Through Centuries of Sin and Woe



PAX VENIAT 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 4.

John Hampden Gurney



J. P. E. Hartmann




1. Through cent - u - ries of sin and woe Hath streamed the crimson flood,
 2. In vain 'mid clam - ors loud and rude Thy ser - vants seek re - pose,
 3. Still to the heavens the weak will pour Their loud, un - an - swered cry;
 4. Thy Gos - pel, Lord, is grace and love. Oh! send it all a - broad,

While man in con - cert with the foe Hath shed his brother's blood.
 See, day by day, the strife renewed, And brethren turned to foes.
 Still wealth doth heap its sec - ret store, And want for - got - ten lie.
 Till ev - ery heart sub - miss - ive prove And bless the reign - ing God.

Now lift Thy ban - ner, Prince of Peace, And let war cease.
 Then lift Thy ban - ner, Prince of Peace, Make wrong to cease.
 Lift high Thy ban - ner, Prince of Peace, Let love in - crease!
 Come lift Thy ban - ner, Prince of Peace, And grant re - lease.

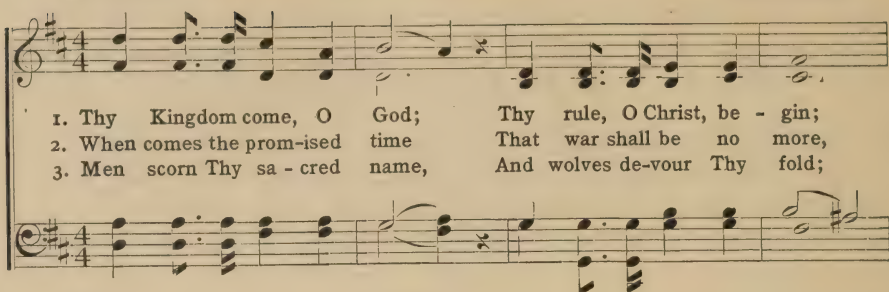


Thy Kingdom Come, O God

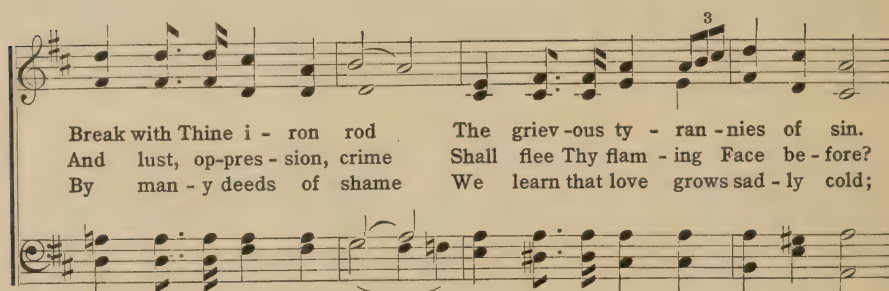
BROOME STREET 6. 6. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Lewis Hensley

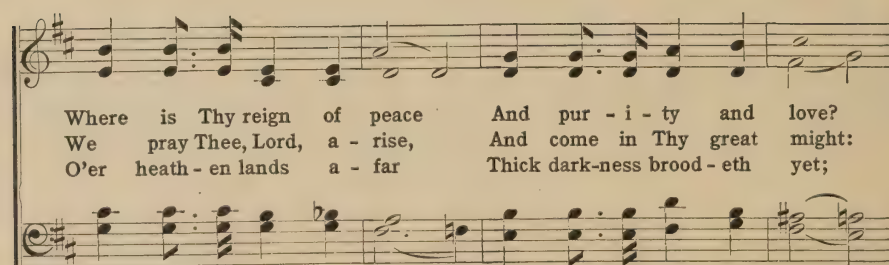
Umberto Pisani



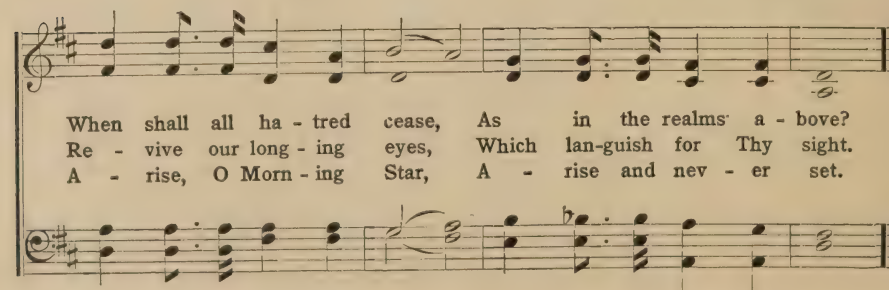
1. Thy Kingdom come, O God; Thy rule, O Christ, be - gin;
 2. When comes the prom-ised time That war shall be no more,
 3. Men scorn Thy sa - cred name, And wolves de-vour Thy fold;



Break with Thine i - ron rod The griev-ous ty - ran-nies of sin.
 And lust, op-pres - sion, crime Shall flee Thy flam - ing Face be - fore?
 By man - y deeds of shame We learn that love grows sad - ly cold;



Where is Thy reign of peace And pur - i - ty and love?
 We pray Thee, Lord, a - rise, And come in Thy great might:
 O'er heath - en lands a - far Thick dark-ness brood - eth yet;



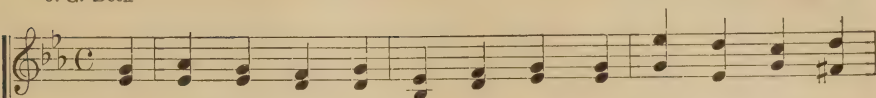
When shall all ha - tred cease, As in the realms a - bove?
 Re - vive our long - ing eyes, Which lan-guish for Thy sight.
 A - rise, O Morn - ing Star, A - rise and nev - er set.

459 "A Little While," Our Lord Shall Come

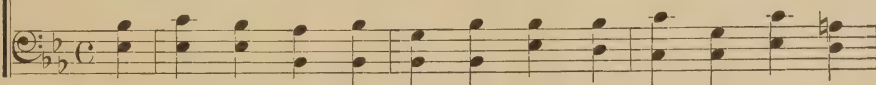
WINGE 8. 8. 8. 6.

J. G. Deck

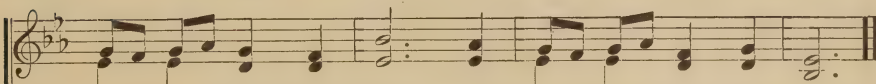
Per Winge



1. "A lit - tle while," our Lord shall come, And we shall wan - der
2. "A lit - tle while," He'll come a - gain; Let us the pre - cious
3. "A lit - tle while," 'twill soon be past; Why should we shun the
4. "A lit - tle while," come, Sav - iour, come! For Thee Thy church has



here no more; He'll take us to our Fa - ther's home, Where
hours re - deem; Our on - ly grief to give Him pain, Our
need - ful cross? Oh, let us in His foot - steps haste, Count -
tar - ried long. Take Thy poor wea - ried pil - grims home, To



He has gone be - fore, Where He has gone be - fore.
joy to fol - low Him, Our joy to fol - low Him.
ing all else but loss, Count - ing all else but loss.
sing th'e - ter - nal song, To sing th'e - ter - nal song.



He Expecteth, He Expecteth!

Alice J. Janvrin

BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3.

E. W. Bullinger

1. He ex - spect - eth, He ex - spect - eth! Down the stream of time,
 2. Oft - times faint, now wax - ing loud - er As the hour draws near,
 3. He is wait - ing with long pa - tience For His crown - ing day,
 4. And till ev - ery tribe and na - tion Bow be - fore His throne,

Still the words come soft - ly ring - ing Like a chime.
 When the King, in all His glo - ry Shall ap - pear.
 For that King - dom which shall nev - er Pass a - way;
 He ex - pect - eth loy - al ser - vice From His own.

5 He expecteth, but He heareth
 Still the bitter cry
 From earth's millions, "Come and help us,
 For we die."

7 Shall we, dare we disappoint Him?
 Brethren, let us rise:
 He who died for us is watching
 From the skies;

6 He expecteth; doth He see us
 Busy here and there,
 Heedless of those pleading accents
 Of despair?

8 Watching till His royal banner
 Floateth far and wide,
 Till He seeth of His travail
 Satisfied!

Even So, Lord Jesus, Come

A. J. Gordon

ST. PHILIP 7. 7. 7.

W. H. Monk

1. Ev - en so, Lord Je - sus, come, Hope of all our
 2. Long, so long, our bless - ed dead Wait, from out the
 3. Long, so long, the groan - ing earth, Cursed with war and
 4. Where - fore come, we dai - ly pray, Wipe cre - a - tion's

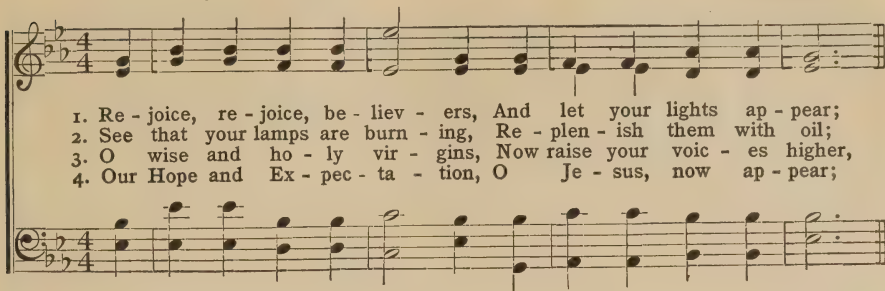
hopes the sum, Take Thy wait - ing peo - ple home.
 grave's dark bed At Thine ad - vent to be led.
 flood and dearth, Sighs for its re - demp - tion - birth.
 curse a - way; Bring the re - sur - rec - tion day.

Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers

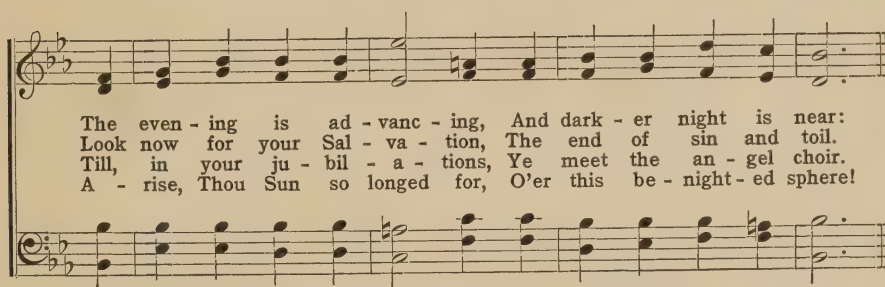
GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Laurenti. Trans. by Jane Borthwick

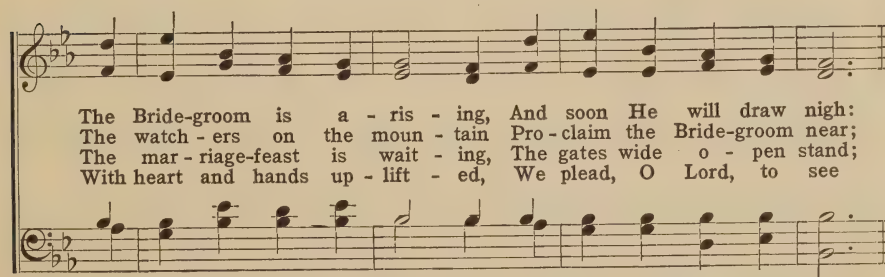
J. Michael Haydn



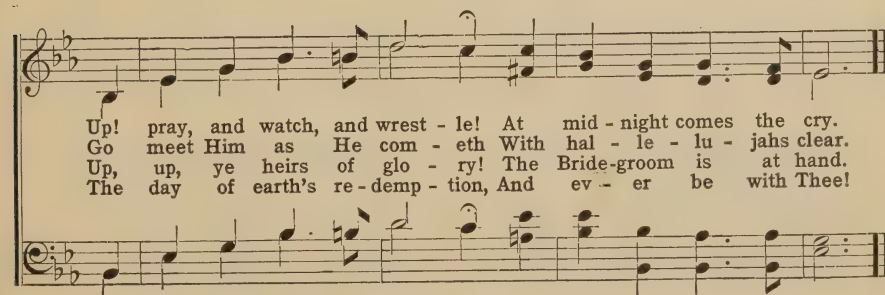
1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;
 2. See that your lamps are burn - ing, Re - plen - ish them with oil;
 3. O wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voic - es higher,
 4. Our Hope and Ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;



The even - ing is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near:
 Look now for your Sal - va - tion, The end of sin and toil.
 Till, in your ju - bil - a - tions, Ye meet the an - gel choir.
 A - rise, Thou Sun so longed for, O'er this be - night - ed sphere!



The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh:
 The watch - ers on the moun - tain Pro - claim the Bride-groom near;
 The mar - riage-feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand;
 With heart and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see



Up! pray, and watch, and wrest - le! At mid - night comes the cry.
 Go meet Him as He com - eth With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.
 Up, up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bride-groom is at hand.
 The day of earth's re - demp - tion, And ev - er be with Thee!

When All Around Are Troubled

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

J. Duncan

Henry Smart

1. When all a - round are trou - bled, And dan - gers gath - er near;
 2. When law - less - ness a - bound - eth, And ma - ny leave Christ's fold;
 3. When good and faith - ful ser - vants Go forth to preach the Word;

When wars and woes are ru - mored, And hearts fail men for fear;
 When faith and hope are wan - ing, And love is wax - ing cold;
 When far through-out all na - tions The gos - pel sound is heard;

When from "dis - tress of na - tions" We lift our eyes on high;
 When for His name's sake ha - ted, We look to Him and sigh;
 When sick and weak and lone - ly, In heath - en lands they lie;

How wel - come is the prom - ise, "Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh."
 How gra - cious is the prom - ise, "Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh."
 How won - drous is the prom - ise, "Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh."

4 When crushing tribulation
 Makes life a bitter cup;
 When heart and flesh are failing,
 While struggling to keep up;
 When from this house of bondage,
 The soul would upward fly;
 How precious is the promise,
 "Redemption draweth nigh!"

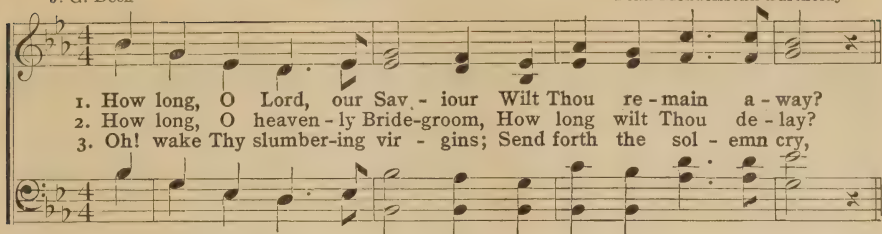
5 When baffled skill announces
 The solemn hour of death;
 When each dread anxious moment
 But brings a feebler breath;
 When all things earthly vanish
 Before the closing eye;
 How glorious is the promise,
 "Redemption draweth nigh!"

How Long, O Lord, Our Saviour

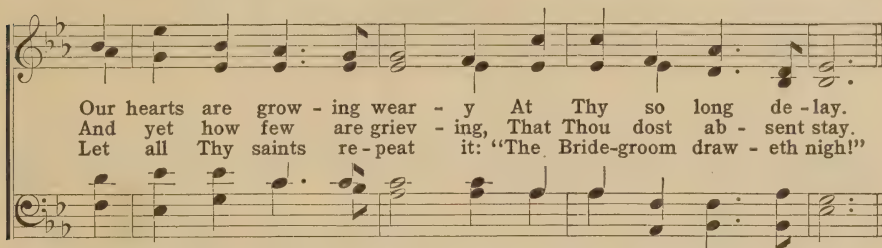
HOW LONG, O LORD 7. 6. 7. 6. D

J. G. Deck

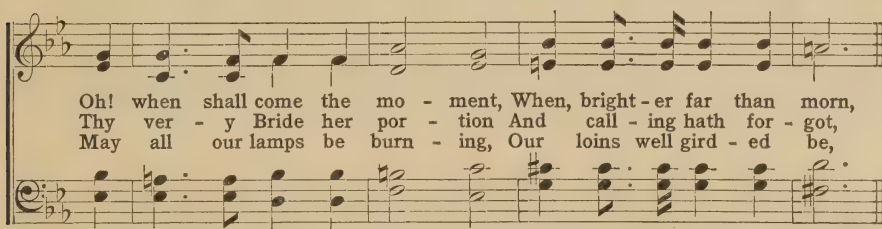
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy



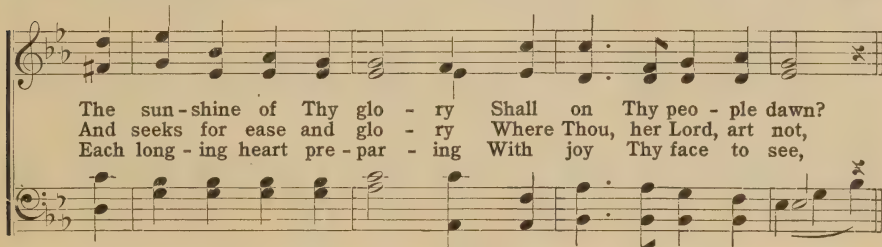
1. How long, O Lord, our Sav - iour Wilt Thou re - main a - way?
 2. How long, O heav - en - ly Bride - groom, How long wilt Thou de - lay?
 3. Oh! wake Thy slumber - ing vir - gins; Send forth the sol - emn cry,



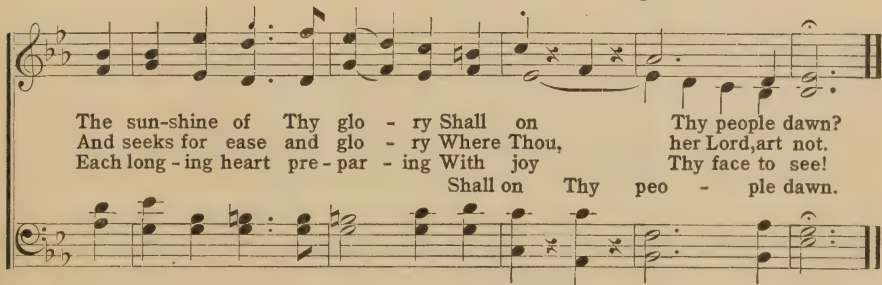
Our hearts are grow - ing wear - y At Thy so long de - lay.
 And yet how few are griev - ing, That Thou dost ab - sent stay.
 Let all Thy saints re - peat it: "The Bride - groom draw - eth nigh!"



Oh! when shall come the mo - ment, When, bright - er far than morn,
 Thy ver - y Bride her por - tion And call - ing hath for - got,
 May all our lamps be burn - ing, Our loins well gird - ed be,



The sun - shine of Thy glo - ry Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn?
 And seeks for ease and glo - ry Where Thou, her Lord, art not,
 Each long - ing heart pre - par - ing With joy Thy face to see,

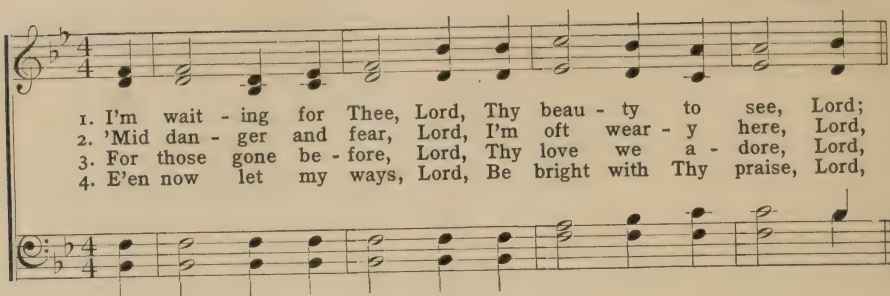


The sun - shine of Thy glo - ry Shall on Thy people dawn?
 And seeks for ease and glo - ry Where Thou, her Lord, art not,
 Each long - ing heart pre - par - ing With joy Thy face to see!
 Shall on Thy peo - ple dawn.

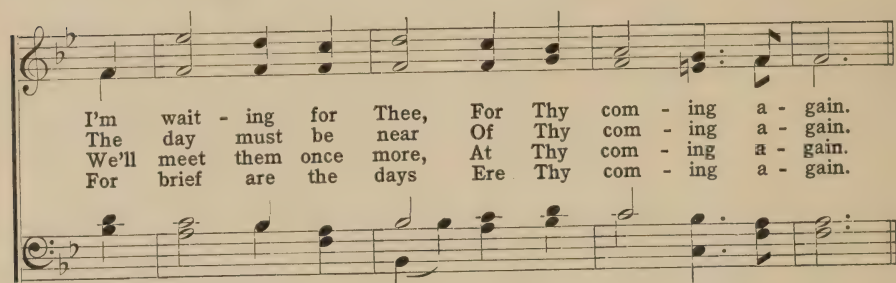
I'm Waiting for Thee, Lord

WAITING 6. 6. 5. 6. D.

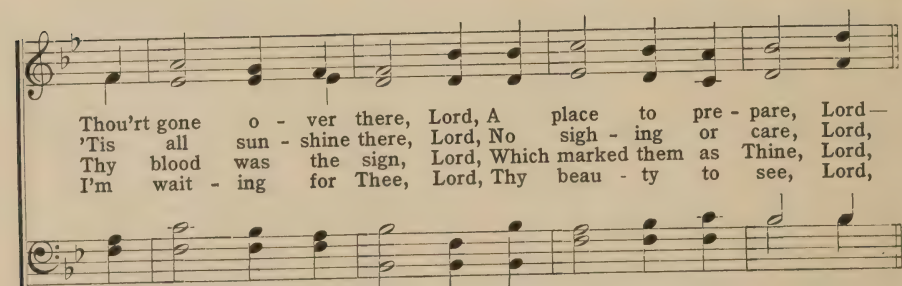
E. W. Bullinger



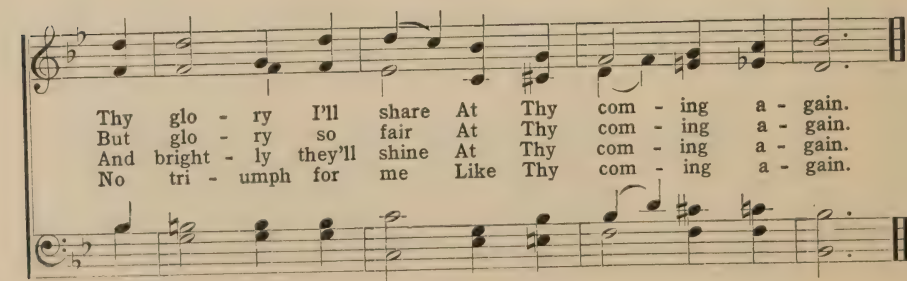
1. I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord;
 2. 'Mid dan - ger and fear, Lord, I'm oft wear - y here, Lord,
 3. For those gone be - fore, Lord, Thy love we a - dore, Lord,
 4. E'en now let my ways, Lord, Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,



I'm wait - ing for Thee, For Thy com - ing a - gain.
 The day must be near Of Thy com - ing a - gain.
 We'll meet them once more, At Thy com - ing a - gain.
 For brief are the days Ere Thy com - ing a - gain.



Thou'rt gone o - ver there, Lord, A place to pre - pare, Lord -
 'Tis all sun - shine there, Lord, No sigh - ing or care, Lord,
 Thy blood was the sign, Lord, Which marked them as Thine, Lord,
 I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord,



Thy glo - ry I'll share At Thy com - ing a - gain.
 But glo - ry so fair At Thy com - ing a - gain.
 And bright - ly they'll shine At Thy com - ing a - gain.
 No tri - umph for me Like Thy com - ing a - gain.

Thou Art Coming, O My Saviour

BEVERLEY 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.

Frances R. Havergal

William H. Monk

1. Thou art com - ing, O my Sav-iour, Thou art com - ing, O my King,
 2. Thou art com - ing, Thou art com - ing; We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 3. Thou art com - ing; at Thy Ta - ble We are wit-ness - es for this;
 4. O the joy to see Thee reign-ing, Thee, my own be - lov - ed Lord!

In Thy beau - ty all re - splendent, In Thy glo - ry all tran-scen-dent;
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 While re-memb'ring hearts Thou meet-est In com-mun-ion clear-est, sweet-est,
 Ev - ery tongue Thy Name con - fess - ing, Wor-ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing

Well may we re-joice and sing: Com - ing! in the open-ing east Her-ald brightness
 All our hearts could never say: What an an-them that will be, Ring - ing out our
 Earn - est of our com-ing bliss, Show - ing not Thy death a - lone, And Thy love ex -
 Brought to Thee with glad ac-cord; Thee, my Mas-ter and my Friend, Vin - di - cat - ed

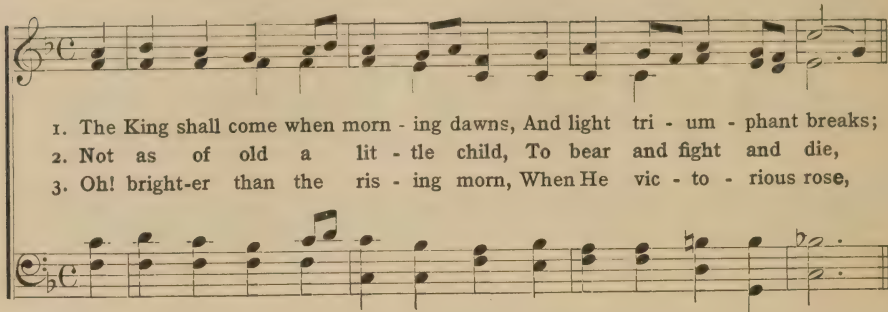
slow - ly swells; Com-ing! O my glorious Priest, Hear we not Thy gold-en bells?
 love to Thee, Pour-ing out our rapture sweet At Thine own all - glo-rious feet.
 ceed - ing great, But Thy com-ing and Thy throne, All for which we long and wait.
 and enthroned; Un - to earth's re - mo - test end Glo - ri - fied, adored, and owned.

467 The King Shall Come When Morning Dawns

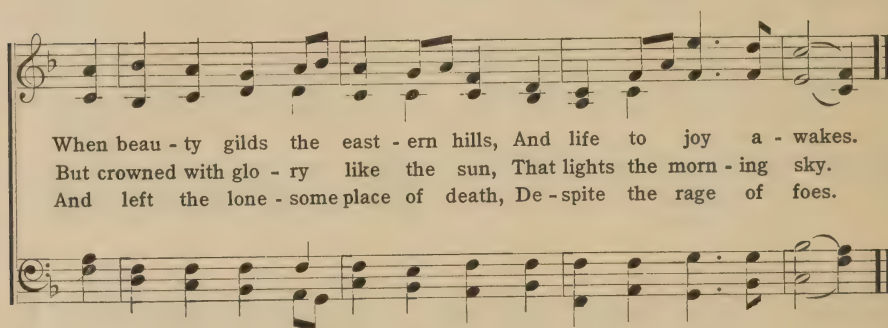
ELLING C. M.

John Brownlie, based on the Greek

Catherinus Elling



1. The King shall come when morn - ing dawns, And light tri - um - phant breaks;
 2. Not as of old a lit - tle child, To bear and fight and die,
 3. Oh! bright-er than the ris - ing morn, When He vic - to - rious rose,



When beau - ty gilds the east - ern hills, And life to joy a - wakes.
 But crowned with glo - ry like the sun, That lights the morn - ing sky.
 And left the lone - some place of death, De - spite the rage of foes.

- 4 Oh! brighter than the glorious morn
 Shall this fair morning be,
 When Christ our King in beauty comes,
 And we His face shall see.
- 5 The King shall come when morning dawns,
 And earth's dark night is past;
 Oh! haste the rising of that morn;
 The day that aye shall last;
- 6 And let the endless bliss begin,
 By weary saints foretold,
 When right shall triumph over wrong,
 And truth shall be extolled.
- 7 The King shall come when morning dawns,
 And light and beauty brings:
 Hail, Christ the Lord! Thy people pray,
 Come quickly, King of kings.

Hark! What a Mighty Sound

Frederick W. H. Meyers

RUSSIAN HYMN 11. 10. 11. 10.

Alexis T. Lwoff

1. Hark! what a might - y sound, too di - vine for hear - ing,
 2. Sure - ly He com - eth and a thous - and voic - es
 3. O that Thy foot - falls through the stars would quick - en!
 4. So e - ven I, and with a heart more burn - ing,

Stirs on the earth and trem - bles in the air.
 Call to the saints, but to the deaf are dumb.
 O that Thine ears would hear when we are dumb!
 So e - ven I, and with a hope more sweet,

Is it the thun - der of the Lord's ap - pear - ing?
 Sure - ly He com - eth and the earth re - joic - es,
 Ma - ny the hearts from which the hope shall sick - en,
 Groan for the hour, O Christ, of Thy re - turn - ing,

Is it the mu - sic of His peo - ple's prayer?
 Glad in His com - ing who hath sworn, "I come,"
 Ma - ny shall faint be - fore Thy king - dom come.
 Faint for the flam - ing of Thine ad - vent feet.


- 5 Ah, what a hope! and when afar it glistens
 Stops the heart beating and the lips are dumb:
 Only my spirit to His silence listens,
 Faints till it find Him, quivers till He come.
- 6 Truly He cannot after such assurance,
 Truly He cannot and He shall not fail;
 Nay, they are known, the hours of Thine endurance,
 Daily Thy tears are added to the tale.

Christ is Coming! Let Creation



LUND 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

John R. Macduff



Signe Lund Skabo





1. Christ is com - ing! Let cre - a - tion From her groans and
 2. Earth can now but tell the sto - ry Of Thy bit - ter
 3. Long Thine ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest and
 4. With that bless - ed hope be - fore us, Let no harp re -


tra - vail cease. Let the glo - rious pro - cla - ma - tion
 cross and pain: She shall yet be - hold Thy glo - ry,
 home and Thee; But, in heaven - ly ves - tures shin - ing,
 main un - strung; Let the might - y ad - vent cho - rus

Hope re - store and faith in - crease; Christ is com - ing!
 When Thou com - est back to reign: Christ is com - ing;
 They their lov - ing Lord shall see: Christ is com - ing!
 On - ward roll from tongue to tongue: "Christ is com - ing!"

Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace!
 Christ is com - ing! Let each heart re - peat the strain!
 Christ is com - ing! Haste the joy - ous ju - bi - lee.
 Christ is com - ing! Come, Lord Je - sus, quick - ly come."

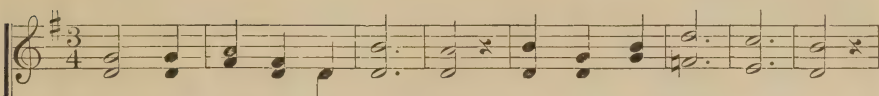


Ye Sad Watch Who Are Keeping

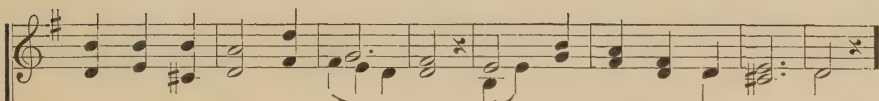
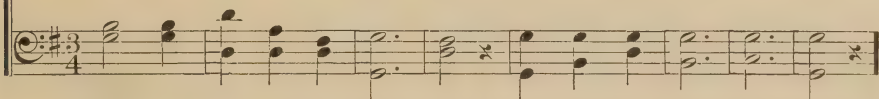
MORNING WATCH P. M.

A. J. Gordon

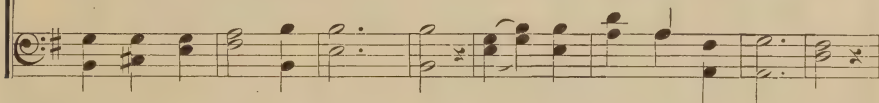
Charles F. Gounod



1. Ye sad watch who are keep - ing, Lift up your heads with joy!
2. Word of pro-mise a - maz - ing, "Caught up to Him in clouds!"
3. Hope of glo - ry how cheer - ing, "Ev - er - more with the Lord!"
4. Hark! the watch-men are cry - ing, "Lo! in the clouds He comes!"



Christ comes to wake the sleep - ing, End - ing hence-forth your weep-ing,
 Je - sus His saints up - rais - ing, Chang-ing sor - row to prais-ing!
 Watch - ers, the day is near - ing, Dawn of morn-ing ap - pear - ing,
 Then there'll be no more dy - ing, No more sick-ness or sigh - ing,



Refrain



"Where-fore com - fort ye one an - oth - er with these words."



471 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

Henry Alford

John B. Dykes



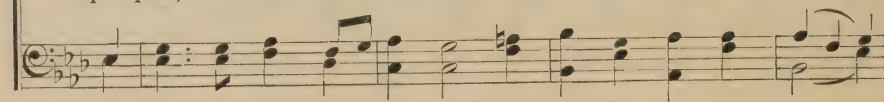
1. Ten thous - and times ten thous - and, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!
3. Oh, then what rap - tured greet - ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore,
4. Bring near Thy great sal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;



The arm - ies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steepes of light:
 What ring - ing of a thous - and harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!
 What knit - ting sev - ered friendships up, Where part - ings are no more!
 Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy power, and reign;



'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:
 O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!
 Then eyes with joy shall spark - le, That brimmed with tears of late,
 Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for home,



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
 O joy, for all its form - er woes, A thous - and - fold re - paid!
 Or - phans no long - er fath - er - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.
 Show in the heaven Thy prom - ised sign, Thou Prince and Sav - iour, come!

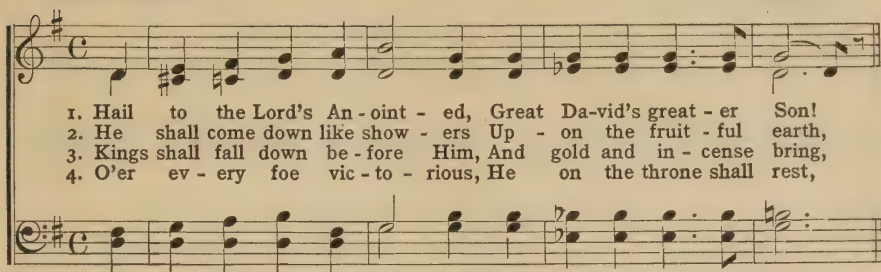


Hail to the Lord's Anointed

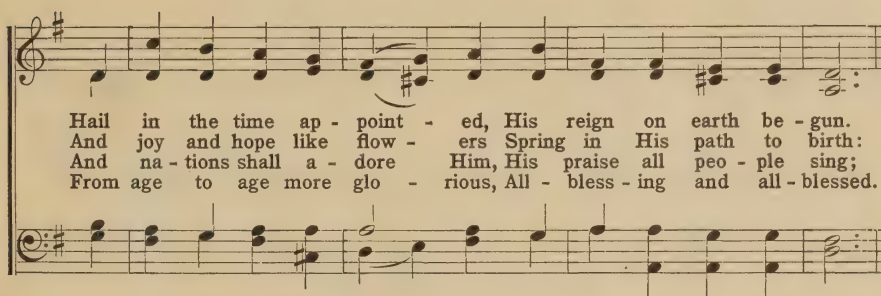
HUGUENOT 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

James Montgomery

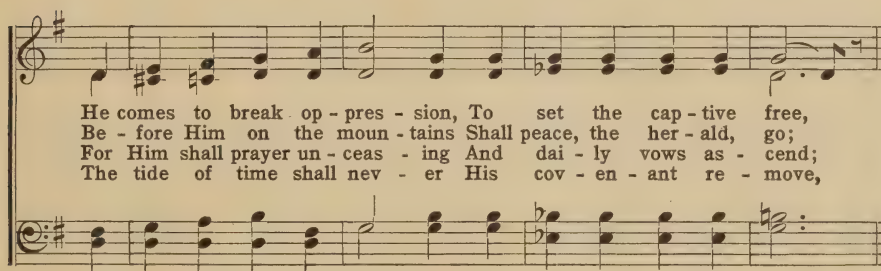
Eliée Bost



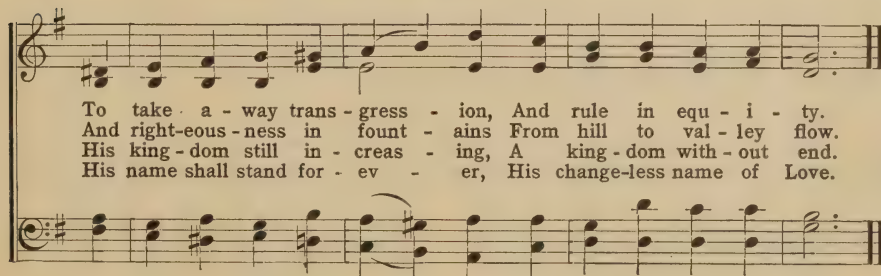
1. Hail to the Lord's An - oint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
 2. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth,
 3. Kings shall fall down be - fore Him, And gold and in - cense bring,
 4. O'er ev - ery foe vic - to - rious, He on the throne shall rest,



Hail in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun.
 And joy and hope like flow - ers Spring in His path to birth:
 And na - tions shall a - dore Him, His praise all peo - ple sing;
 From age to age more glo - rious, All - bless - ing and all - blessed.



He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
 Be - fore Him on the moun - tains Shall peace, the her - ald, go;
 For Him shall prayer un - ceas - ing And dai - ly vows as - cend;
 The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - en - ant re - move,




To take a - way trans - gress - ion, And rule in equ - i - ty.
 And right - eous - ness in fount - ains From hill to val - ley flow.
 His king - dom still in - creas - ing, A king - dom with - out end.
 His name shall stand for - ev - er, His change - less name of Love.

Hark! the Sound of Jubilee


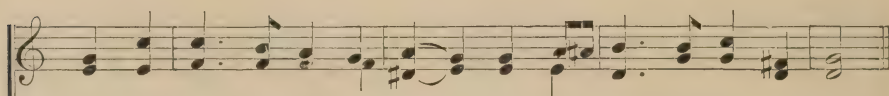
REISSIGER 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

James Montgomery



F. A. Reissiger



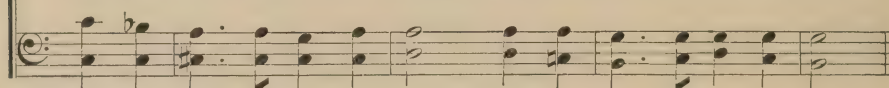
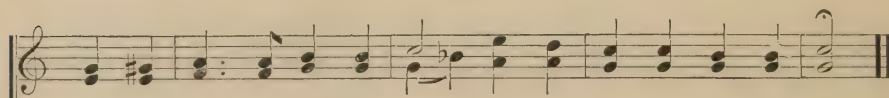
1. Hark! the sound of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thun - ders roar,
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark the sound, From the depths un - to the skies,
 3. He shall reign from pole to pole With il - lim - i - ta - ble sway;


Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore!
 Wakes a - bove, be - neath, a - round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies!
 He shall reign when like a scroll Yon - der heavens have passed a - way.

Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - nip - o - tent shall reign.
 See Je - ho - vah's ban - ners furled! Sheathed the sword! He speaks, 'tis done;
 Then the end: be - neath His rod Man's last en - e - my shall fall,

Hal - le - lu - jah! let the Word Ech - o round the earth and main.
 And the king - doms of this world Are the kingdoms of His Son.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is God, God in Christ is all in all.

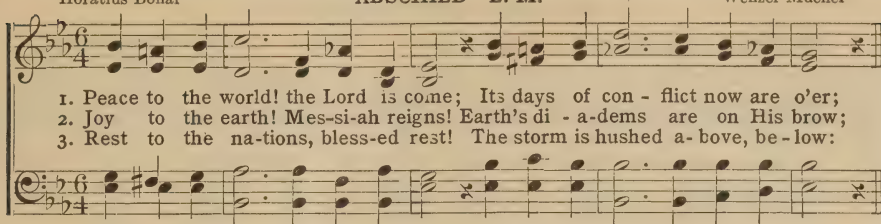


474 Peace to the World! the Lord Is Come;

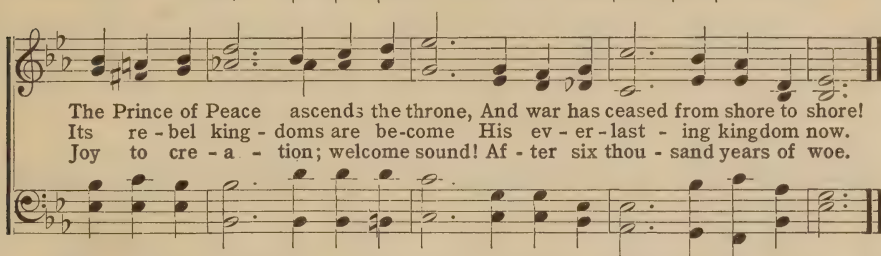
Horatius Bonar

ABSCHIED L. M.

Wenzel Mueller



1. Peace to the world! the Lord is come; Its days of con - flict now are o'er;
2. Joy to the earth! Mes-si-ah reigns! Earth's di - a - dems are on His brow;
3. Rest to the na-tions, bless-ed rest! The storm is hushed a - bove, be - low:



The Prince of Peace ascends the throne, And war has ceased from shore to shore!
His re - bel king - doms are be - come His ev - er - last - ing kingdom now.
Joy to cre - a - tion; welcome sound! Af - ter six thou - sand years of woe.

- 4 The earth again is Paradise,
The desert blossoms as the rose,
Far happier place than Eden this,
Far brighter, sweeter days than those!

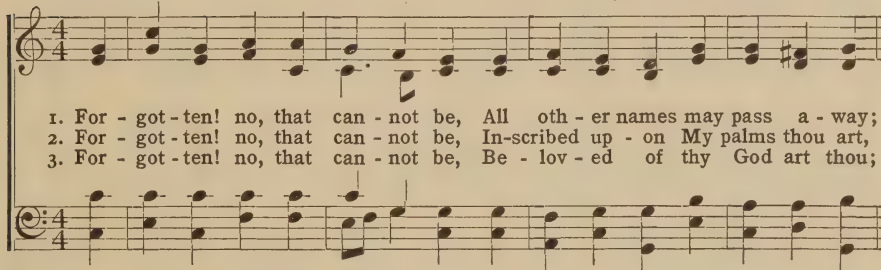
- 5 O long-expected, absent long,
Star of creation's troubled gloom!
Let heaven and earth break forth in song,
Messiah, Saviour, Thou art come.

475 Forgotten! No; That Cannot Be

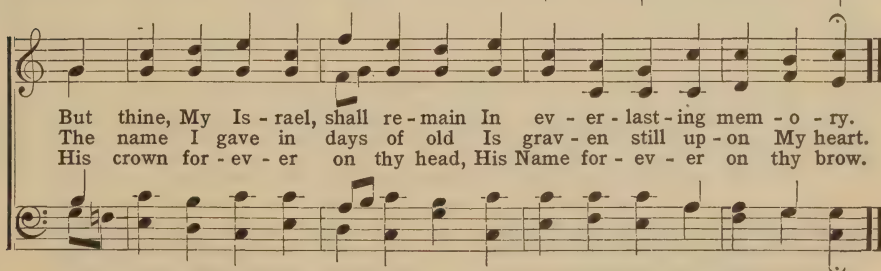
WINCHESTER NEW L. M.

Horatius Bonar

"Musikalisches Handbuch," 1690



1. For - got - ten! no, that can - not be, All oth - er names may pass a - way;
2. For - got - ten! no, that can - not be, In - scribed up - on My palms thou art,
3. For - got - ten! no, that can - not be, Be - lov - ed of thy God art thou;



But thine, My Is - rael, shall re - main In ev - er - last - ing mem - o - ry.
The name I gave in days of old Is grav - en still up - on My heart.
His crown for - ev - er on thy head, His Name for - ev - er on thy brow.

- 4 Forgotten! no, that cannot be;
He, who upon thee names His Name,
Assures thee of eternal love,
A love for evermore the same.

- 5 Forgotten! no, that cannot be,
The oath of Him who cannot lie
Is on thy city and thy land,
An oath to all eternity.

Draw Nigh, Draw Nigh, Emmanuel

VENI EMMANUEL 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Ancient Antiphons, Latin. Trans. by John M. Neale

Charles F. Gounod

1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive
 2. Draw nigh, O Jes-se's Rod, draw nigh, To free us from the
 3. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn-ing Star, And bring us com-fort

Is-ra-el, That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here
 en-e-my; From hell's a-byss Thy peo-ple save,
 from a-far; And ban-ish far from us the gloom

Un-till the Son of God ap-pear. Re-joice! Re-
 And give us vic-t'ry o'er the grave. Re-joice! Re-
 Of sin-ful night and end-less doom. Re-joice! Re-

joice! Em-man-u-el Shall come to Thee, O Is-ra-el.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
 The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

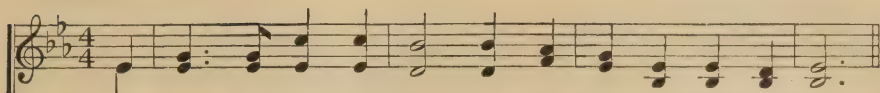
5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
 Who once, from Sinai's flaming height,
 Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law
 In cloud and majesty and awe.
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
 Shall come to Thee, O Israel.

The Homeland! O the Homeland!

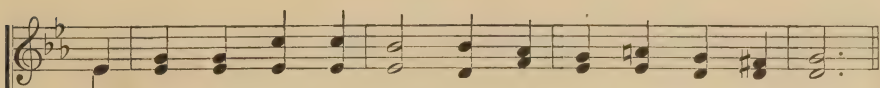
HOMELAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Hugh R. Haweis

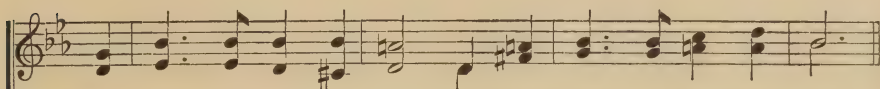
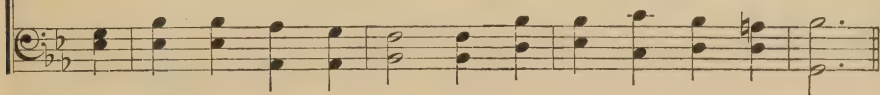
Arthur S. Sullivan



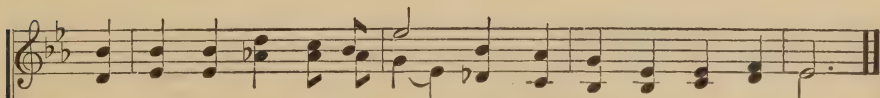
1. The home - land! O the home - land! The land of souls free - born!
2. My Lord is in the home - land, With an - gels bright and fair;
3. For loved ones in the home - land Are wait - ing me to come



No gloom - y night is known there, But aye the fade - less morn:
 No sin - ful thing nor e - vil, Can ev - er en - ter there;
 Where nei - ther death nor sor - row In - vade their ho - ly home:



I'm sigh - ing for that coun - try, My heart is ach - ing here:
 The mu - sic of the ran - somed Is ring - ing in my ears,
 O dear, dear na - tive coun - try, O rest and peace a - bove!

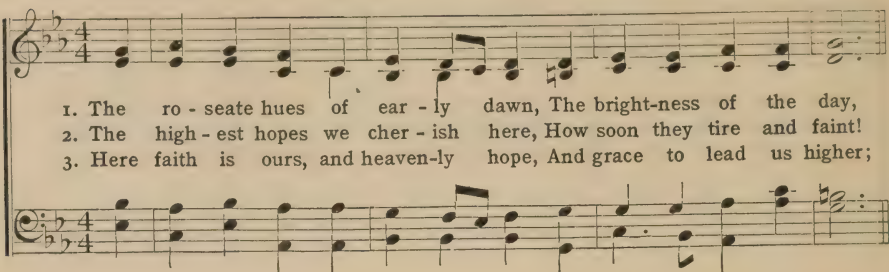


There is no pain in the home - land - To which I'm draw - ing near.
 And when I think of the home - land, My eyes are wet with tears.
 Christ bring us all to the home - land Of His e - ter - nal love.

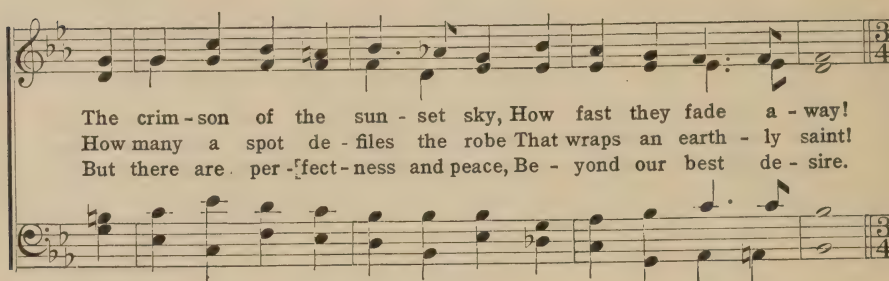


Mrs. C. F. Alexander

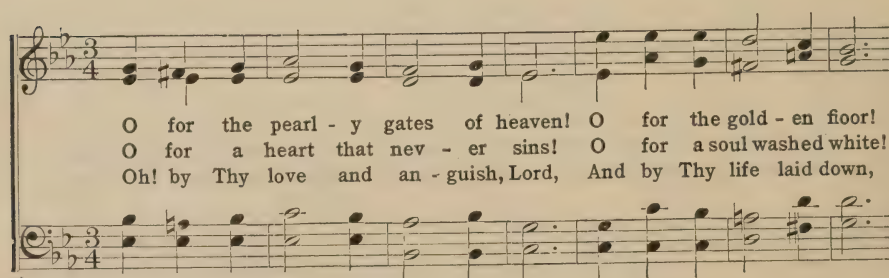
F. A. J. Hervey



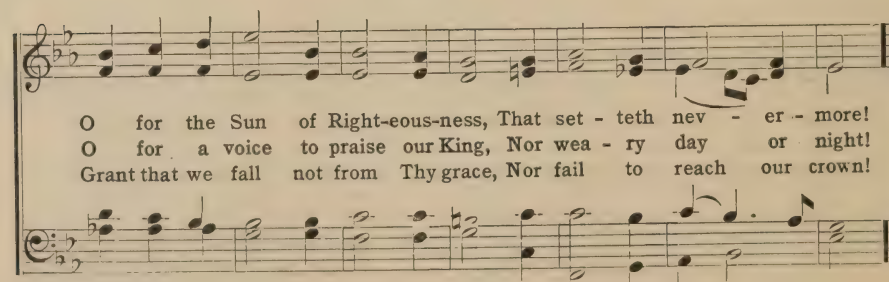
1. The ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,
 2. The high - est hopes we cher - ish here, How soon they tire and faint!
 3. Here faith is ours, and heaven-ly hope, And grace to lead us higher;



The crim-son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!
 How many a spot de - files the robe That wraps an earth - ly saint!
 But there are per - fect-ness and peace, Be - yond our best de - sire.



O for the pearl - y gates of heaven! O for the gold - en floor!
 O for a heart that nev - er sins! O for a soul washed white!
 Oh! by Thy love and an - guish, Lord, And by Thy life laid down,



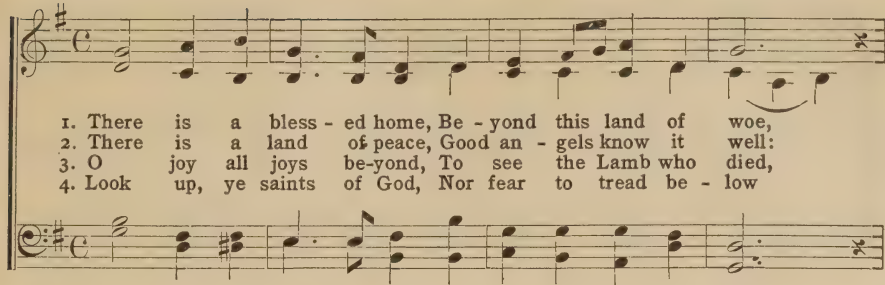
O for the Sun of Right-eous-ness, That set - teth nev - er - more!
 O for a voice to praise our King, Nor wea - ry day or night!
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace, Nor fail to reach our crown!

There is a Blessed Home

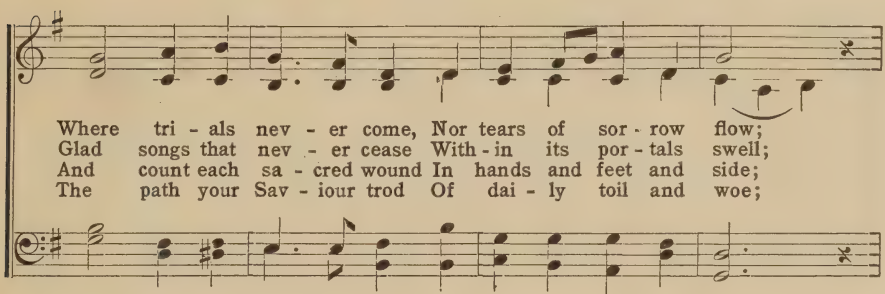
NORWAY 6. 6. 6. 6. D.

Henry W. Baker

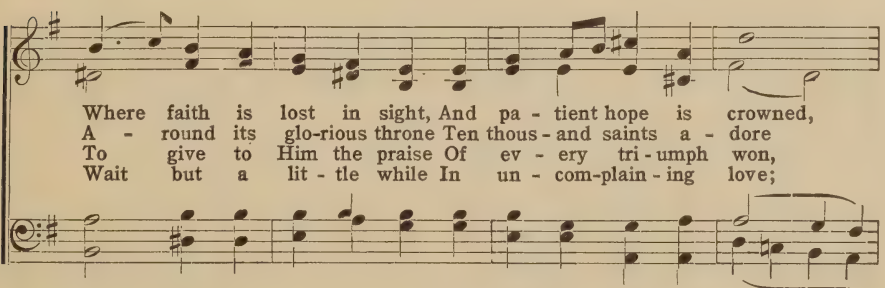
Sven Ulsaker



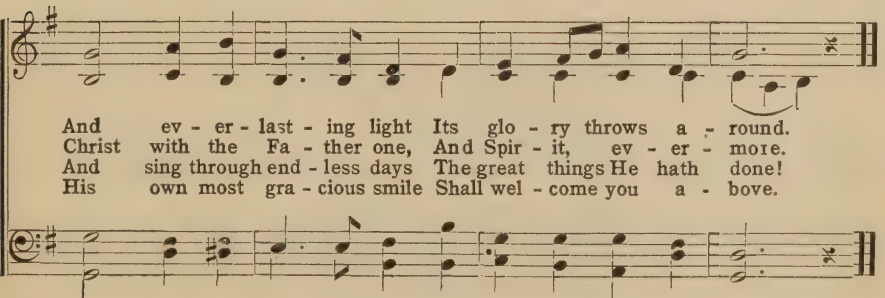
1. There is a bless - ed home, Be - yond this land of woe,
 2. There is a land of peace, Good an - gels know it well:
 3. O joy all joys be-yond, To see the Lamb who died,
 4. Look up, ye saints of God, Nor fear to tread be - low



Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
 Glad songs that nev - er cease With - in its por - tals swell;
 And count each sa - cred wound In hands and feet and side;
 The path your Sav - iour trod Of dai - ly toil and woe;



Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crowned,
 A - round its glo - rious throne Ten thous - and saints a - dore
 To give to Him the praise Of ev - ery tri - umph won,
 Wait but a lit - tle while In un - com - plain - ing love;



And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.
 Christ with the Fa - ther one, And Spir - it, ev - er - more.
 And sing through end - less days The great things He hath done!
 His own most gra - cious smile Shall wel - come you a - bove.

Rowland Hill, adapted

Eduard Grieg

Slowly

1. Ex - alt - ed high at God's right hand, Near -
 2. These are the saints, be - loved of God; Washed
 3. Through trib - u - la - tion great they came, They

er the throne than cher - ubs stand, With glo - ry crowned, in
 are their robes in Je - sus' blood, More spot - less than the
 bore the cross and scorned the shame; With - in the liv - ing

white ar - ray, My soul asks who are they?
 pur - est white, In un - cre - a - ted light.
 tem - ple blest, In God they dwell and rest.

4 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
 Nor burning thirst shall they sustain,
 To wells of living water led,
 By God forever fed.

5 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
 They sing the wonders of His Name;
 To Him ascribing power and grace,
 Might and eternal praise.

Lord, Thou Wilt Bring the Joyful Day

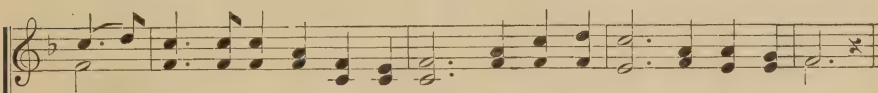
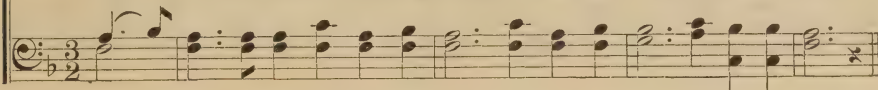
MARIT L. M. D.

Ray Palmer

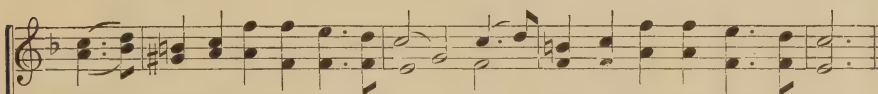
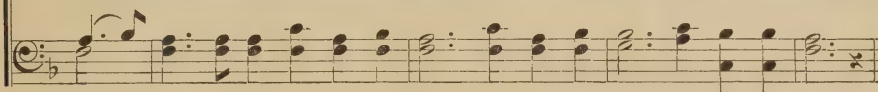
Norwegian Folk-song



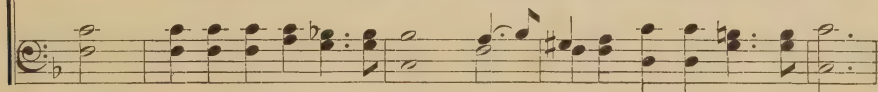
1. Lord, Thou wilt bring the joy - ful day; Be - yond earth's wea - ri - ness and pains,
2. The bow of mer - cy spans the throne, Emblem of love and goodness there;
3. There, Lord, Thy wayworn saints shall find The bliss for which they longed before;



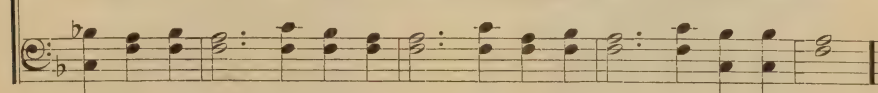
Thou hast a mansion far a - way, Where, for Thine own, a rest re - mains.
While notes, to mortals all unknown, Float on the calm, ce - les - tial air.
And ho - liest sympathies shall bind Thine own to Thee for ev - er - more.



No sun there climbs the morning sky, There nev - er falls the shade of night,
A - round the throne bright legions stand, Redeemed by blood from sin and hell;
O Je - sus, bring us to that rest, Where all the ransomed shall be found,



God and the Lamb, for - ev - er nigh, O'er all shed ev - er - last - ing light.
And shin - ing forms, an an - gel band, The might - y chor - us join to swell.
In Thine e - ter - nal ful - ness blest, While a - ges roll their cy - cles round.

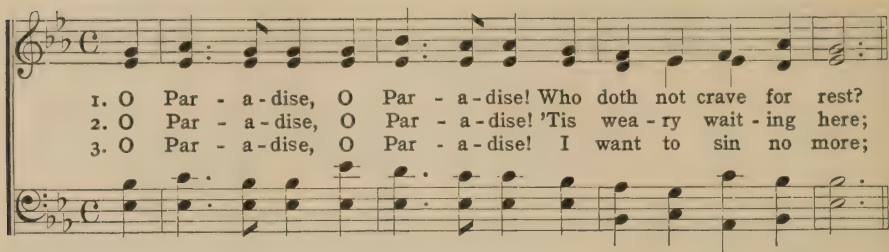


O Paradise, O Paradise!

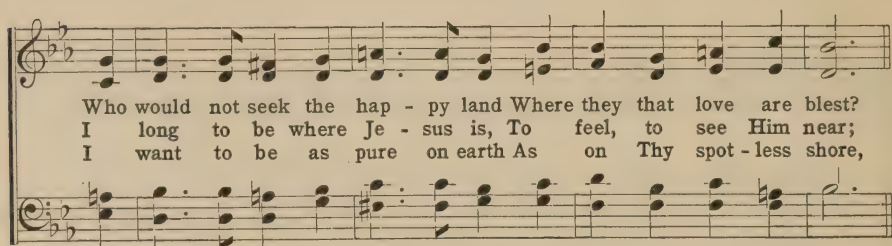
PARADISE 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

Frederick W. Faber

Joseph Baraby

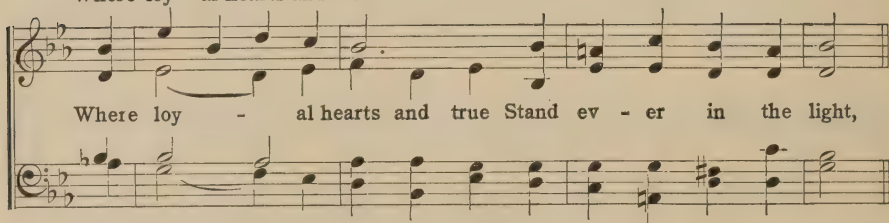


1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise! 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here;
 3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise! I want to sin no more;

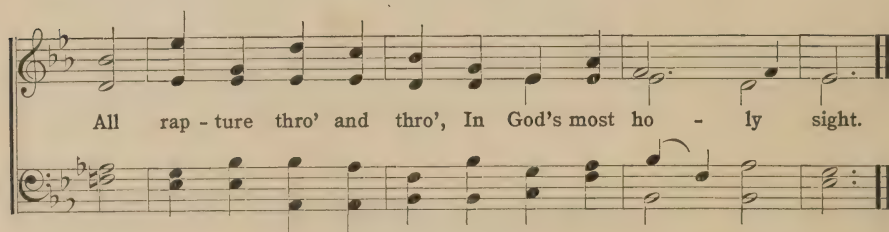


Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that love are blest?
 I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;
 I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot - less shore,

Where loy - al hearts and true



Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,



All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise!

I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,

Oh! keep me in Thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above,
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

Jerusalem the Golden!

EWING 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Bernard of Cluny. Trans. by John M. Neale

Alexander Ewing

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. O one, O on - ly man - sion! O Par - a - dise of joy!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with ma - ny an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 Where tears are ev - er ban - ished, And smiles have no al - loy;

I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait us there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 The Lamb is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied thy praise;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 His laud and ben - i - dic - tion Thy ran - somed peo - ple raise.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of ages
 They raise thy holy tower;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

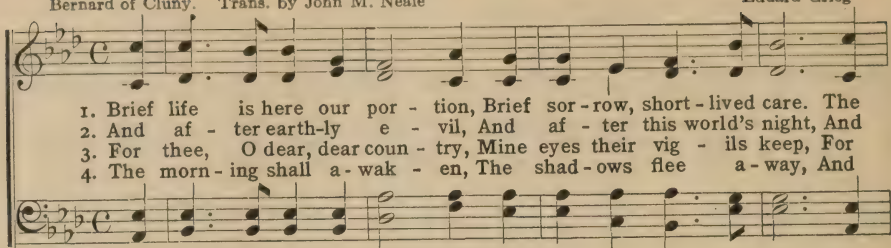
5 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest:
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Brief Life Is Here Our Portion

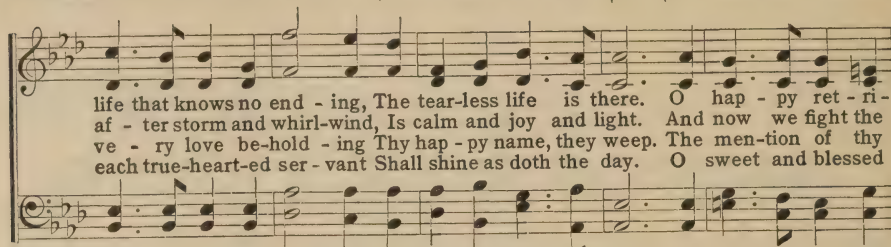
GRIEG 7. 6. 7. 6. 12 lines

Bernard of Cluny. Trans. by John M. Neale

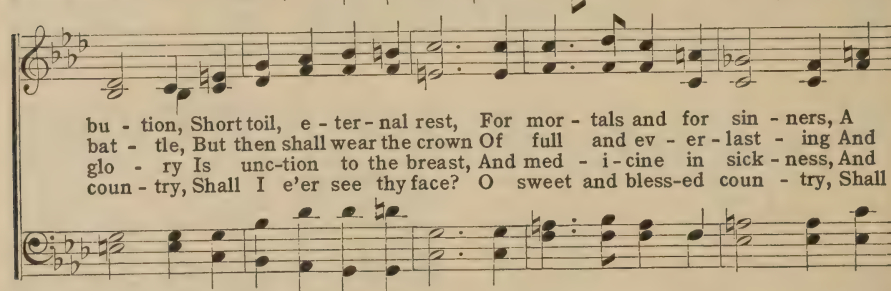
Eduard Grieg



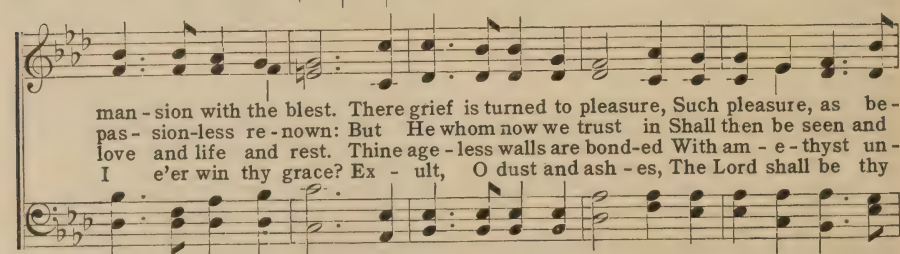
1. Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short - lived care. The
 2. And af - ter earth - ly e - vil, And af - ter this world's night, And
 3. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep, For
 4. The morn - ing shall a - wak - en, The shad - ows flee a - way, And



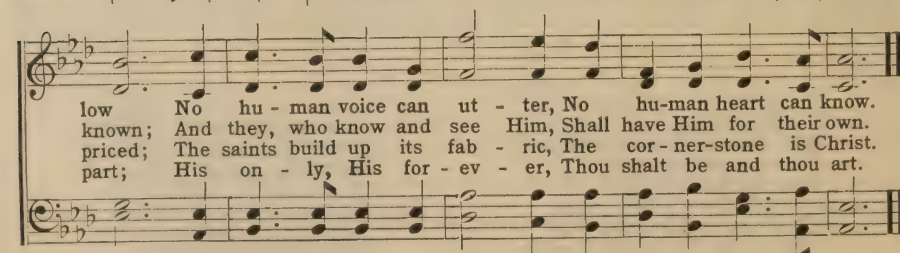
life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there. O hap - py ret - ri -
 af - ter storm and whirl - wind, Is calm and joy and light. And now we fight the
 ve - ry love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion of thy
 each true - heart - ed ser - vant Shall shine as doth the day. O sweet and blessed



bu - tion, Short toil, e - ter - nal rest, For mor - tals and for sin - ners, A
 bat - tle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and ev - er - last - ing And
 glo - ry Is unction to the breast, And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And
 coun - try, Shall I e'er see thy face? O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall



man - sion with the blest. There grief is turned to pleasure, Such pleasure, as be -
 pas - sion - less re - nown: But He whom now we trust in Shall then be seen and
 love and life and rest. Thine age - less walls are bond - ed With am - e - thyst un -
 I e'er win thy grace? Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es, The Lord shall be thy



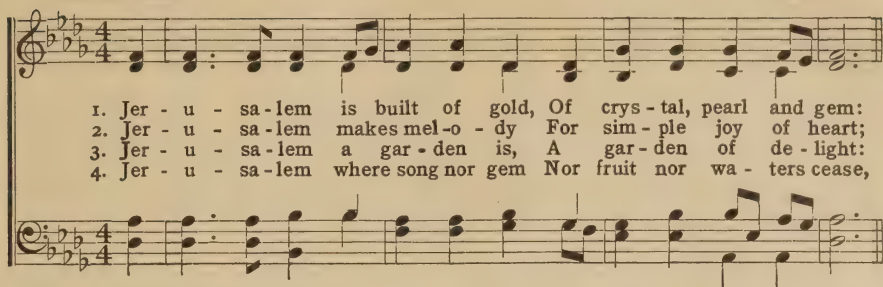
low No hu - man voice can ut - ter, No hu - man heart can know.
 known; And they, who know and see Him, Shall have Him for their own.
 priced; The saints build up its fab - ric, The cor - ner - stone is Christ.
 part; His on - ly, His for - ev - er, Thou shalt be and thou art.

Jerusalem Is Built of Gold

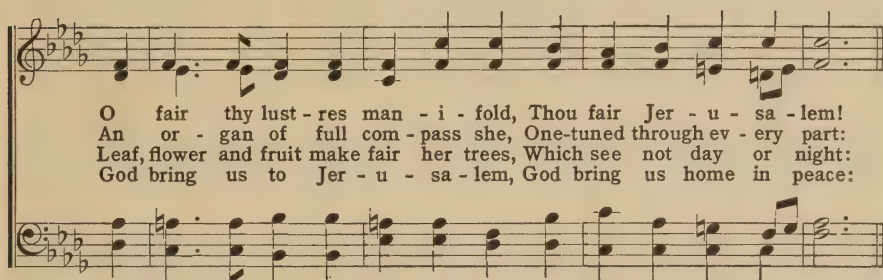
HIEROSOLYMA 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.

Christina Rossetti

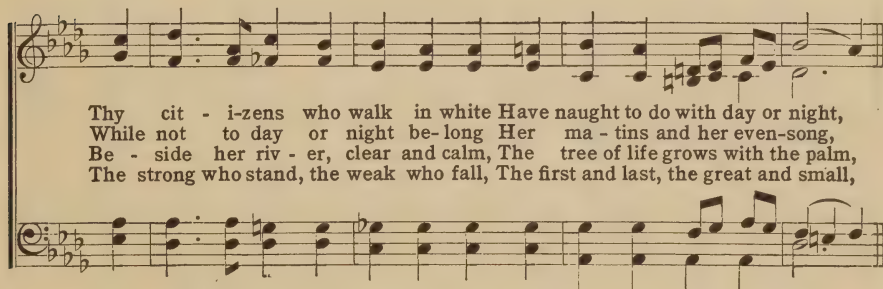
Unknown



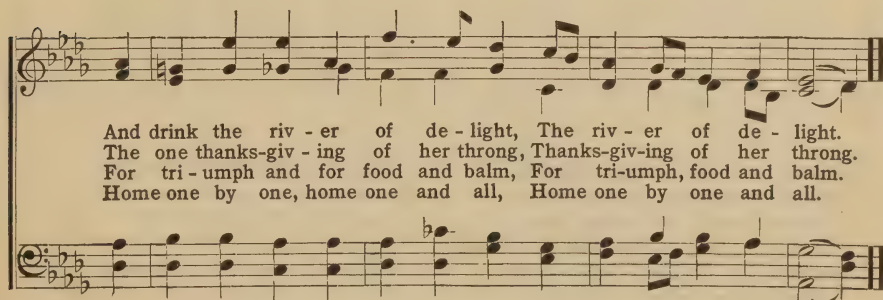
1. Jer - u - sa - lem is built of gold, Of crys - tal, pearl and gem:
 2. Jer - u - sa - lem makes mel - o - dy For sim - ple joy of heart;
 3. Jer - u - sa - lem a gar - den is, A gar - den of de - light:
 4. Jer - u - sa - lem where song nor gem Nor fruit nor wa - ters cease,



O fair thy lust - res man - i - fold, Thou fair Jer - u - sa - lem!
 An or - gan of full com - pass she, One - tuned through ev - ery part:
 Leaf, flower and fruit make fair her trees, Which see not day or night:
 God bring us to Jer - u - sa - lem, God bring us home in peace:



Thy cit - i - zens who walk in white Have naught to do with day or night,
 While not to day or night be - long Her ma - tins and her even - song,
 Be - side her riv - er, clear and calm, The tree of life grows with the palm,
 The strong who stand, the weak who fall, The first and last, the great and small,

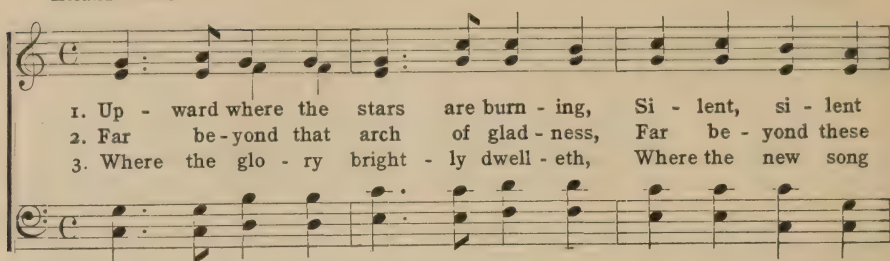


And drink the riv - er of de - light, The riv - er of de - light.
 The one thanks - giv - ing of her throng, Thanks - giv - ing of her throng.
 For tri - umph and for food and balm, For tri - umph, food and balm.
 Home one by one, home one and all, Home one by one and all.

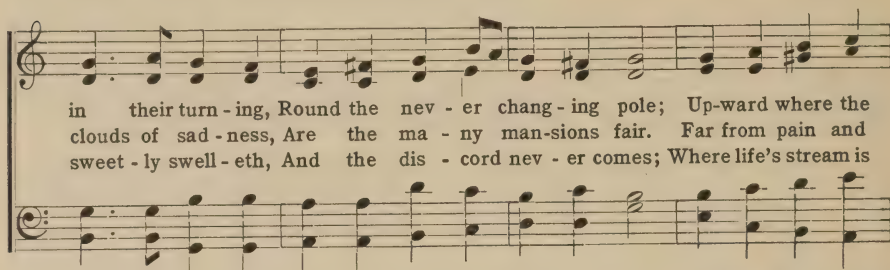
GARNISONS KIRKE 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

Horatius Bonar

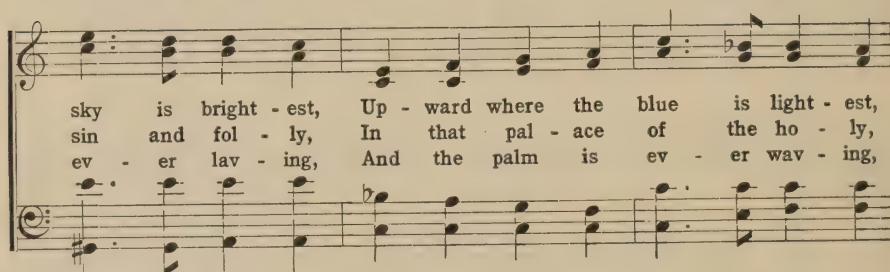
J. P. E. Hartmann



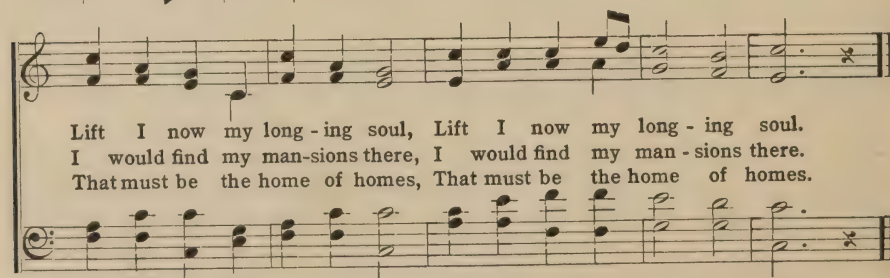
1. Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent
 2. Far be - yond that arch of glad - ness, Far be - yond these
 3. Where the glo - ry bright - ly dwell - eth, Where the new song



in their turn - ing, Round the nev - er chang - ing pole; Up - ward where the
 clouds of sad - ness, Are the ma - ny man - sions fair. Far from pain and
 sweet - ly swell - eth, And the dis - cord nev - er comes; Where life's stream is



sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the blue is light - est,
 sin and fol - ly, In that pal - ace of the ho - ly,
 ev - er lav - ing, And the palm is ev - er wav - ing,



Lift I now my long - ing soul, Lift I now my long - ing soul.
 I would find my man - sions there, I would find my man - sions there.
 That must be the home of homes, That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
 By ten thousand voices greeted,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
 Son of God, they own, they own Him;
 With His name the palace rings.

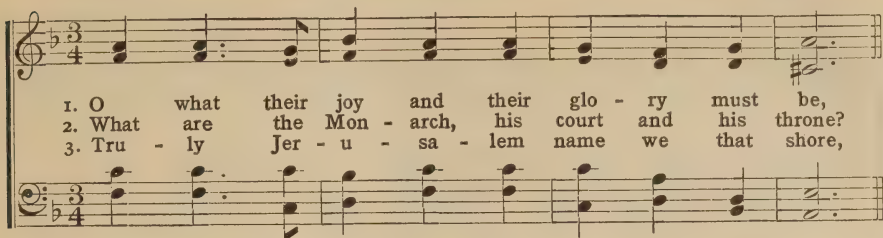
5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
 Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
 Lay we at His blessed feet.
 Poor the praise that now we render;
 Loud shall be our voices yonder,
 Where before His throne we meet.

487 O What Their Joy and Their Glory Must Be

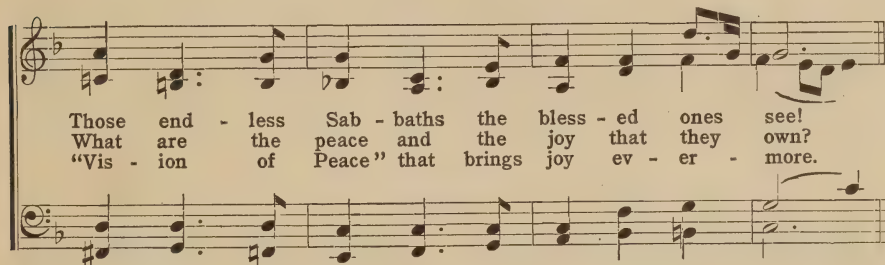
ABELARD 10. 10. 10. 10.

Peter Abelard

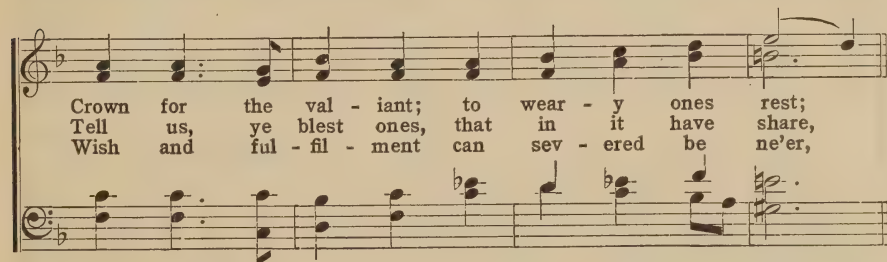
Peter I. Tchaikovsky



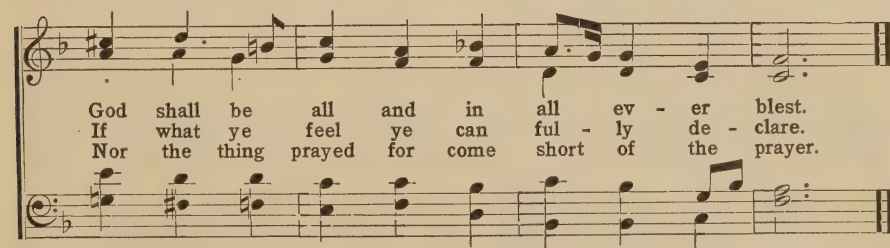
1. O what their joy and their glo - ry must be,
 2. What are the Mon - arch, his court and his throne?
 3. Tru - ly Jer - u - sa - lem name we that shore,



Those end - less Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see!
 What are the peace and the joy that they own?
 "Vis - ion of Peace" that brings joy ev - er - more.



Crown for the val - iant; to wear - y ones rest;
 Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
 Wish and ful - fil - ment can sev - ered be ne'er,



God shall be all and in all ev - er blest.
 If what ye feel ye can ful - ly de - clare.
 Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

- 4 We where no trouble distraction can bring
 Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing;
 While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
 Thy blessed people shall evermore raise.
- 5 Before Him low with our praises we fall,
 Of whom and in whom and through whom are all;
 Of whom, the Father and through whom, the Son;
 In whom, the Spirit, with these ever One.

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

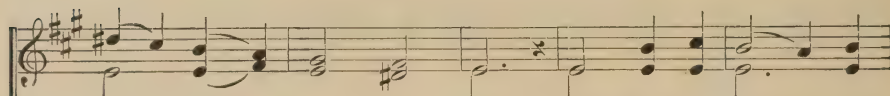
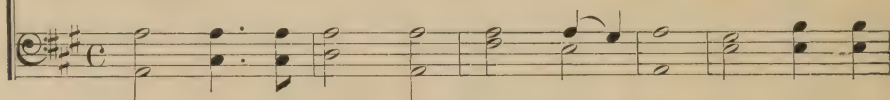
FREDERIKSBORG L. M.

Leonard Bacon

E. Horneman

With dignity

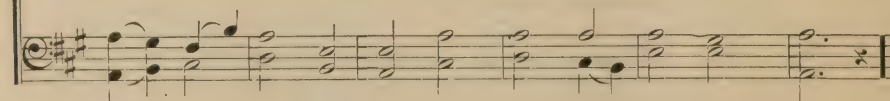
1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled
2. Thou heard'st, well - pleased, the song, the prayer: Thy bless - ing
3. Laws, free - dom, truth, and faith in God Came with those
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their chil - dren's



fa - ther's crossed the sea, And when they trod the
 came; and still its power Shall on - ward through all
 ex - iles o'er the waves, And where their pil - grim
 chil - dren shall a - dore, Till these e - ter - nal



win - try strand, With prayer and psalm they wor - shiped Thee.
 a - ges bear, The mem - ory of that ho - ly hour.
 feet have trod, The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
 hills re - move, And spring a - dorns the earth no more.



489 O Thou, Who By Thy Word of Power

AUDITE, AUDIENTES ME C. M. D.

Richard Waltham

Arthur S. Sullivan

Unison, or Solo

Organ

1. O Thou, Who by Thy word of power The world up - hold - est still,
 2. Our ears have heard, our fa - thers told The great things Thou hast wrought;
 3. Root out the sins that pour dis - grace Up - on the Chris - tian name,
 4. When from our grievous sins, O God, Which hide Thee from our view,

Oh! hear, as in this sol - emn hour We kneel to learn Thy will,
 How they through Thee, in days of old, For faith and freedom fought,
 That sap the man-hood of the race, And fill the land with shame.
 We turn be - neath the chastening rod, And for Thy par - don] sue,

Voices in Harmony

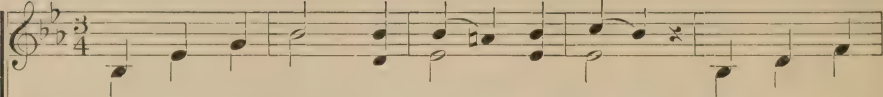
Our sins con - fess and seek Thy grace By which a - lone we live;
 For faith and free - dom stern - ly strove, Un - til their day was done;
 Ex - pel the greed, the lust, the strife, And of all sins the chief
 Oh! when we come to seek the grace By which a - lone we live,

Hear Thou from Heaven, Thy dwell - ing place, And, when Thou hear'st, for - give.
 Oh! grant their chil - dren wor - thy prove To keep what they have won.
 That drains the springs of spir - it - life, A heart of un - be - lief.
 Hear Thou from Heaven, Thy dwell - ing - place, And, when Thou hear'st, for - give.


AMBRESIN L. M.

Yattendon Hymnal


Ambresin



1. Re - joice, O land, in God Thy might, His will o -
 2. Glad shalt thou be, with bless - ing crowned, With joy and
 3. He shall for - give thy sins un - told; Re - mem - ber



bey, Him serve a - right; For Thee the saints up -
 peace thou shalt a - bound, Yea, love with thee shall
 thou His love of old; Walk in His way, His



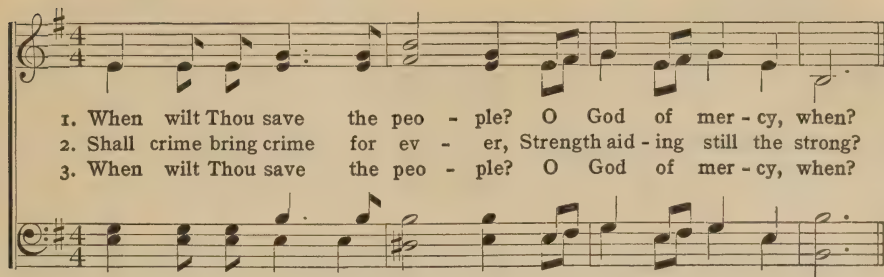
lift their voice; Fear not, O land, in God re - joice.
 make his home, Un - til thou see God's king-dom come.
 word a - dore, And keep His truth for ev - er - more.

When Wilt Thou Save the People?

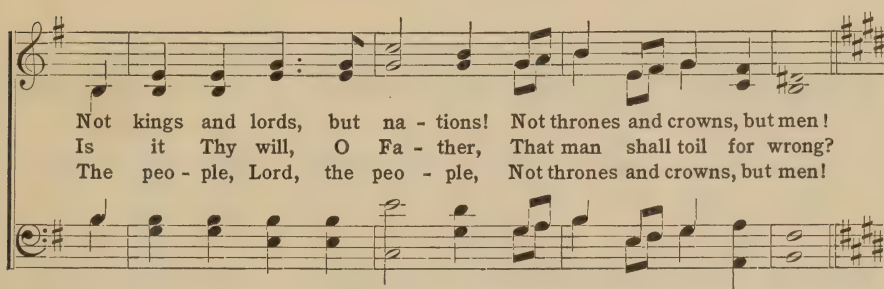
COMMONWEALTH 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 8. 5.

Ebenezer Elliott, "The Corn-law Rhymers"

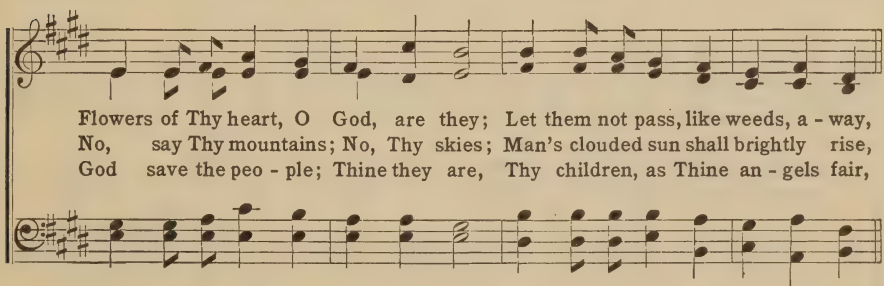
Josiah Booth



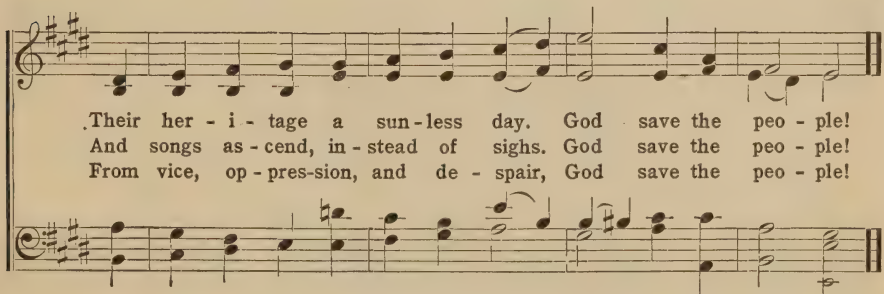
1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
 2. Shall crime bring crime for ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong?
 3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?



Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Is it Thy will, O Fa - ther, That man shall toil for wrong?
 The peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple, Not thrones and crowns, but men!



Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way,
 No, say Thy mountains; No, Thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 God save the peo - ple; Thine they are, Thy children, as Thine an - gels fair,



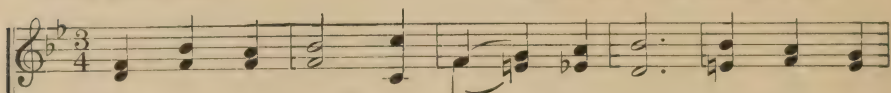
Their her - i - tage a sun - less day. God save the peo - ple!
 And songs as - cend, in - stead of sighs. God save the peo - ple!
 From vice, op - pres - sion, and de - spair, God save the peo - ple!

492 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

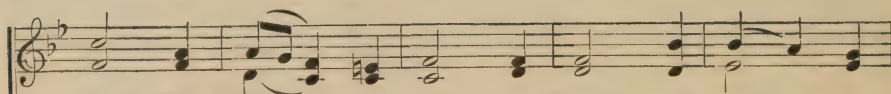
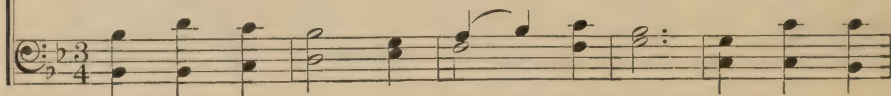
GERMANY L. M.

Frank Mason North

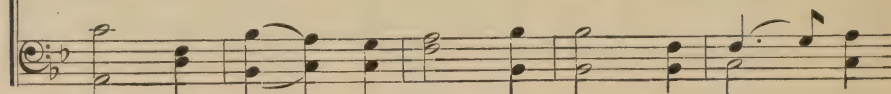
William Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies," 1815



1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the
2. In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, On shad - owed
3. From tend - er child - hood's help - less - ness, From wo - man's
4. The cup of wa - ter given for Thee Still holds the



cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of
 thres - holds dark with fears, From paths where hide the
 grief, man's bur - dened toil, From fam - ished souls, from
 fresh - ness of Thy grace; Yet long these mul - ti -



self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.
 lures of greed, We catch the vis - ion of Thy tears.
 sor - row's stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re - coil.
 tudes to see The sweet com - pas - sion of Thy face.



5 O Master, from the mountain side,
 Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
 Among these restless throngs abide,
 Oh! tread the city's streets again;


6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
 And follow where Thy feet have trod;
 Till, glorious from Thy heaven above,
 Shall come the city of our God.

Judge Eternal, Throned In Splendor



BENEDIC ANIMA 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

H. Scott-Holland

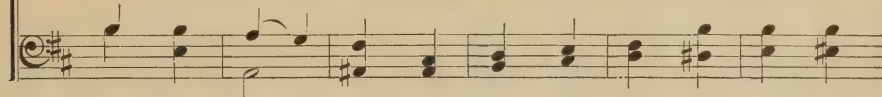
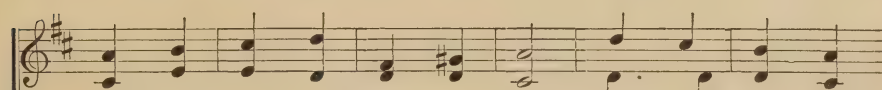
John Goss



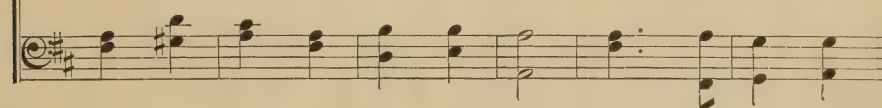

1. Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen - dor, Lord of lords and
 2. Still the wea - ry folk are pin - ing For the hour that
 3. Crown, O God, Thine own en - deav - or; Cleave our dark - ness


King of kings, With Thy liv - ing fire of judg - ment,
 brings re - lease, And the ci - ty's crowd - ed clang - or
 with Thy sword; Feed the faint and hun - gry peo - ple

Purge this land of bit - ter things, So - lace all its
 Cries a - loud for sin to cease; And the home - stead
 With the rich - ness of Thy word; Cleanse the bod - y





wide do - min - ion With the heal - ing of Thy wings.
 and the wood - land Plead in si - lence for their peace.
 of this na - tion Through the glo - ry of the Lord.




Thomas Hughes

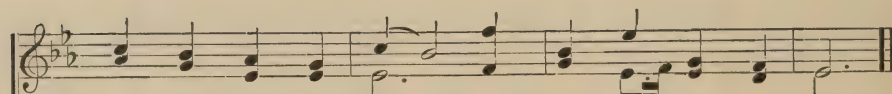
G. F. Handel



1. O God of truth, whose liv - ing word Up - holds what - e'er hath
 2. Set up Thy stand - ard, Lord, that we, Who claim a heav'nly
 3. Ah! would we join that blest ar - ray, And fol - low in the



breath, Look down on Thy cre - a - tion, Lord, En -
 birth, May march with Thee to smite the lies, That
 might Of Him, the faith - ful and the true, In



slaved by sin and death, En - slaved by sin and death.
 vex Thy groan - ing earth, That vex Thy groan - ing earth.
 rai - ment clean and white, In rai - ment clean and white.

4 We fight for truth! we fight for God!
 Poor slaves of lies and sin;
 He who would fight for Thee on earth
 Must first be true within.

5 Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
 Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
 Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
 And slay the falsehood there.

O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

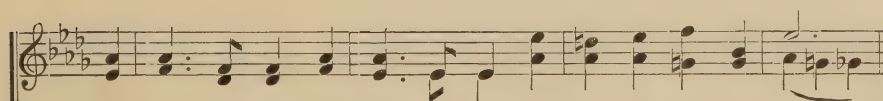
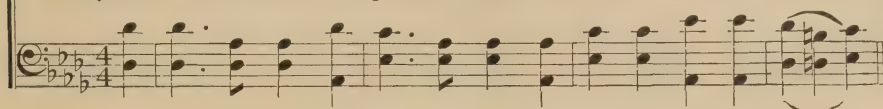
MATERNA C. M. D.

Katharine Lee Bates

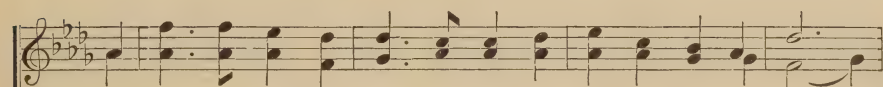
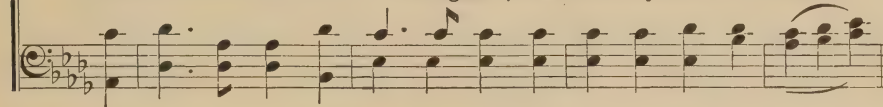
Samuel A. Ward



1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, impassioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - a - ting strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter ci - ties gleam, Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,



And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

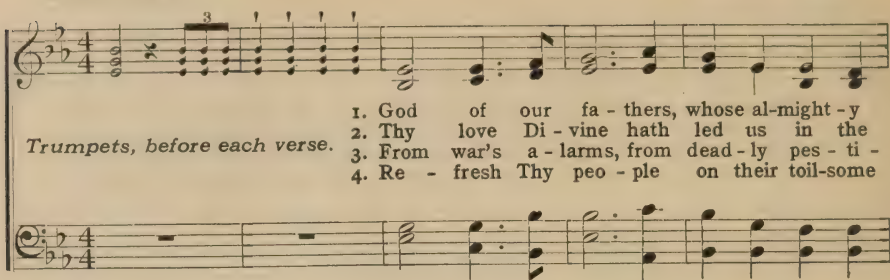


496 God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand

NATIONAL HYMN 10. 10. 10. 10.

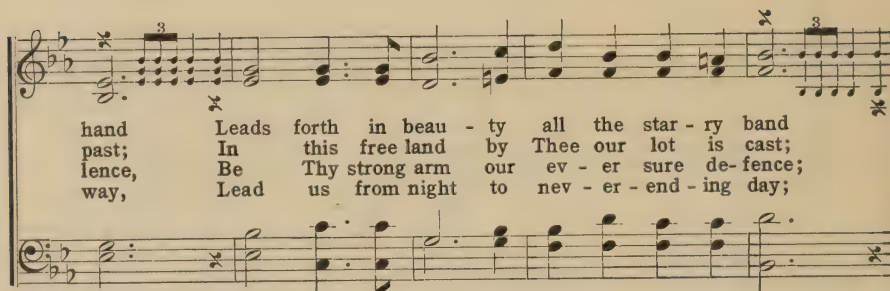
Daniel C. Roberts

George W. Warren

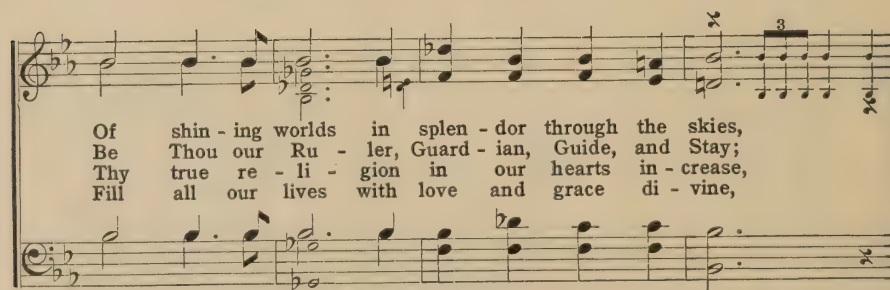


1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might - y
 2. Thy love Di - vine hath led us in the
 3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti -
 4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some

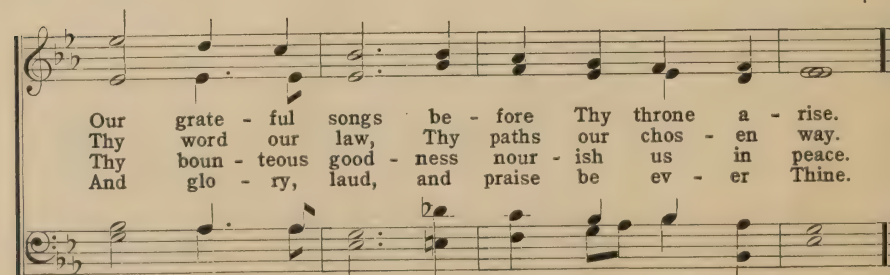
Trumpets, before each verse.



hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
 past; In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
 lence, Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de-fence;
 way, Lead us from night to nev - er end - ing day;



Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,
 Be Thou our Ru - ler, Guard - ian, Guide, and Stay;
 Thy true re - li - gion in our hearts in - crease,
 Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,



Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
 Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
 And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Samuel F. Smith

Attributed to Henry Carey

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the
 3. Let mus - ic swell the breeze, And ring from
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of

lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 all the trees Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal
 lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
 tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;
 land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;

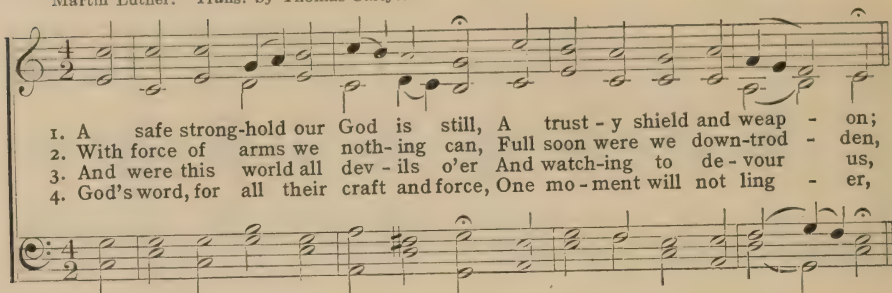
From ev - ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

A Safe Stronghold Our God is Still

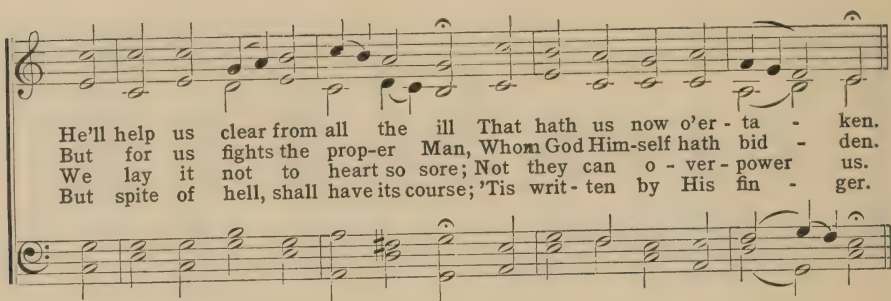
EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 7.

Martin Luther. Trans. by Thomas Carlyle

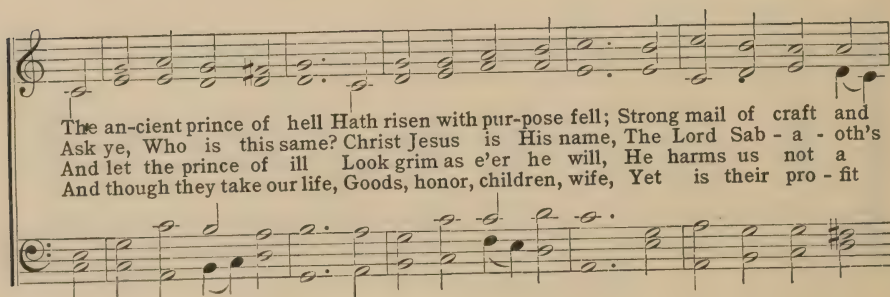
Martin Luther



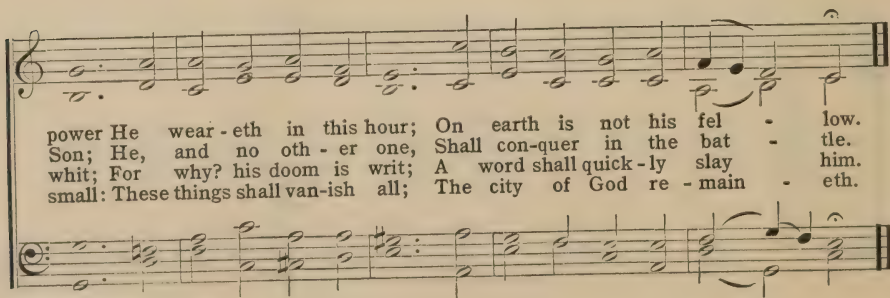
1. A safe strong-hold our God is still, A trust-y shield and weap-on;
 2. With force of arms we noth-ing can, Full soon were we down-trod-den,
 3. And were this world all dev-ils o'er And watch-ing to de-vour us,
 4. God's word, for all their craft and force, One mo-ment will not ling-er,



He'll help us clear from all the ill That hath us now o'er-ta-ken.
 But for us fights the prop-er Man, Whom God Him-self hath bid-den.
 We lay it not to heart so sore; Not they can o-ver-power us.
 But spite of hell, shall have its course; 'Tis writ-ten by His fin-ger.



The an-cient prince of hell Hath risen with pur-pose fell; Strong mail of craft and
 Ask ye, Who is this same? Christ Jesus is His name, The Lord Sab-a-oth's
 And let the prince of ill Look grim as e'er he will, He harms us not a
 And though they take our life, Goods, honor, children, wife, Yet is their pro-fit



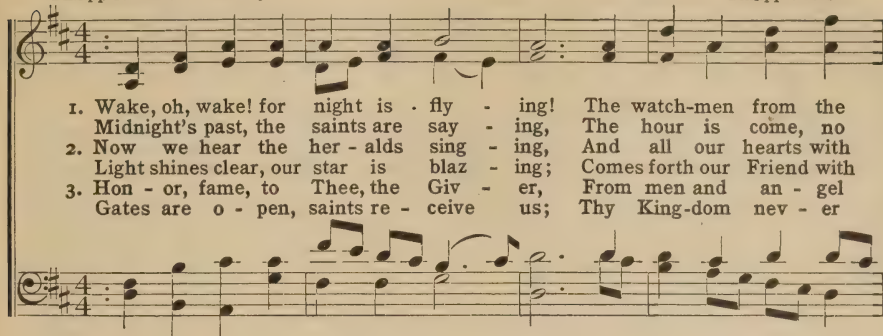
power He wear-eth in this hour; On earth is not his fel-low.
 Son; He, and no oth-er one, Shall con-quer in the bat-tle.
 whit; For why? his doom is writ; A word shall quick-ly slay him.
 small: These things shall van-ish all; The city of God re-main-eth.

499 Wake, Oh, Wake! For Night is Flying

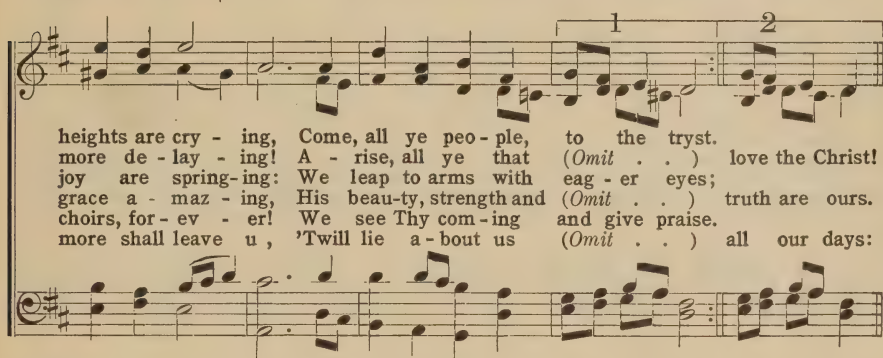
WACHET AUF 8. 9. 8. 8. 9. 8. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8.

Philipp Nicolai. Trans. by S. P.

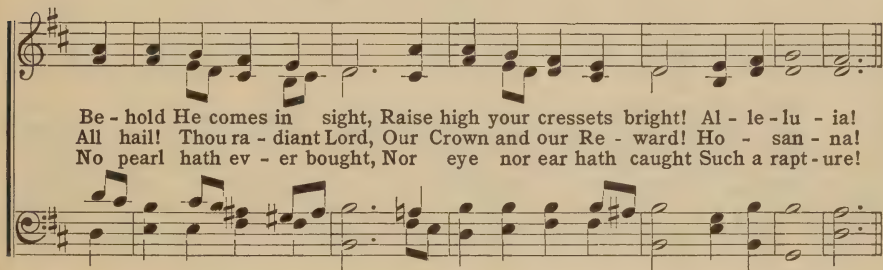
Philipp Nicolai



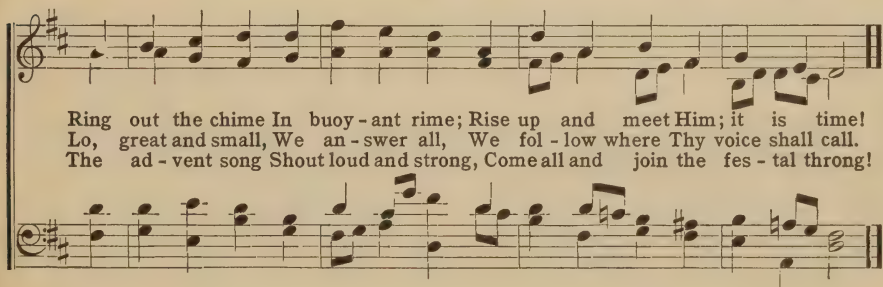
1. Wake, oh, wake! for night is fly - ing! The watch-men from the
Midnight's past, the saints are say - ing, The hour is come, no
2. Now we hear the her - alds sing - ing, And all our hearts with
Light shines clear, our star is blaz - ing; Comes forth our Friend with
3. Hon - or, fame, to Thee, the Giv - er, From men and an - gel
Gates are o - pen, saints re - ceive us; Thy King - dom nev - er



heights are cry - ing, Come, all ye peo - ple, to the tryst.
more de - lay - ing! A - rise, all ye that (Omit . . .) love the Christ!
joy are spring - ing: We leap to arms with eag - er eyes;
grace a - maz - ing, His beau - ty, strength and (Omit . . .) truth are ours.
choirs, for - ev - er! We see Thy com - ing and give praise.
more shall leave u, 'Twill lie a - bout us (Omit . . .) all our days:



Be - hold He comes in sight, Raise high your cressets bright! Al - le - lu - ia!
All hail! Thou ra - diant Lord, Our Crown and our Re - ward! Ho - san - na!
No pearl hath ev - er bought, Nor eye nor ear hath caught Such a rapt - ure!



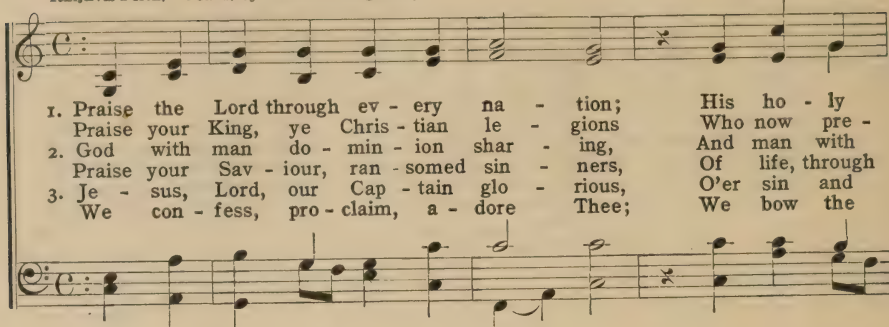
Ring out the chime In buoy - ant rime; Rise up and meet Him; it is time!
Lo, great and small, We an - swer all, We fol - low where Thy voice shall call.
The ad - vent song Shout loud and strong, Come all and join the fes - tal throng!

500 Praise the Lord Through Every Nation

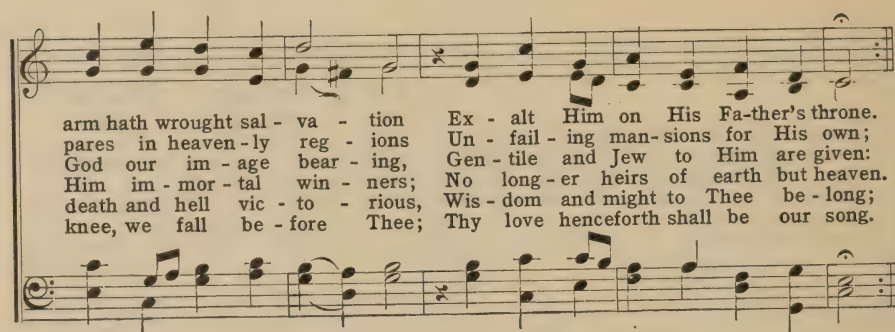
WACHET AUF 8. 9. 8. 8. 9. 8. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8.

Rhijnvis Feith, Trans. by James Montgomery

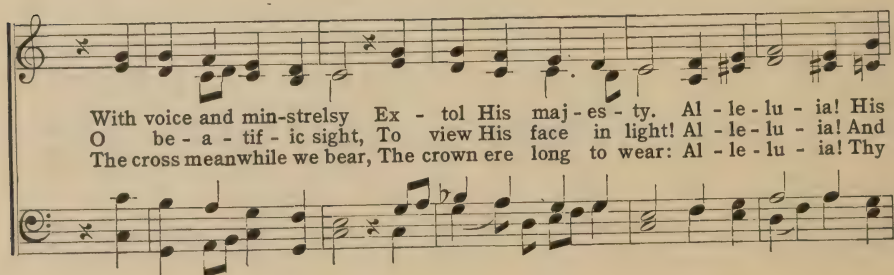
Philipp Nicolai



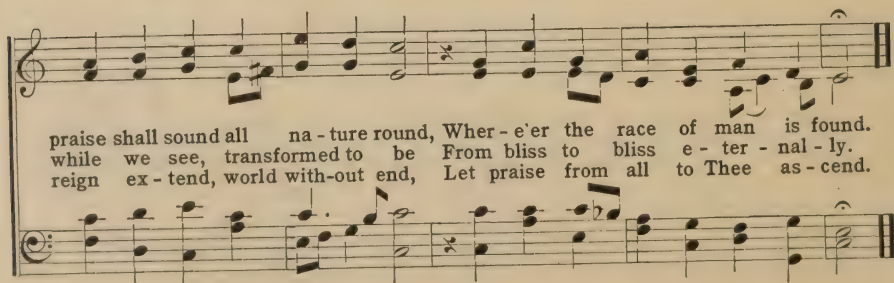
1. Praise the Lord through ev - ery na - tion; His ho - ly
 Praise your King, ye Chris - tian le - gions Who now pre -
 2. God with man do - min - ion shar - ing, And man with
 Praise your Sav - iour, ran - somed sin - ners, Of life, through
 3. Je - sus, Lord, our Cap - tain glo - rious, O'er sin and
 We con - fess, pro - claim, a - dore Thee; We bow the



arm hath wrought sal - va - tion Ex - alt Him on His Fa - ther's throne.
 pares in heav - en - ly reg - ions Un - fail - ing man - sions for His own;
 God our im - age bear - ing, Gen - tile and Jew to Him are given:
 Him im - mor - tal win - ners; No long - er heirs of earth but heaven.
 death and hell vic - to - rious, Wis - dom and might to Thee be - long;
 knee, we fall be - fore Thee; Thy love henceforth shall be our song.



With voice and min - strelsy Ex - tol His maj - es - ty. Al - le - lu - ia! His
 O be - a - tif - ic sight, To view His face in light! Al - le - lu - ia! And
 The cross meanwhile we bear, The crown ere long to wear: Al - le - lu - ia! Thy

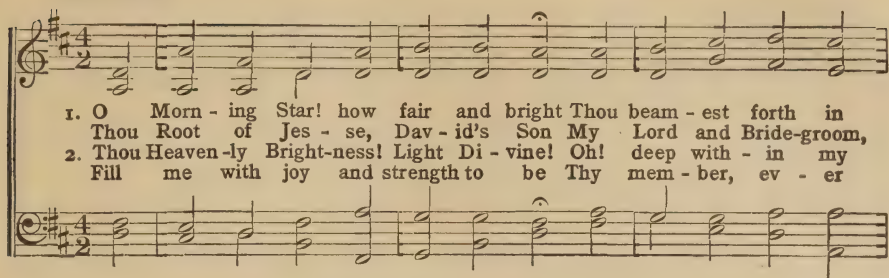


praise shall sound all na - ture round, Wher - e'er the race of man is found.
 while we see, transformed to be From bliss to bliss e - ter - nal - ly.
 reign ex - tend, world with - out end, Let praise from all to Thee as - cend.

501 O Morning Star! How Fair and Bright

MORGENSTERN 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

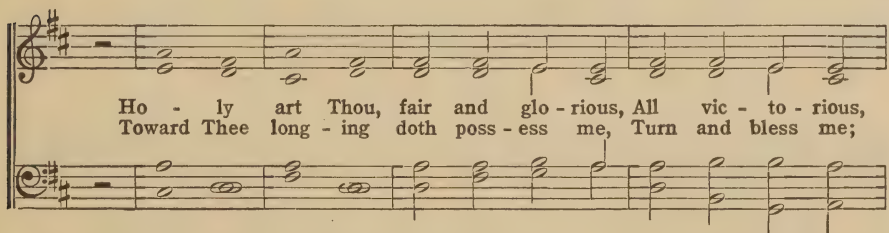
Philipp Nicolai



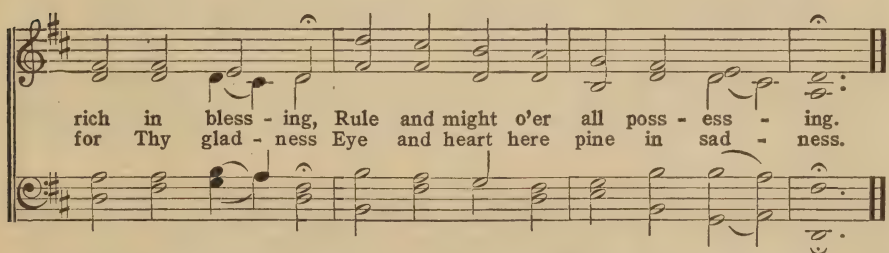
1. O Morn - ing Star! how fair and bright Thou beam - est forth in
Thou Root of Jes - se, Dav - id's Son My Lord and Bride-groom,
2. Thou Heaven-ly Bright-ness! Light Di - vine! Oh! deep with - in my
Fill me with joy and strength to be Thy mem - ber, ev - er



trust and light! O Sove - reign meek and low - ly,
Thou hast won My heart to serve Thee sole - ly!
heart now shine, And make Thee there an al - tar!
joined to Thee In love that can - not falt - er;



Ho - ly art Thou, fair and glo - rious, All vic - to - rious,
Toward Thee long - ing, doth poss - ess me, Turn and bless me;



rich in bless - ing, Rule and might o'er all poss - ess - ing.
for Thy glad - ness Eye and heart here pine in sad - ness.

3 But if Thou look on me in love,
There straightway falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy word and spirit, flesh and blood,
Refresh my soul with heavenly food;
Thou art my hidden treasure;
Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me;
Oh! draw near me: Thou hast taught us
Thee to seek, since Thou hast sought us!

4 Here will I rest, and hold it fast,
The Lord I love is First and Last,
The End as the Beginning!
Here I can calmly die, for Thou
Wilt raise me where Thou dwellest now,
Above all tears, all sinning:
Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
Soon release us; with deep yearning,
Lord, we look for Thy returning!

W. Walsham How

Moravian Collection



All:

1. Come, praise your Lord and Sav-iour In strains of ho-ly mirth.

Boys only:

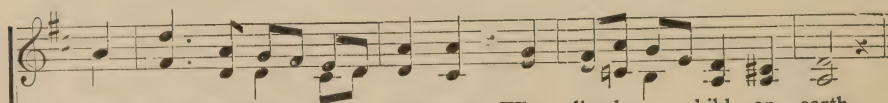
2. O Je-sus, we would praise Thee With songs of ho-ly joy,

Girls only:

3. O Je-sus, we too praise Thee, The low-ly maid-en's Son.

All:

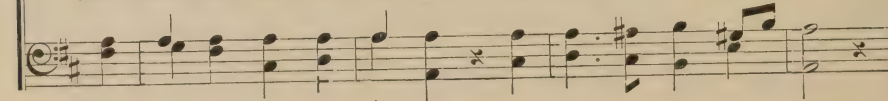
4. O Lord, with voic-es blend-ed, We sing our songs of praise.



Give thanks to Him, O chil-dren, Who lived a child on earth.
 For Thou on earth didst so-journ, A pure and spot-less boy.
 In Thee all gent-lest grac-es Are gath-ered in-to one.
 Be Thou the light and pat-tern Of all our childhood's days.



He loved the lit-tle chil-dren, And called them to His side,
 Make us like Thee o-be-dient, Like Thee from sin stains free,
 Oh! give that best a-dorn-ment, That Chris-tian maid can wear,
 And lead us ev-er on-ward, That while we stay be-low



With lov-ing arms em-braced them, And for their sake He died.
 Like Thee in God's own tem-ple, In low-ly home like Thee.
 The meek and qui-et spir-it, Which shone in Thee so fair.
 We may, like Thee, O Je-sus, To grace and wis-dom grow.



Brightly Gleams Our Banner

ST. THERESA 6. 5. 6. 5. 12 lines

Thomas J. Potter

Arthur S. Sullivan

1. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here, with hearts re -
 3. Pat - tern of our child - hood, Once Thy-self a child, Make our childhood

sol - diers To their home on high. Marching through the desert, Gladly thus we pray,
 joic - ing, See Thy children meet. Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray;
 ho - ly, Pure, and meek, and mild. In the hour of dan - ger Whither can we flee,

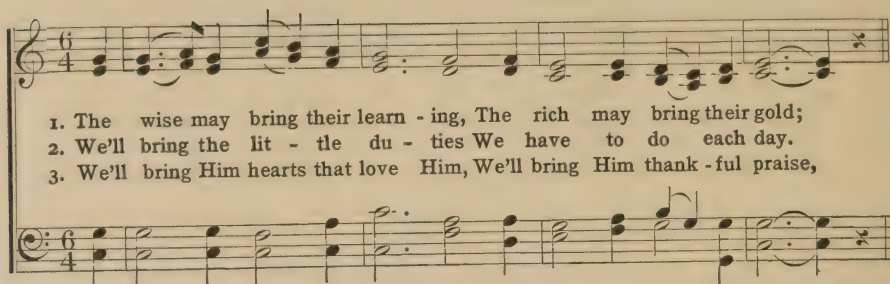
Refrain

Still with hearts u - ni - ted, Singing on our way.
 Keep us, might - y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way. Bright - ly gleams our banner,
 Save to Thee, dear Sav - iour, On - ly un - to Thee?

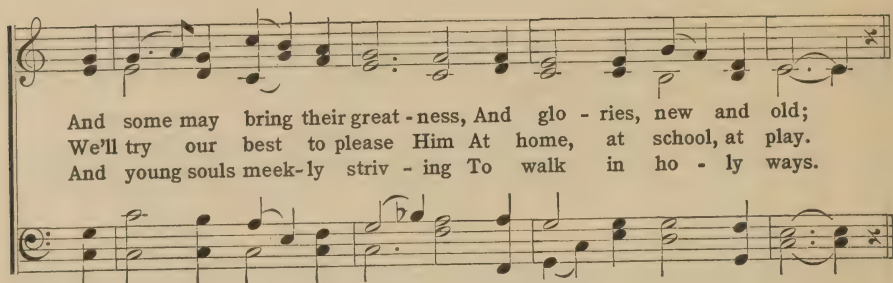
Point - ing to the sky, Wav - ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high.

Anonymous

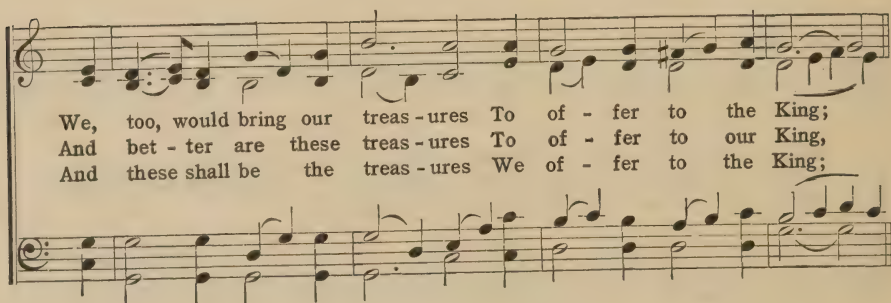
Arranged from Silcher by E. H. J.



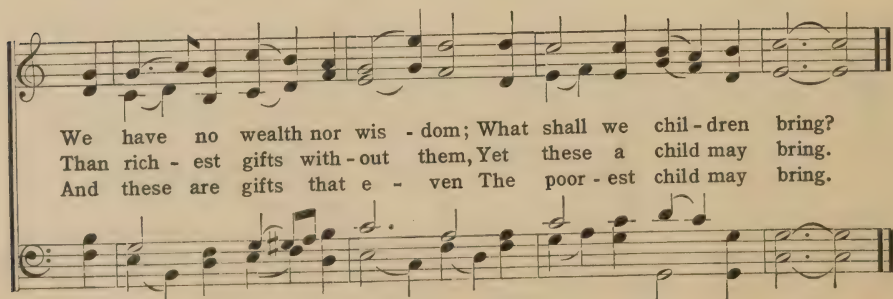
1. The wise may bring their learn - ing, The rich may bring their gold;
 2. We'll bring the lit - tle du - ties We have to do each day.
 3. We'll bring Him hearts that love Him, We'll bring Him thank - ful praise,



And some may bring their great - ness, And glo - ries, new and old;
 We'll try our best to please Him At home, at school, at play.
 And young souls meek - ly striv - ing To walk in ho - ly ways.



We, too, would bring our treas - ures To of - fer to the King;
 And bet - ter are these treas - ures To of - fer to our King,
 And these shall be the treas - ures We of - fer to the King;



We have no wealth nor wis - dom; What shall we chil - dren bring?
 Than rich - est gifts with - out them, Yet these a child may bring.
 And these are gifts that e - ven The poor - est child may bring.

There's a Song in the Air!

HULDIGUNG 6. 6. 6. 12. 12.

J. G. Holland

Alfred Reginald Allen

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky!
 2. There's a tu - mult of joy O'er the won - der - ful birth!
 3. In the light of that star Lie the a - ges im - pearled;
 4. We re-joyce in the light, And we ech - o the song


There's a moth - er's deep prayer And a ba - by's low cry!
 For the Vir - gin's sweet Boy Is the Lord of the earth.
 And that song from a - far Has swept o - ver the world:
 That comes down through the night From the heav - en - ly throng;

And the star rains its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing,
 Ay! the star rains its fire and the beau - ti - ful sing,
 Ev - ery hearth is a - flame, and the beau - ti - ful sing
 Ay! we shout to the love - ly e - van - gel they bring,

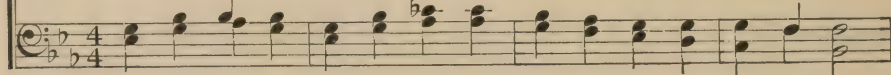

For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King.
 For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King.
 In the homes of the na - tions that Je - sus is King.
 And we greet in His cra - dle our Sav - iour and King.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander

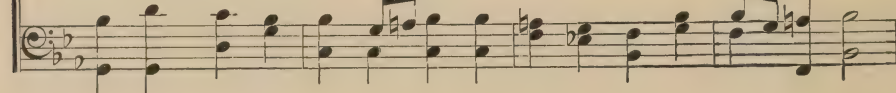
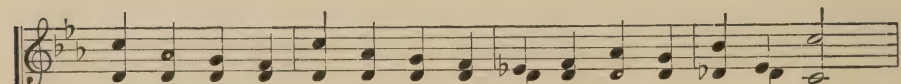
Berthold Tours




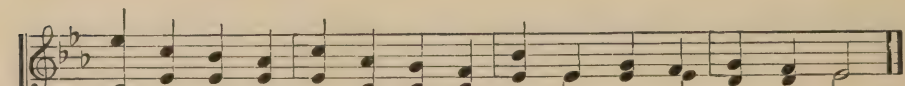
1. Saw you nev - er in the twi - light, When the sun had left the skies,
2. Heard you nev - er of the sto - ry, How they crossed the des - ert wild,
3. Know ye not that low - ly Ba - by Was the bright and morn - ing Star?


Up in heaven the clear stars shin - ing, Thro' the gloom like sil - ver eyes?
Journeyed on by plain and moun - tain Till they found the Ho - ly Child?
He who came to light the Gen - tiles, And the darkened isles a - far?

So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a lit - tle strang - er star,
How they o - pened all their treas - ures, Kneeling to the in - fant King;
And we, too, may seek His cra - dle, There our heart's best treasures bring,

And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol - lowed it from far.
Gave the gold and fra - grant in - cense, Gave the myrrh in of - fer - ing?
Love and faith and true de - vo - tion For our Sav - iour, God and King.



Golden Harps Are Sounding

HERMAS 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

Frances R. Havergal

Frances R. Havergal

1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel-voic - es ring, Pear - ly gates are
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with
 3. Plead - ing for His chil - dren In that bless - ed place, Call - ing them to

o - pened, O - pened for the King: Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,
 glo - ry, At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er more to suf - fer,
 glo - ry, Send - ing them His grace; His bright home pre - par - ing,

Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri - umph To His throne a - bove.
 Nev - er more to die; Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high!
 Faith - ful ones, for you, Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

Refrain

All His work is end - ed; Joy - ful - ly we sing,

Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King!

508 Come Ye Children, Praise the Saviour!

ROUSSEAU'S DREAM 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Juvenile Harmonist, 1847

J. J. Rousseau

1. Come, ye chil-dren, praise the Saviour! He re - gards you from a - bove;
2. When the anx - ious mothers round Him With their tend - er in - fants pressed;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in 4/2 time and key of B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Praise Him for His great sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His prec - ious love!
He with o - pen arms received them, And the lit - tle ones He blessed.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

When He left His throne in glo - ry, When He lived with mor - tals here,
Come, ye chil-dren, praise the Sav-iour! Praise Him, your un - dy - ing friend,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Lit - tle chil - dren sang His prais - es, And it pleased His grac - ious ear.
Praise Him, till in heaven you meet Him, There to praise Him with - out end.

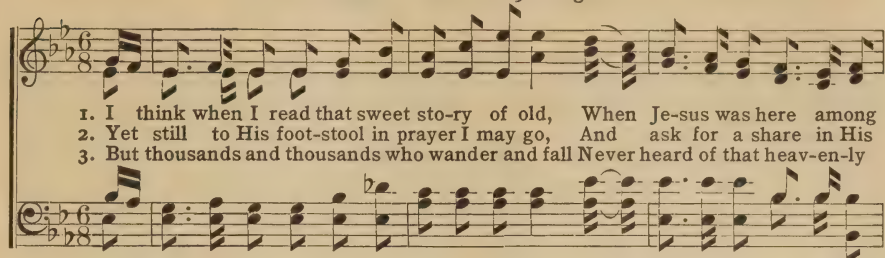
The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

509 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old

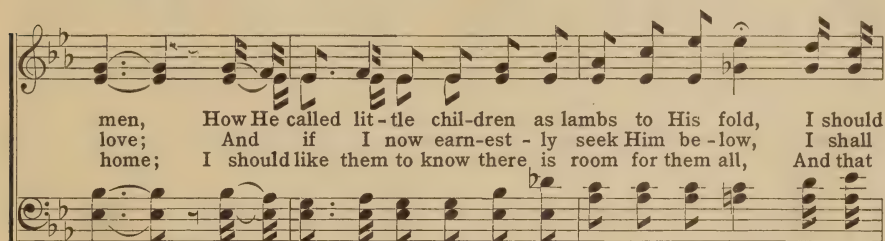
Jemima Luke

DAVENANT 11. 8. 12. 9. Irregular

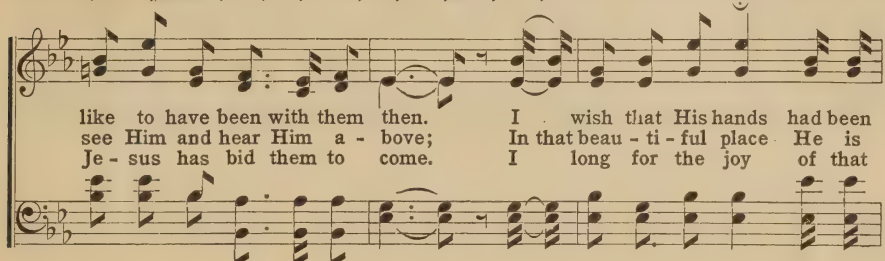
Irish Traditional Air



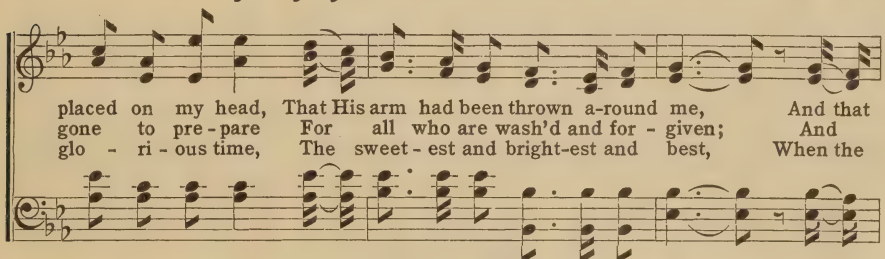
1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here among
 2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His
 3. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall Never heard of that heav-en-ly



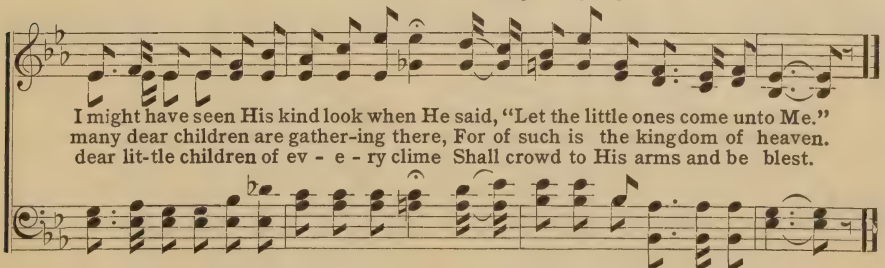
men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should
 love; And if I now earn-est-ly seek Him be-low, I shall
 home; I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that



like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been
 see Him and hear Him a - bove; In that beau - ti - ful place He is
 Je - sus has bid them to come. I long for the joy of that



placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a-round me, And that
 gone to pre-pare For all who are wash'd and for - given; And
 glo - ri - ous time, The sweet-est and bright-est and best, When the



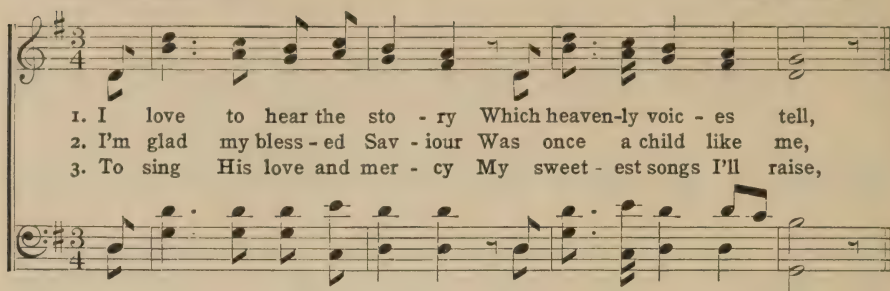
I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me."
 many dear children are gather-ing there, For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
 dear lit-tle children of ev - e - ry clime Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

I Love to Hear the Story

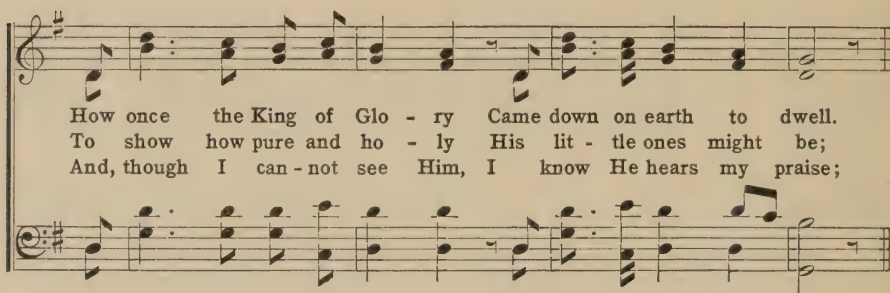
SUR LA MONTAGNE 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5. 7. 6.

Emily Huntington Miller

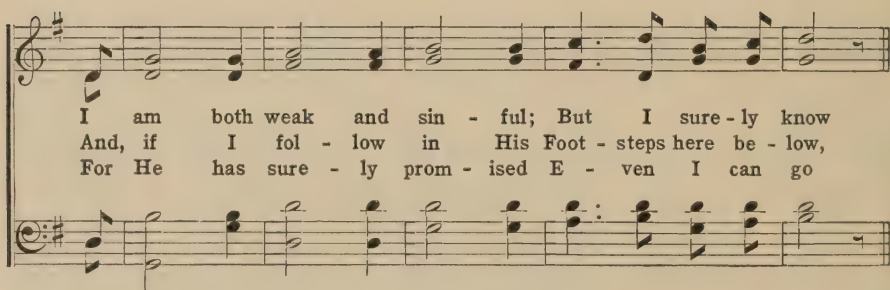
Swiss Folk-song



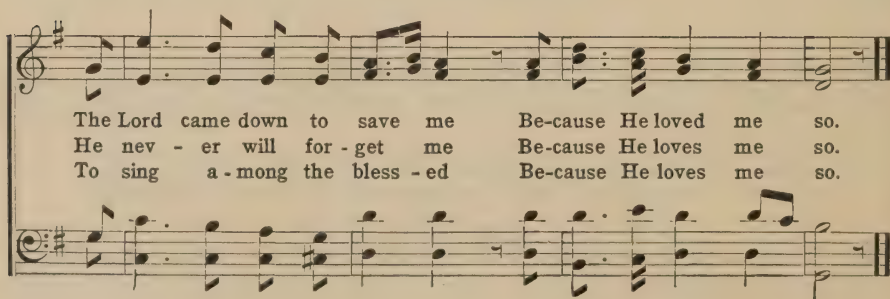
1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which heav - en - ly voic - es tell,
 2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me,
 3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweet - est songs I'll raise,



How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.
 To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
 And, though I can - not see Him, I know He hears my praise;



I am both weak and sin - ful; But I sure - ly know
 And, if I fol - low in His Foot - steps here be - low,
 For He has sure - ly prom - ised E - ven I can go



The Lord came down to save me Be - cause He loved me so.
 He nev - er will for - get me Be - cause He loves me so.
 To sing a - mong the bless - ed Be - cause He loves me so.

1. There's a friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
 2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
 3. There's a home for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,

A friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die.
 Who love the bless - ed Sav - iour And to the Fa - ther cry;
 Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy;

Our earth - ly friends may fail us And change with chang - ing years,
 A rest from ev - ery tur - moil, From sin and sor - row free,
 No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare;

This friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name He bears.
 Where ev - ery lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
 For ev - ery one is hap - py, Nor could be hap - pier there.

- 4 There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A song that will not weary
 Though sung continually;
 A song which even angels
 Can never, never sing;
 They know not Christ as Saviour,
 But worship Him as King.

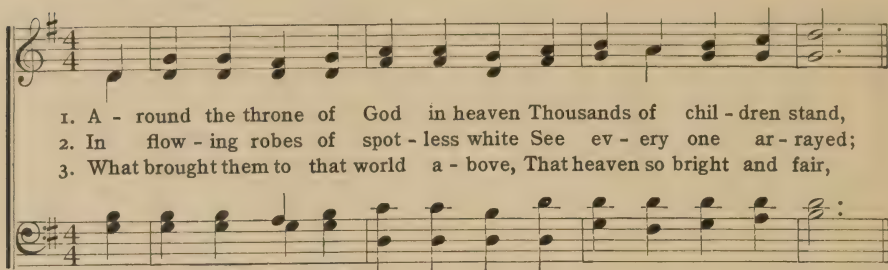
- 5 There's a crown for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 And all who look for Jesus
 Shall wear it by and by;
 All, all above is treasured,
 And found in Christ alone.
 Lord, grant Thy little children
 To know Thee as their own.

512 Around the Throne of God in Heaven

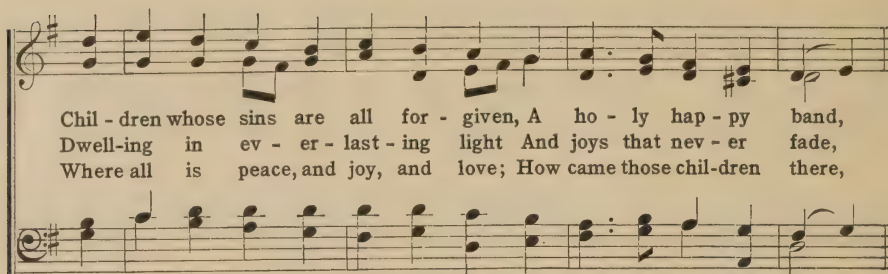
CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. with Refrain

Anne H. Shepherd

Henry E. Mathews

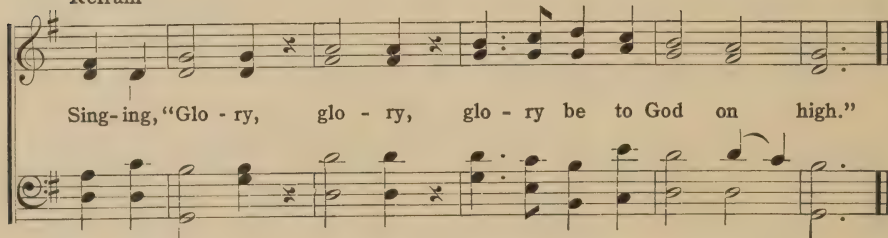


1. A - round the throne of God in heaven Thousands of chil - dren stand,
2. In flow - ing robes of spot - less white See ev - ery one ar - rayed;
3. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heaven so bright and fair,



Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly hap - py band,
Dwell - ing in ev - er - last - ing light And joys that nev - er fade,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those chil - dren there,

Refrain



Sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high."

- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Jesus, Holy, Undefined

Emily M. Shapcote

HEDEMORA 7. 7. 7. 7.

Swedish Folk-song

1. Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed, Lis - ten to a lit - tle child;
 2. Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glo - rious world of Thine;
 3. Now the lit - tle birds a - rise, Chirp - ing gai - ly in the skies;
 4. Thou by whom the birds are fed, Give to me my dai - ly bread,

Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas - ing far the si - lent night.
 Warmth to give and pleas - ant glow On each ten - der flower be - low.
 Thee their ti - ny voic - es praise In the ear - ly songs they raise.
 And Thy Ho - ly Spir - it give, With - out whom I can - not live.

5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
 As becomes a little child.
 All day long, in every way,
 Teach me what to do and say.

6 Make me, Lord, in work and play
 Thine more truly every day,
 And, when Thou at last shall come,
 Take me to Thy heavenly home.

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

Mary Duncan

BROCKLESBURY 8. 7. 8. 7.

Charlotte A. Barnard

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
 2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care,
 3. May my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

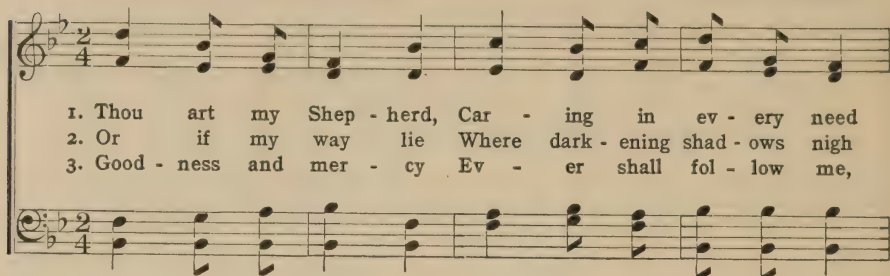
Through the dark - ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
 Thou hast clothed and warmed and fed me; Lis - ten to my even - ing prayer.
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

Thou Art My Shepherd

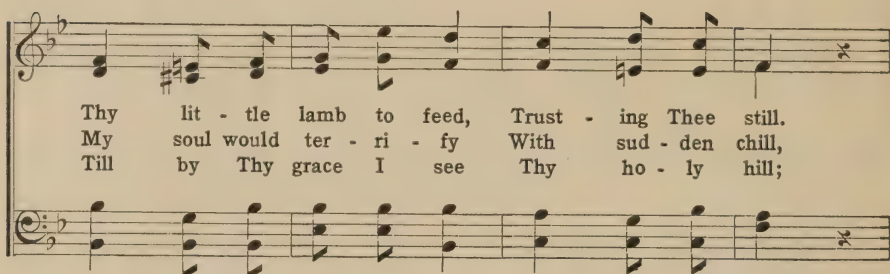
LYNDE Irregular

Elsie Thalheimer and Mrs. M. Scott Haycroft

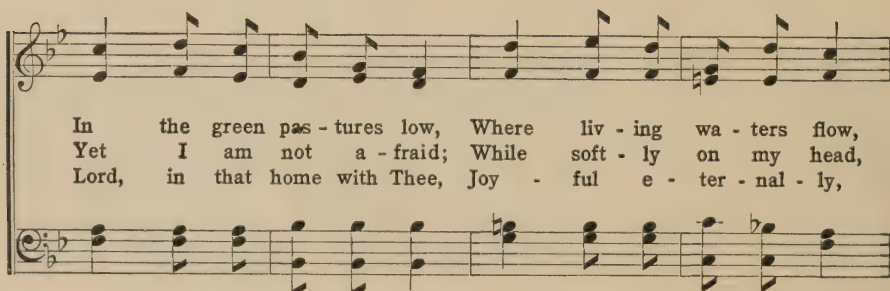
Thuringian Folk-song



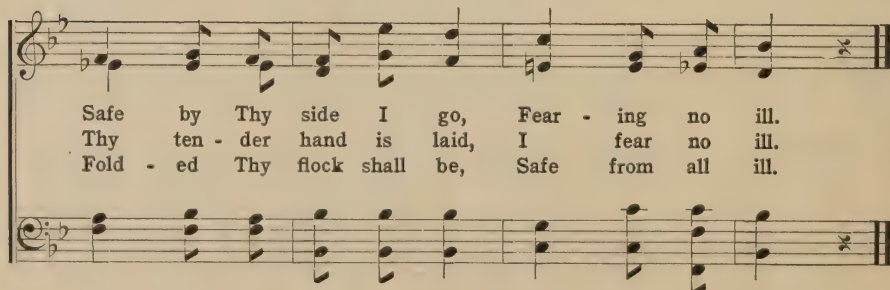
1. Thou art my Shep - herd, Car - ing in ev - ery need
 2. Or if my way lie Where dark - ening shad - ows nigh
 3. Good - ness and mer - cy Ev - er shall fol - low me,



Thy lit - tle lamb to feed, Trust - ing Thee still.
 My soul would ter - ri - fy With sud - den chill,
 Till by Thy grace I see Thy ho - ly hill;



In the green pas - tures low, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow,
 Yet I am not a - fraid; While soft - ly on my head,
 Lord, in that home with Thee, Joy - ful e - ter - nal - ly,



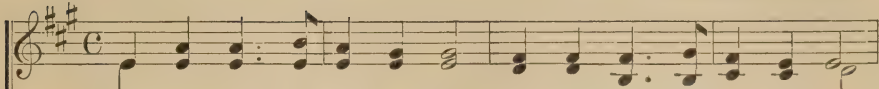
Safe by Thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.
 Thy ten - der hand is laid, I fear no ill.
 Fold - ed Thy flock shall be, Safe from all ill.

Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep

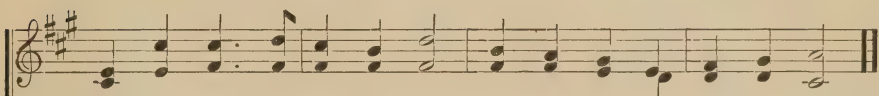
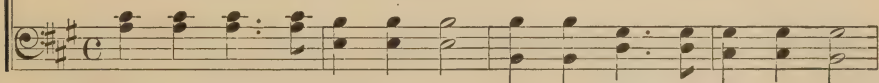
KARI 7. 7. 7. 7.

Jane E. Leeson

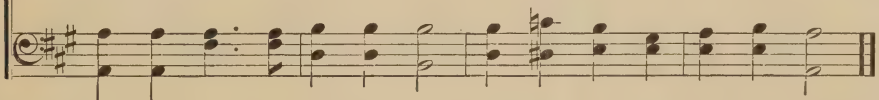
Norwegian Folk-song



1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy lamb, in safe - ty keep;
2. Bought with blood and bought for Thee; Thine and on - ly Thine I'd be,
3. Lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou didst give Thine own life that we might live,
4. I would praise Thee ev - ery day, Glad - ly all Thy will o - bey,



Noth - ing can Thy power withstand, None can pluck me from Thy hand.
 Ho - ly, harm - less, hum - ble, mild; Je - sus Christ's o - be - dient child.
 And the hands, out - stretched to bless, Bear the cru - el nails' im - press.
 Like Thy bless - ed ones a - bove, Hap - py in Thy prec - ious love.




- 5 Loving Shepherd ever near,
 Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear.
 Suffer not my steps to stray
 From the straight and narrow way.


- 6 Where Thou leadest I would go
 Walking in Thy steps below,
 Till before my Father's throne
 I shall know as I am known.

Dorothy A. Thrupp

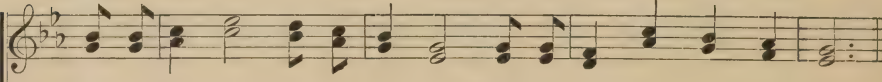
William B. Bradbury



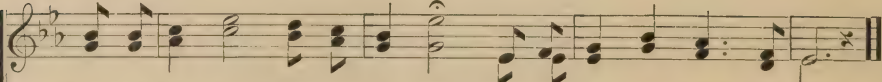
1. Sav - iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care:
 2. We are Thine; do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
 3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be, .
 4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fav - or, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us. Seek us when we go a - stray:
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;
 Bless-ed Lord and on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bos-oms fill:



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee,
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Jesus, King of Glory

ST. ALBANS 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

Edward Harland

F. J. Haydn

1. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky,
 2. Praise for lit - tle chil - dren, Who have come to Thee;
 3. For Thy faith - ful ser - vants, Who have en - tered in;
 4. When the shad - ows length - en, Show us, Lord, Thy way,
 Ref: Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky,

Fine
 Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.
 For the glad bright spir - its, Who Thy glo - ry see;
 For Thy fear - less sol - diers, Who have con - quered sin;
 Through the dark - ness lead us To the heaven - ly day,
 Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.

Par - don our trans - gress - ions, Cleanse us from our sin;
 For the loved ones, rest - ing In Thy dear em - brace;
 For the count - less le - gions, Who have fol - lowed Thee;
 When our course is fin - ished, End - ed all the strife,

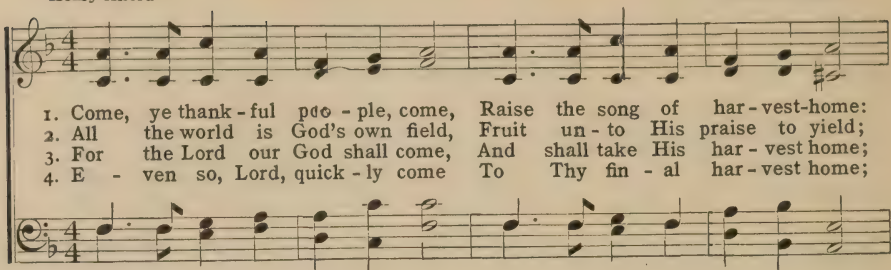
D. C. al Fine
 By Thy Spir - it help us Heaven - ly crowns to win.
 For the pure and ho - ly, Who be - hold Thy face;
 Heed - less of the dan - ger, On to vic - to - ry;
 Grant us with the faith - ful Palms and crowns of life.

Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

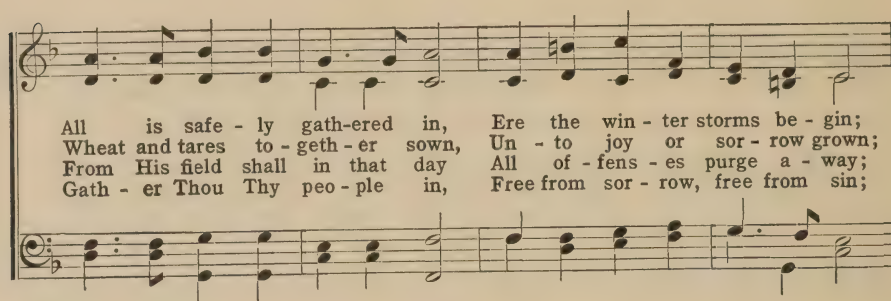
ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7-7-7-D.

Henry Alford

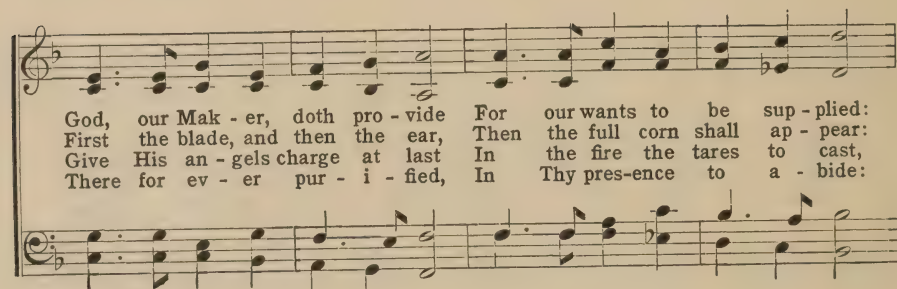
George J. Elvey



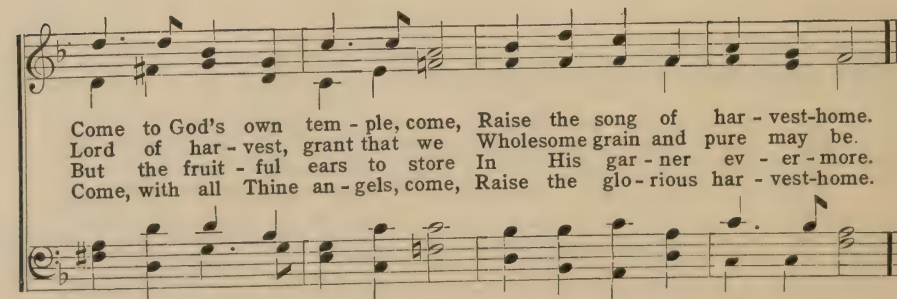
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home:
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fin-al har-vest home;



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
 Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown;
 From His field shall in that day All of-fens-es purge a-way;
 Gath-er Thou Thy peo-ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
 Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for ev-er pur-i-fied, In Thy pres-ence to a-bide:



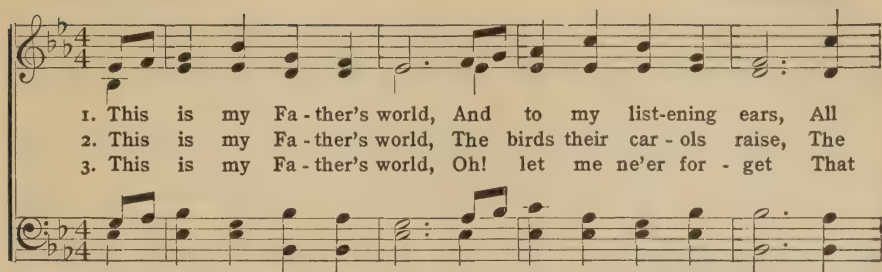
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev-er-more.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har-vest-home.

This is My Father's World

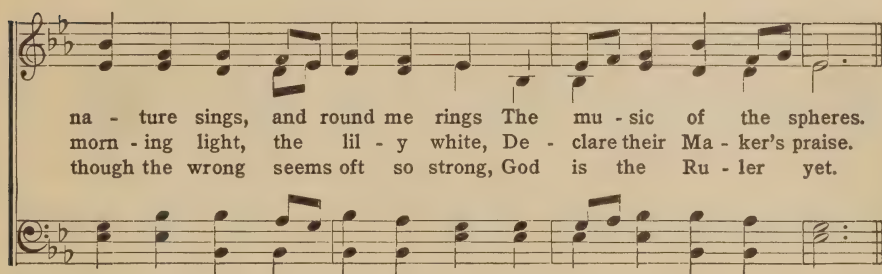
TERRA BEATA S. M. D. Irregular

Maltbie D. Babcock

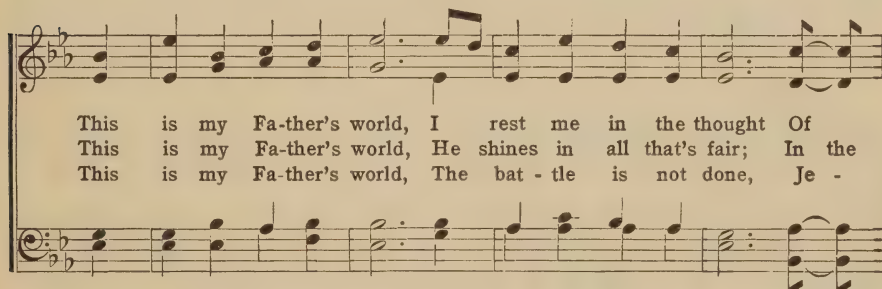
English Melody



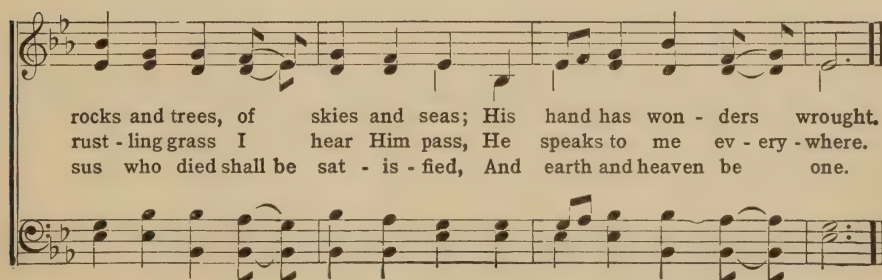
1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list-en-ing ears, All
 2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise, The
 3. This is my Fa-ther's world, Oh! let me ne'er for-get That



na-ture sings, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres.
 morn-ing light, the lil-y white, De-clare their Ma-ker's praise.
 though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ru-ler yet.



This is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of
 This is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the
 This is my Fa-ther's world, The bat-tle is not done, Je-



rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand has won-ders wrought.
 rust-ling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-ery-where.
 sus who died shall be sat-is-fied, And earth and heaven be one.

Come to the Saviour, Make no Delay

COME TO THE SAVIOUR P. M. with Refrain

George F. Root

George F. Root

1. Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay, Here in His Word He hath shown us the way.
 2. "Suf-fer the children," Oh! hear His voice, Let ev-ery heart leap forth and re-joice,
 3. Think once again, He's with us to-day, Heed now His blessed command and o-bey;

Here in our midst He's stand-ing to-day, Tend - er - ly say - ing, "Come."
 And let us free - ly make Him our choice; Do not de-lay, but come.
 Here now His ac - cents ten - der - ly say, "Will you, my chil - dren, come?"

Refrain

Joy - ful, joy - ful shall the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free,

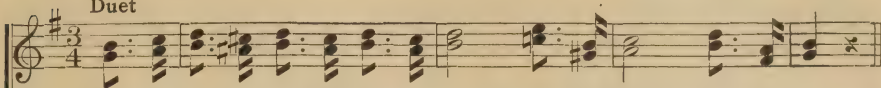
And we shall gath - er, Sav - iour, to Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

522 We Have Heard Salvation's Joyful Sound


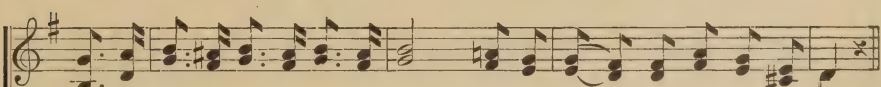
MINUET Irregular

Priscilla J. Owens, altered
Duet

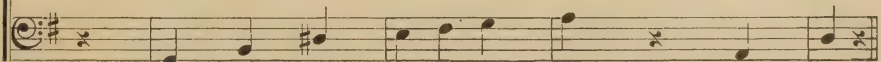
Ludwig van Beethoven




1. We have heard sal-va-tion's joy-ful sound, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the furth-est roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a-bove the clamorous bat-tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the pass-ing winds a migh-ty voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Spread the glorious tid-ings all a-round: Je-sus saves! Je - sus sure-ly saves!
Tell to dy - ing sin-ners far and wide: Je-sus saves! Je - sus sure-ly saves!
By His death and res-ur-rec-tion life, Je-sus saves! Je - sus sure-ly saves!
Let the na-tions now and e'er re-joice: Je-sus saves! Je - sus sure-ly saves!



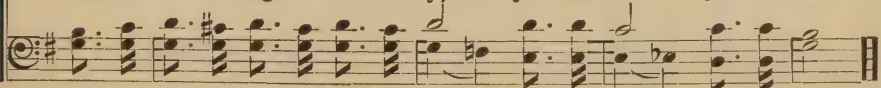
Harmony



Bear the news to each land, Climb the steepes and cross the waves,
Sing, ye isles of the sea, Ec - ho back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it through the deep gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Full re - dem - p-tion and free For of sin the help - less slaves;

On-ward! 'tis our bless-ed Lord's com-mand: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her com-ing ju-bi - lee, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri-umph o'er the van-quished tomb: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our fin-al song of vic-to-ry; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



We Plough the Fields and Scatter

DRESDEN 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

Trans. by Jane M. Campbell

Johann A. P. Schulz

1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But
 2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He
 3. We thank Thee then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The

it is fed and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in
 paints the way-side flow - er, He lights the evening star; The winds and waves o -
 seed-time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food. No gifts have we to

win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es and the sun - shine,
 bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His child - ren,
 of - fer For all Thy love im-parts, But that which Thou de - sir - est,

Refrain

And soft refreshing rain.
 He gives our dai - ly bread. All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a -
 Our humble, thankful hearts.

bove; Then thank the Lord, Oh! thank the Lord For all His love.

When He Cometh

PRECIOUS JEWELS 8. 6. 8. 5. with Refrain

W. O. Cushing

George F. Root

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth, To make up His jew - els,
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom;
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,

All His jew - els, prec - ious jew - els, His loved and His own.
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 Are the jew - els, prec - ious jew - els, His loved and His own.

Refrain

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,

They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wea-ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a-way, like bells at eve-ning peal-ing, The voice of Je - sus

o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come"; And through the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea; And la-den souls, by thousands meek-ly steal - ing,

Refrain

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee.

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night!

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night!

- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 Faith's journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

Soldiers of Christ, Arise! Arise!

MILITES CHRISTI 8. 6. 8. 6. 6. 6. 8. 6.

Charles Wesley

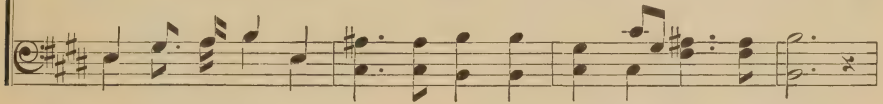
Eduard Grieg



1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise! a - rise! And put your arm - or on;
2. Stand then, Oh! stand in His great might, With all His strength en-dued;
3. Leave, then, no one un - guard - ed place, No weak-ness of the soul;



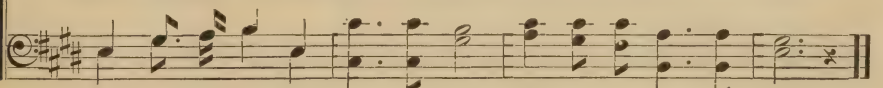
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Through His e - ter - nal Son.
 And take to arm you for the fight The pan - o - ply of God:
 Take ev - ery vir - tue, ev - ery grace And for - ti - fy the whole.



Strong in the Lord of hosts And in His might - y power;
 That, hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts past,
 To keep your arm - or bright, At - tend with con - stant care,



Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ a - lone And stand en - tire at last.
 Still walk - ing in your Cap-tain's sight, And watching un - to prayer.



527 Praise Ye The Lord, Immortal Choir

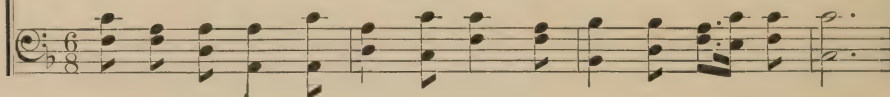
DENMARK 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.

George Rawson

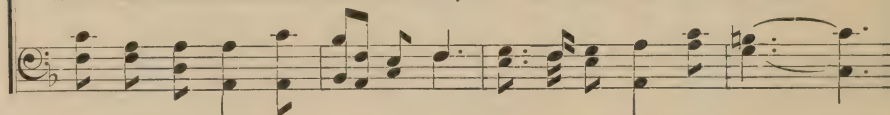
C. E. F. Weyse



1. Praise ye the Lord, im - mor - tal choir, In heav'n - ly heights a - bove,
2. Ye gorgeous clouds that deck the sky With crim - son, crys - tal, gold,
3. Storm, lightning, thun - der, hail, and snow, Wild winds that keep His word,



With harp and voice and souls of fire, Burn - ing with per - fect love.
And rain - bow arch - es raised on high, The Light of Light un - fold.
With the old moun - tains far be - low, U - nite and bless the Lord.



Shine to His glo - ry, worlds of light, Ye mill - ion suns of space,
Shout to Je - ho - vah, surg - ing main, In deep e - ter - nal roar;
And 'round the wide world let it roll, Whilst man shall lead it on;



Ye moons and glistening stars of night, Run - ning your vast and mys - tic race.
Let wave to wave re - sound the strain, And shore re - ply to farthest shore.
Join, ev - ery ransomed hu - man soul, In full and glo - rious u - ni - son.

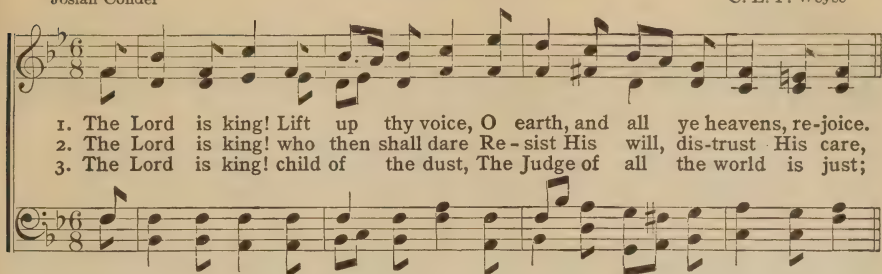


528 The Lord is King! Lift Up Thy Voice

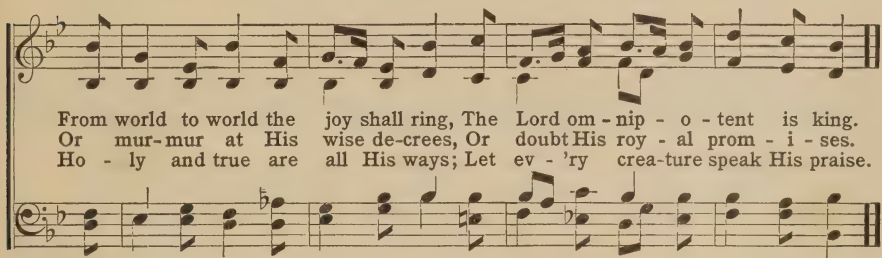
SKAGEN L. M.

Josiah Conder

C. E. F. Weyse



1. The Lord is king! Lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens, re-joice.
 2. The Lord is king! who then shall dare Re-sist His will, dis-trust His care,
 3. The Lord is king! child of the dust, The Judge of all the world is just;



From world to world the joy shall ring, The Lord om-nip-o-tent is king.
 Or mur-mur at His wise de-crees, Or doubt His roy-al prom-i-ses.
 Ho-ly and true are all His ways; Let ev-'ry crea-ture speak His praise.

4 He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains,
 Your God is king, your Father reigns;
 And He is at the Father's side,
 The Man of Love, the Crucified.

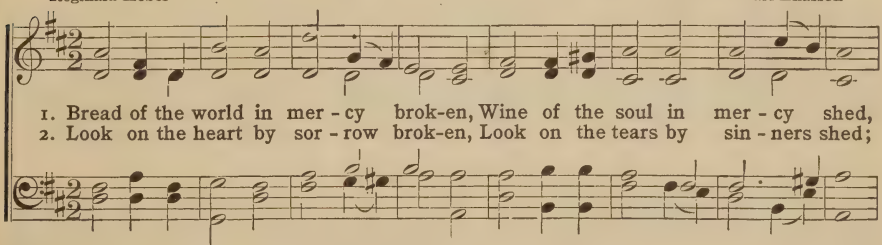
5 Oh! when His wisdom can mistake,
 His might decay, His love forsake,
 Then may His children cease to sing,
 The Lord Omnipotent is king.

529 Bread of the World in Mercy Broken

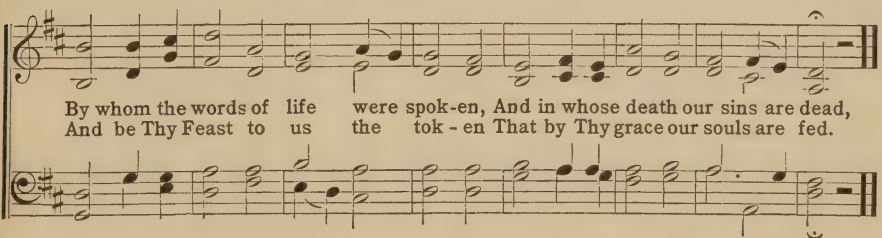
ELIASSON 9. 8. 9. 8.

Reginald Heber

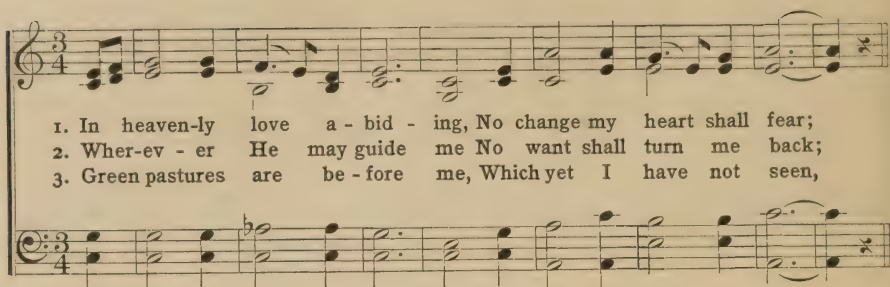
Karl Eliasson



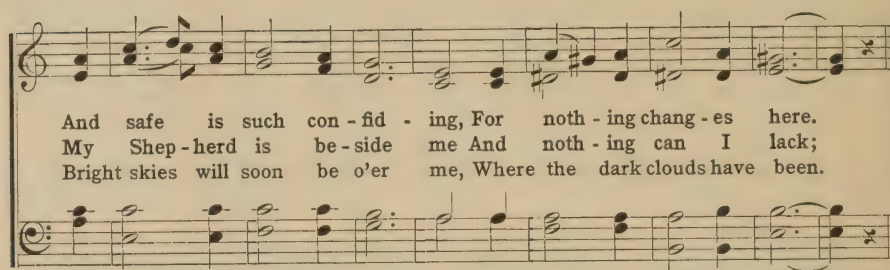
1. Bread of the world in mer-cy brok-en, Wine of the soul in mer-cy shed,
 2. Look on the heart by sor-row brok-en, Look on the tears by sin-ners shed;



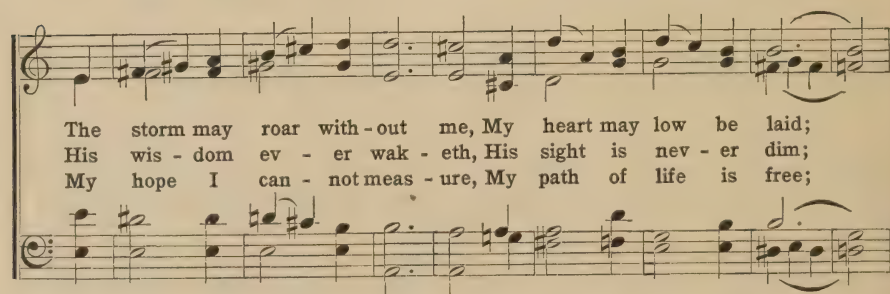
By whom the words of life were spok-en, And in whose death our sins are dead,
 And be Thy Feast to us the tok-en That by Thy grace our souls are fed.



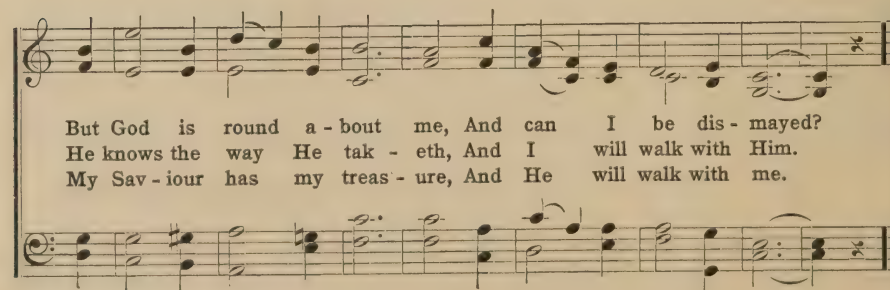
1. In heav-en-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
 2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me No want shall turn me back;
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen,



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
 My Shep - herd is be - side me And noth - ing can I lack;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been.



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;
 His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
 My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path of life is free;



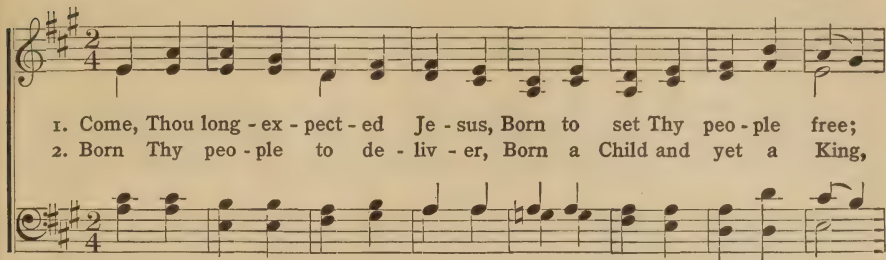
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
 He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
 My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

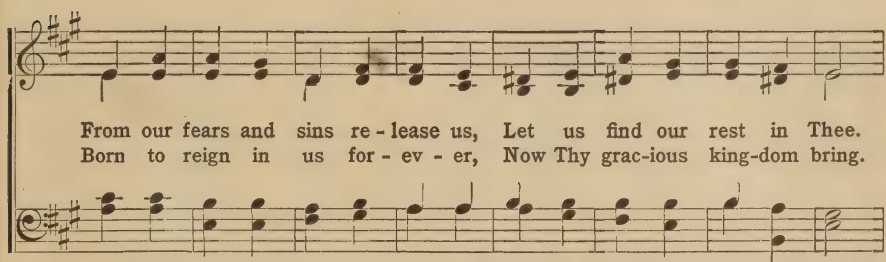
HELLERUP 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Charles Wesley

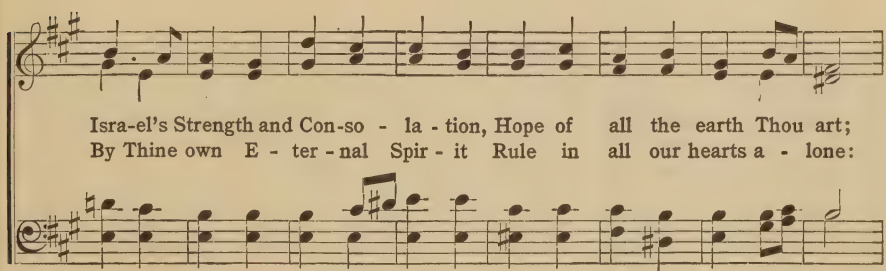
A. P. Berggreen



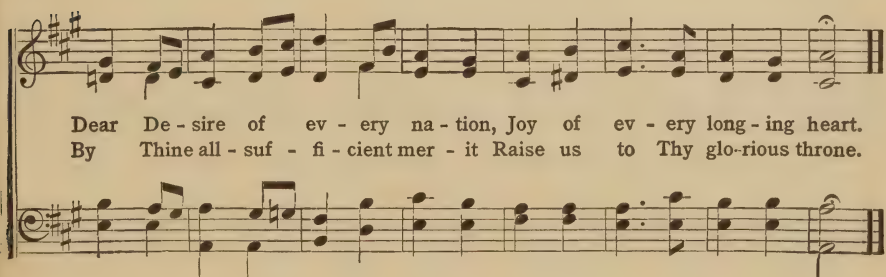
1. Come, Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a Child and yet a King,



From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy grac - ious king - dom bring.



Isra-el's Strength and Con-so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
By Thine own E - ter - nal Spir - it Rule in all our hearts a - lone:

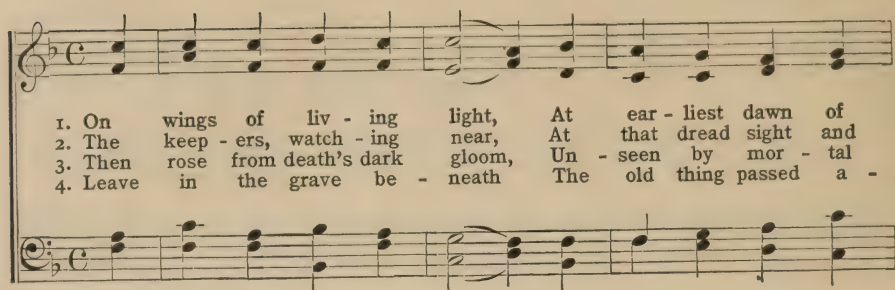


Dear De - sire of ev - ery na - tion, Joy of ev - ery long - ing heart.
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.

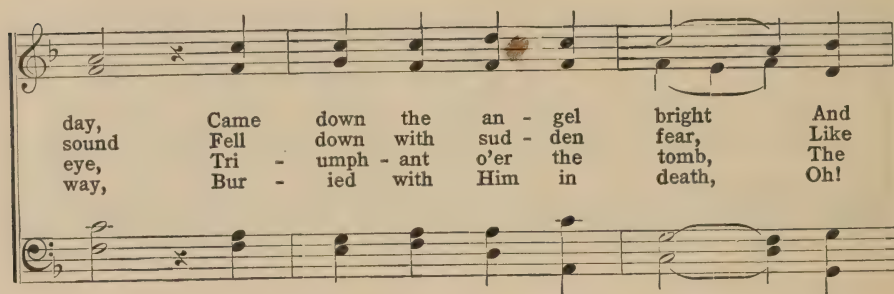
On Wings of Living Light

MAGDEBURG 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

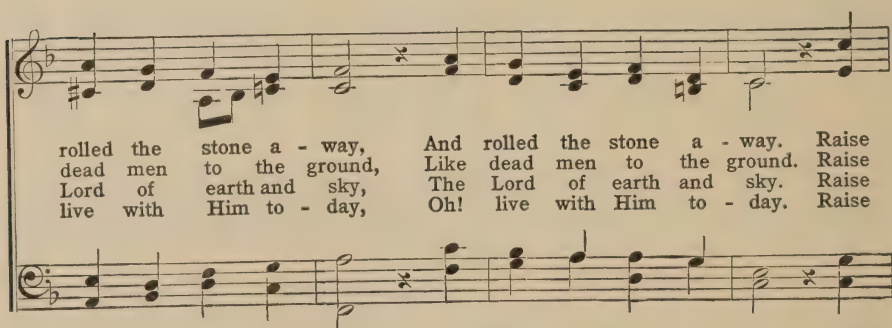
German Traditional



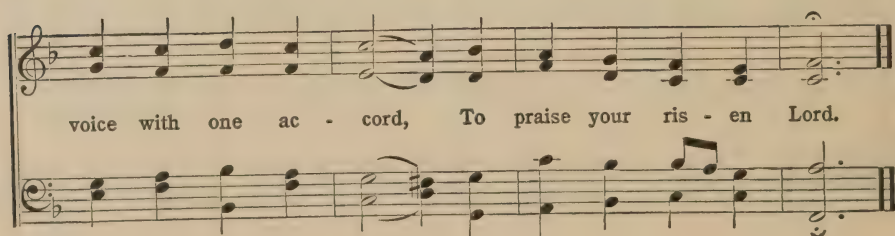
1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of
 2. The keep - ers, watch - ing near, At that dread sight and
 3. Then rose from death's dark gloom, Un - seen by mor - tal
 4. Leave in the grave be - neath The old thing passed a -



day, Came down the an - gel bright And
 sound Fell down with sud - den fear, Like
 eye, Tri - umph - ant o'er the tomb, The
 way, Bur - ied with Him in death, Oh!



rolled the stone a - way, And rolled the stone a - way. Raise
 dead men to the ground, Like dead men to the ground. Raise
 Lord of earth and sky, The Lord of earth and sky. Raise
 live with Him to - day, Oh! live with Him to - day. Raise



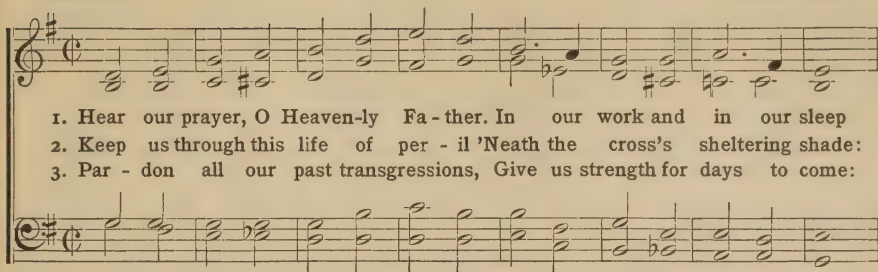
voice with one ac - cord, To praise your ris - en Lord.

533 Hear Our Prayer, O Heavenly Father

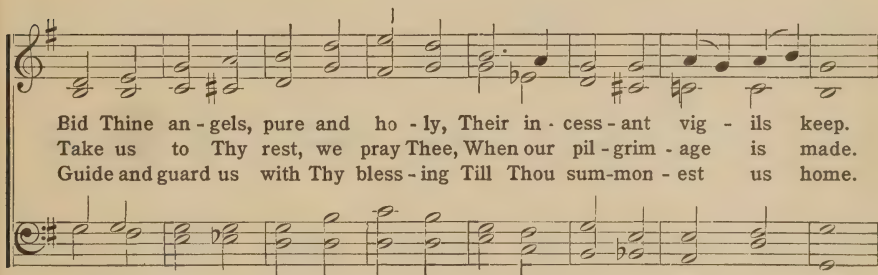
ARMONIA BIBLICA 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Harriet Parr

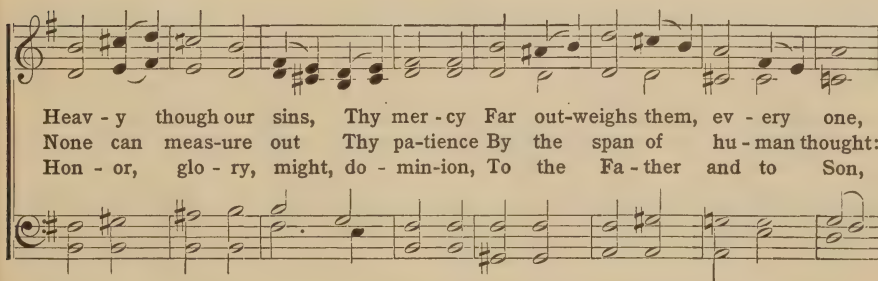
Umberto Pisani



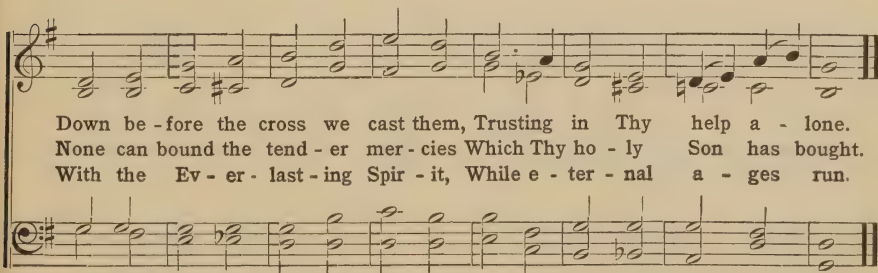
1. Hear our prayer, O Heaven-ly Fa-ther. In our work and in our sleep
 2. Keep us through this life of per-il 'Neath the cross's sheltering shade:
 3. Par-don all our past transgressions, Give us strength for days to come:



Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Their in-cess-ant vig-ils keep.
 Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee, When our pil-grim-age is made.
 Guide and guard us with Thy bless-ing Till Thou sum-mon-est us home.



Heav-y though our sins, Thy mer-cy Far out-weighs them, ev-ery one,
 None can meas-ure out Thy pa-tience By the span of hu-man thought:
 Hon-or, glo-ry, might, do-min-ion, To the Fa-ther and to Son,



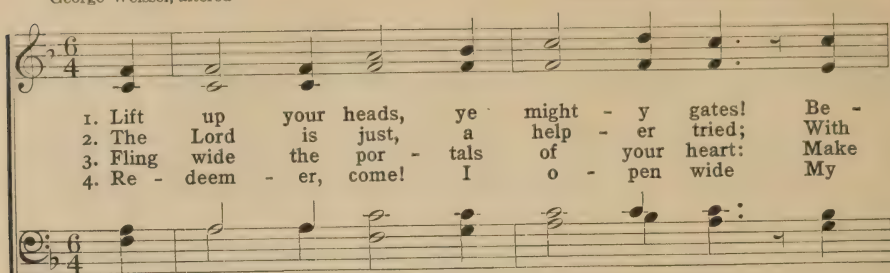
Down be-fore the cross we cast them, Trusting in Thy help a-lone.
 None can bound the tend-er mer-cies Which Thy ho-ly Son has bought.
 With the Ev-er-last-ing Spir-it, While e-ter-nal a-ges run.

534 Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates!

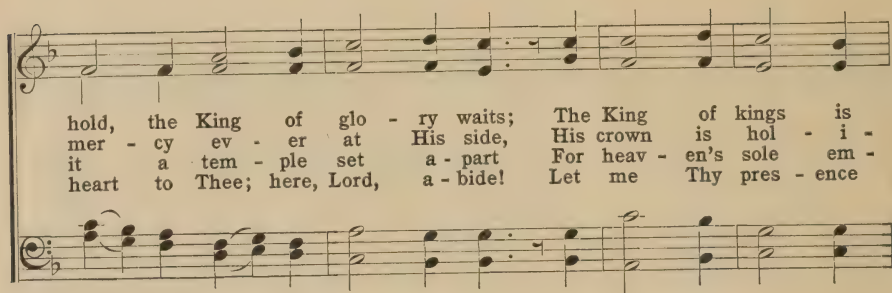
MEDELTID 8. 8. 6. 6. 5. 5.

George Weissel, altered

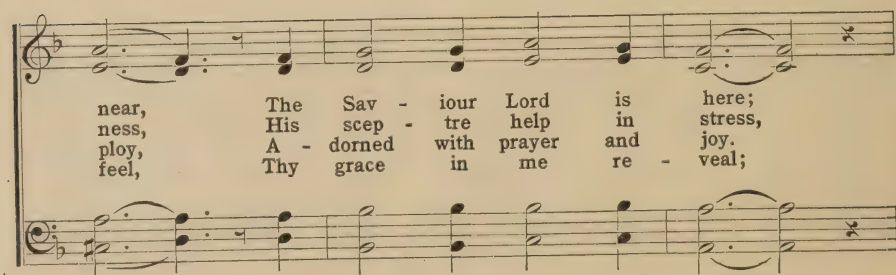
Fourteenth Century Christmas Hymn



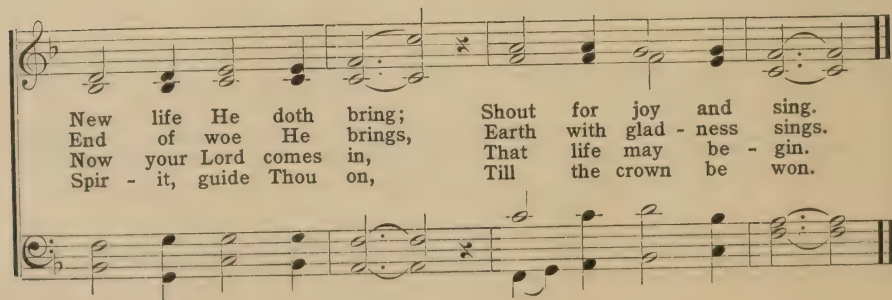
1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be -
 2. The Lord is just, a help - er tried; With
 3. Fling wide the por - tals of your heart: Make
 4. Re - deem - er, come! I o - pen wide My



hold, the King of glo - ry waits; The King of kings is
 mer - cy ev - er at His side, His crown is hol - i -
 it a tem - ple set a - part For heav - en's sole em -
 heart to Thee; here, Lord, a - bid! Let me Thy pres - ence



near, The Sav - iour Lord is here;
 ness, His scep - tre help in stress,
 ploy, A - dorned with prayer and joy.
 feel, Thy grace in me re - veal;



New life He doth bring; Shout for joy and sing.
 End of woe He brings, Earth with glad - ness sings.
 Now your Lord comes in, That life may be - gin.
 Spir - it, guide Thou on, Till the crown be won.

From the Deepes to Thee, O Lord

GEIRANGER 7. 7. 3. 3. 5.

William Bartholomew

H. Kjerulf

1. From the deepes to Thee, O Lord, We have cried and Thou hast heard;
 2. While op-prest with pain we lay, Thou didst deign to hear us pray;
 3. Trust then, Is - rael, in the Lord, Make Thy staff of hope His Word;

Calm'd our fears, Dried our tears, Made our staff Thy Word.
 From the grave, Thou didst save, Drove the pain a - way.
 Prayer in grief Brings re - lief; Pray till prayer be heard.

Oft in Sorrow, Oft in Woe

NEVA 7. 7. 7. 7.

H. Kirke White

P. I. Tchaikowsky

1. Oft in sor - row, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go!
 2. On-ward, Christians, on-ward go! Join the war and face the foe:
 3. Let your droop-ing hearts be glad; March, in heaven - ly arm - or clad;

Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthened with the bread of life.
 Will ye flee in dan-ger's hour? Know ye not your Cap-tain's power?
 Fight, nor think the bat - tle long; Soon shall vic - tory tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
 Soon shall every tear be dry;
 Let not fears your course impede;
 Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward, then, in battle move,
 More than conquerors ye shall prove;
 Though opposed by many a foe,
 Christian soldiers, onward go!

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

MOLDE 7. 7. 7. D.

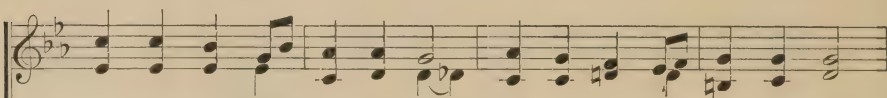
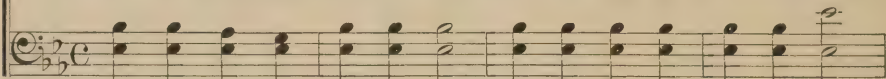
Charles Wesley

Second Tune

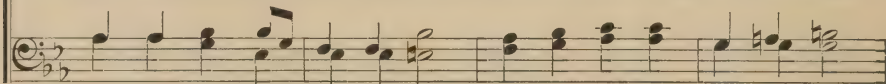
Per Winge

Not too fast

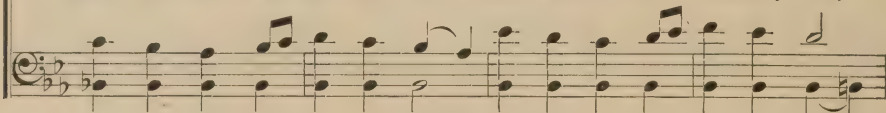
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heaven a-dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord!
3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous-ness!



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled!"
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb:
 Light and life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th'In-car - nate De - i - ty,
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,



With th' angel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
 Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus our, Je - sus our Em-man - u - el.
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give, born to give them sec-ond birth.



O Happy Home

RONDANE II. IO. II. IO.

C. J. P. Spitta. Trans. by Sarah L. Findlater

Eduard Grieg

1. O hap - py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est,
 2. O hap - py home where two in heart u - ni - ted
 3. O hap - py home where each one serves Thee, low - ly,

Thou lov - ing Friend and Sav - iour of our race,
 In ho - ly faith and bless - ed hope are one,
 What - ev - er his ap - point - ed work may be,

And where a - mong the guests there nev - er com - eth
 Whom death a lit - tle while a - lone di - vi - deth,
 Till ev - ery com - mon task seems great and ho - ly,

One who can hold such high and hon - or'd place!
 And can - not end the un - ion here be - gun!
 When it is done, O Lord, as un - to Thee!

- 4 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
 When joy is overflowing, full and free:
 O happy home, where every wounded spirit
 Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee.

- 5 Until at last, when earth's day's work is ended
 All meet Thee in the blessed home above,
 From whence Thou comest, where Thou hast ascended,
 Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

Gospel Hymns

Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine

BLESSED ASSURANCE 9. 10. 9. 9 with Refrain

Fanny J. Crosby

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh! what a
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest I in my

fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God,
 rap - ture now burst on my sight; An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove
 Sav - iour am hap - py and blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

Refrain
 Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 Filled with His good - ness, lost in his love.

song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

My Hope is Built on Nothing Less

THE SOLID ROCK 8. 8. 8. with Refrain

Edward Mote

William B. Bradbury



1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-en-ant, His blood Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood,
4. When He shall come with trum-pet sound O may I then in Him be found;



I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
 In ev-ery high and storm-y gale, My anc-hor holds with-in the veil.
 When all a-round my soul gives way He then is all my hope and stay.
 Drest in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.



Refrain



On Christ, the Sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is



sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.



What a Friend we Have in Jesus

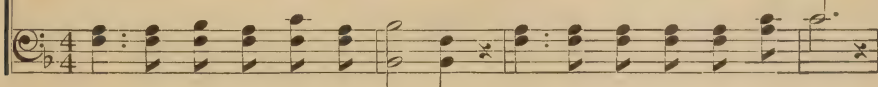
ERIE 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

Joseph Scriven

Charles C. Converse



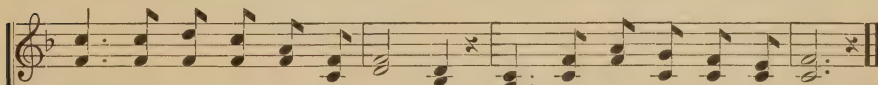
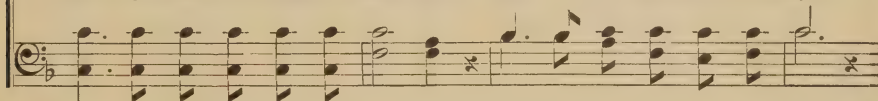
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged: Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!



Oh! what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh! what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r!



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



My Jesus, I Love Thee

II. II. II. II.

Anonymous

A. J. Gordon

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath,
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou;
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow;
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow;

If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

I Need Thee Every Hour

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR 6. 4. 6. 4. with Refrain

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks

Robert Lowry

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by;
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain;

No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 Temp - ta - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
 Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.

Refrain

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee! Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee!

Oh, bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

4 I need Thee ev'ry hour;
 Teach me Thy will;
 And Thy rich promises
 In me fulfill.

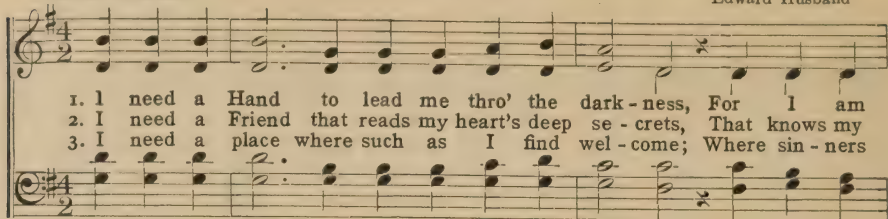
5 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
 Most Holy One;
 Oh, make me Thine indeed,
 Thou blessed Son!

I Need a Hand to Lead Me

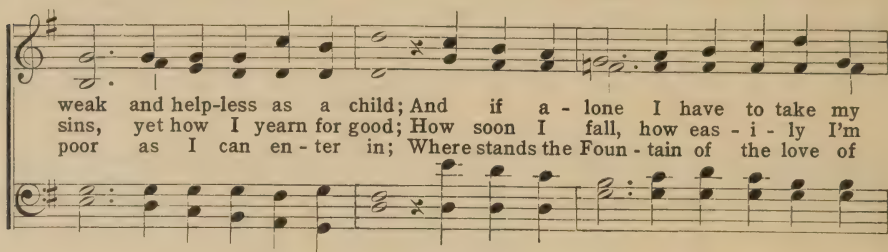
I NEED A HAND TO LEAD ME 11. 10. 11. 10. with Refrain

Edward Husband

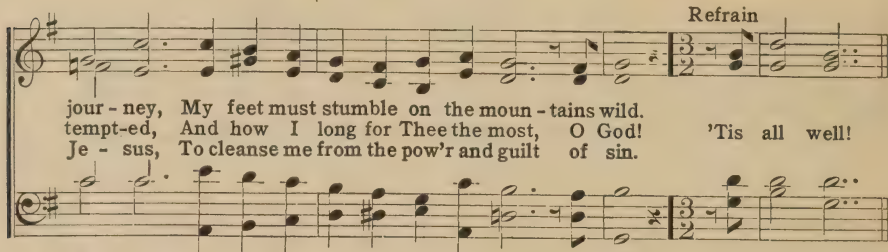
Edward Husband



1. I need a Hand to lead me thro' the dark-ness, For I am
 2. I need a Friend that reads my heart's deep se-crets, That knows my
 3. I need a place where such as I find wel-come; Where sin-ners

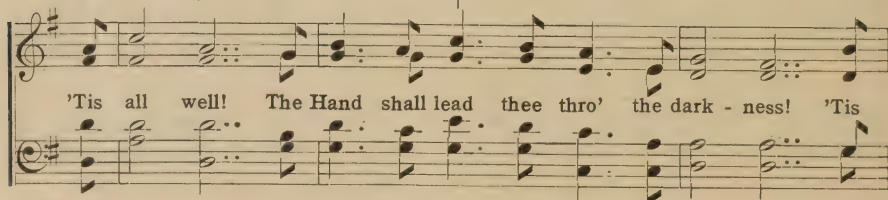


weak and help-less as a child; And if a-lone I have to take my
 sins, yet how I yearn for good; How soon I fall, how eas-i-ly I'm
 poor as I can en-ter in; Where stands the Foun-tain of the love of

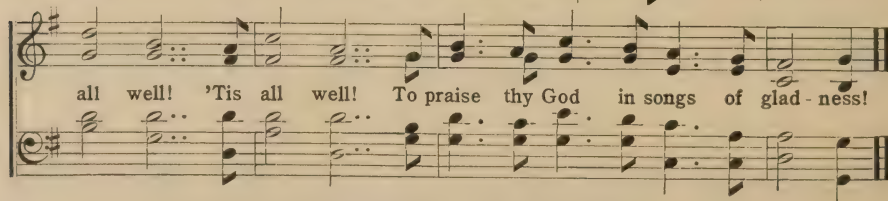


Refrain

jour-ney, My feet must stumble on the moun-tains wild.
 tempt-ed, And how I long for Thee the most, O God! 'Tis all well!
 Je-sus, To cleanse me from the pow'r and guilt of sin.



'Tis all well! The Hand shall lead thee thro' the dark-ness! 'Tis



all well! 'Tis all well! To praise thy God in songs of glad-ness!

- 4 I need a home where change can never enter;
 I need a land where weary souls can rest;
 Where I shall meet the friends that went before me,
 And death ne'er enter in its kingdom blest.
- 5 Where can I find a Friend that never changes?
 A perfect peace all free from earthly leav'n?
 They both are one! beyond the stars' sweet shining!
 There is no Friend but God, no home but heav'n!

545 He Leadeth Me: O Blessed Thought

HE LEADETH ME L. M. D.

Joseph H. Gilmore

William B. Bradbury



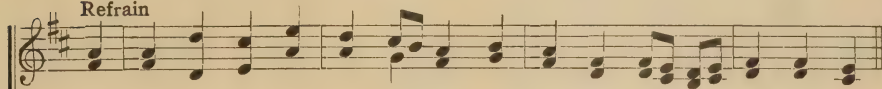
1. He lead - eth me: O bless-ed thought! O words with heaven-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Some-times where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - t'ry's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters calm, o'er trou-bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
 Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan lead-eth me.



Refrain



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead - eth me:



His faith - ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.



Day by Day the Manna Fell

DAY BY DAY 7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

Josiah Conder

Abby Clark-Ford

1. Day by day the man - na fell; O to learn this les - son well;
 2. "Day by day," the prom - ise reads: Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs;
 3. Thou my dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to Thee I live:

Still by con - stant mer - cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai - ly bread.
 Cast for - bod - ing fears a - way; Take the man - na of to - day.
 So shall add - ed years ful - fill Not mine own, my Fa - ther's will.

Refrain

Day by day He feeds me, Hour by hour He leads me,
 He feeds, He feeds me, He leads, He leads me,

Ev - 'ry day, all the way To the Fa - ther - land.

4 Fond ambition, whisper not;
 Happy is my humble lot:
 Anxious busy cares, away;
 I'm provided for today.

5 O to live exempt from care,
 By the energy of prayer,
 Strong in faith with mind subdued,
 Yet elate with gratitude!

How Blest Was That Life

I KNOW THAT HE LIVETH II. 8. II. 8. with Refrain

1. How blest was that life once lived u-pon earth, The life of the
 2. The Friend of our need, the hope of the world, A - bides with us
 3. O Lord of the sea, Who once walk'd a - broad On treach - er - ous
 4. Thou art not a - far, In re - gions un-known, Our faith reach - eth

Sav - iour of men! What joy was their part who learn'd at His feet, Who
 still as of old; When wan-der-ing far in sor - row and sin, He
 waves of the tide; We know that Thy strong and pi - ty - ing arms, Our
 up un-to Thee; And still, thro' the mists of a - ges long past, The

Refrain

lov'd and who worshipp'd Him then! I know that He liv-eth, Re -
 lead - eth us home to the fold.
 wa - ver - ing foot-steps still guide.
 Sav - iour of sin - ners doth see.

deem - er and Friend, To bless and to com - fort our way; I know the glad

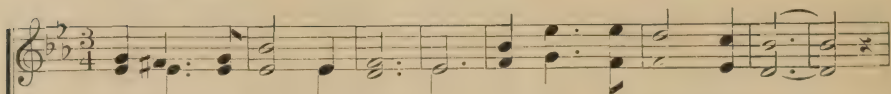
song of the heav - en - ly throng, He liv-eth, He liv-eth to - day!

Oft When the Day is Dreary

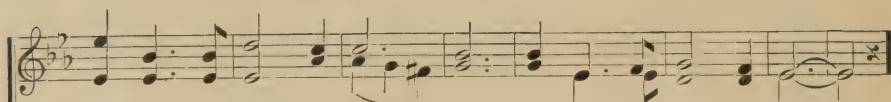
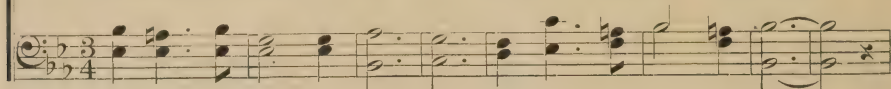
JESUS IS NEAR 7. 6. 7. 6. with Refrain

Mrs. Wyndham Heathcote

Mrs. Wyndham Heathcote



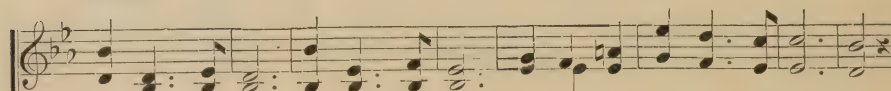
1. Oft when the day is drear - y, Oft when the storm-clouds lower,
 2. He bids me tell my sto - ry, Tell - ing He gives me rest;
 3. Je - sus, Thy heart is with me All thro' the dark - est night,
 4. Won-drous in love is Jes - us, Sweet is the rest He gives;



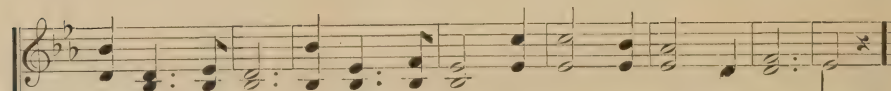
Oft when my spir - it's wea - ry Je - sus im - parts His power.
 And, while my sor - rows shar - ing, Shel - ters me in His breast.
 As when the sun shines clear - ly, Mak - ing my path - way bright.
 Shar - ing in all my toil - ing, While in my heart He lives.



Refrain



Je - sus is near, bur - dens to bear; Wea - ry one, Je - sus will help thee;



Je - sus is near, bur - dens to bear; His blood from sin doth cleanse thee.



Sweet Hour of Prayer

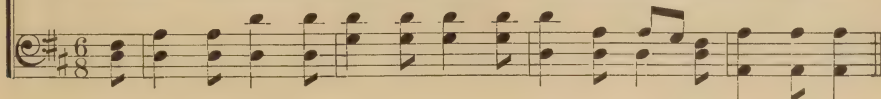
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER L. M. D.

W. W. Walford

William B. Bradbury



1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear



And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
 Of those whose anx - ious spir - its burn With strong de - sire for thy re - turn!
 To Him, whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
 With such I hast - en to the place Where, God, my Saviour, shows His face,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,



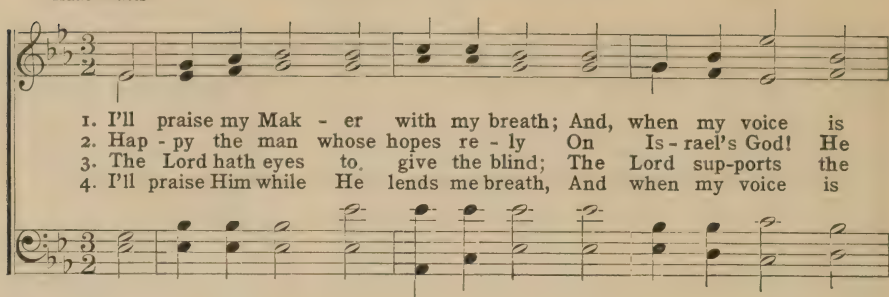
And oft es - caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 And glad - ly take my sta - tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 I'll cast on Him my ev - ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.



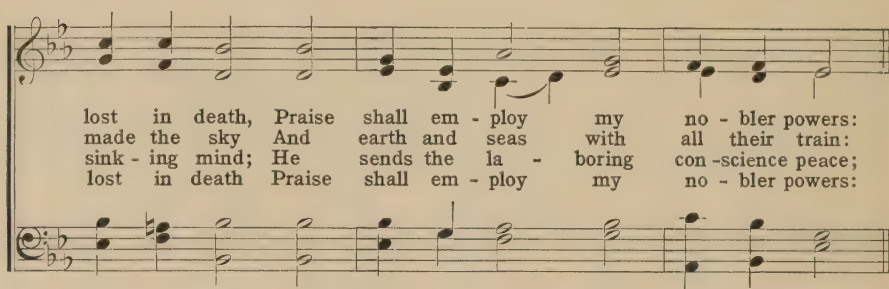
550 I'll Praise My Maker With My Breath

GRATITUDE 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

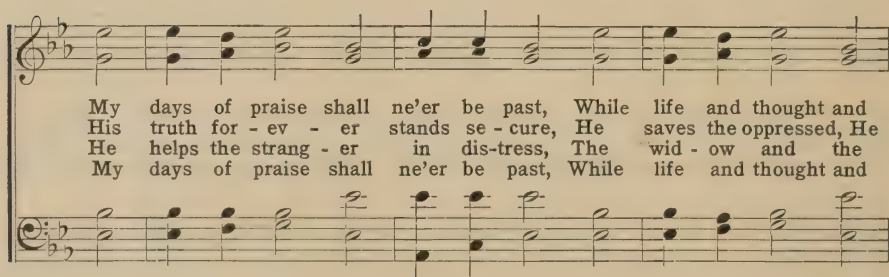
Isaac Watts



1. I'll praise my Mak - er with my breath; And, when my voice is
 2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God! He
 3. The Lord hath eyes to, give the blind; The Lord sup-ports the
 4. I'll praise Him while He lends me breath, And when my voice is



lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers:
 made the sky And earth and seas with all their train:
 sink - ing mind; He sends the la - boring con - science peace;
 lost in death Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler powers:



My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and
 His truth for - ev - er stands se - cure, He saves the oppressed, He
 He helps the strang - er in dis-tress, The wid - ow and the
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and



be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.
 feeds the poor, And none shall find His prom - ise vain.
 fa - ther-less, And grants the pris - oner sweet re - lease.
 be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone

MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE 8. 6. 8. 6.

Thomas Shepherd

George N. Allen

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-rowing here!
 3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 4. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down, At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un-ming - led love, And joy with-out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown And His dear name re - peat.

Jesus Christ Is Passing By

JESUS CHRIST IS PASSING BY 7. 7. 7. 7.

J. Denham Smith

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
 2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"
 3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see: Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
 4. O how sweet the touch of power Comes, it is sal - va-tion's hour;

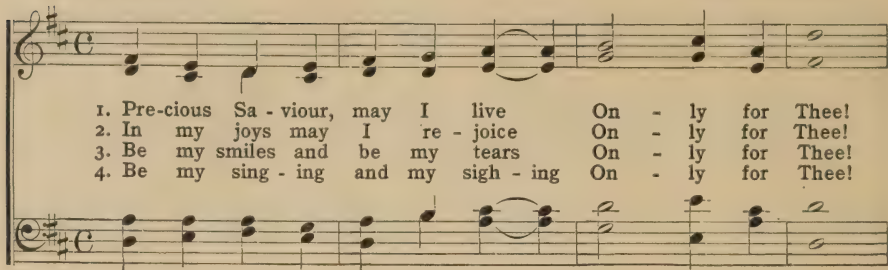
As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to me!
 Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
 Let it pen - e - trate my soul, And my heart and life con - trol."
 Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

Precious Saviour, May I Live

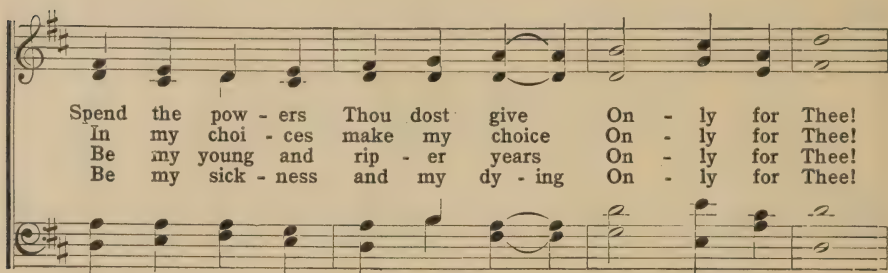
ONLY FOR THEE 7. 4. 7. 4. D.

Eliza A. Walker

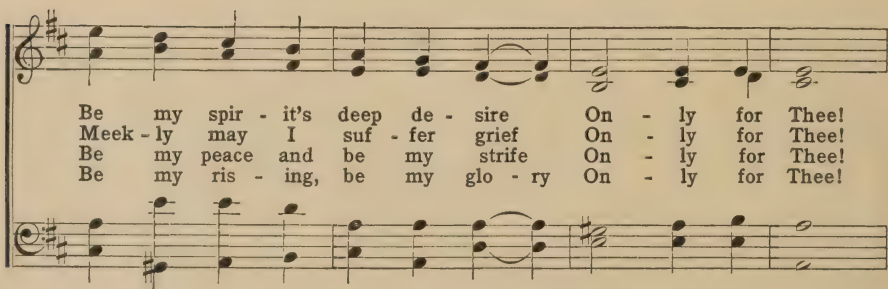
Frances R. Havergal



1. Pre-cious Sa - viour, may I live On - ly for Thee!
 2. In my joys may I re - joice On - ly for Thee!
 3. Be my smiles and be my tears On - ly for Thee!
 4. Be my sing - ing and my sigh - ing On - ly for Thee!



Spend the pow - ers Thou dost give On - ly for Thee!
 In my choi - ces make my choice On - ly for Thee!
 Be my young and rip - er years On - ly for Thee!
 Be my sick - ness and my dy - ing On - ly for Thee!



Be my spir - it's deep de - sire On - ly for Thee!
 Meek - ly may I suf - fer grief On - ly for Thee!
 Be my peace and be my strife On - ly for Thee!
 Be my ris - ing, be my glo - ry On - ly for Thee!



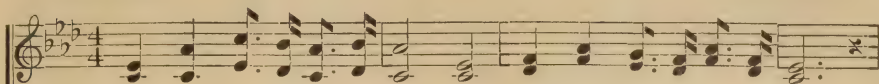
May my in - tel - lect a - spire On - ly for Thee!
 Grate - ful - ly ac - cept re - lief On - ly for Thee!
 Be my love and be my life On - ly for Thee!
 Be my whole e - ter - ni - ty On - ly for Thee!

Take the Name of Jesus With You

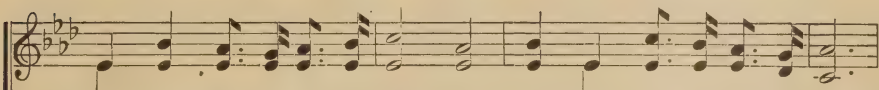
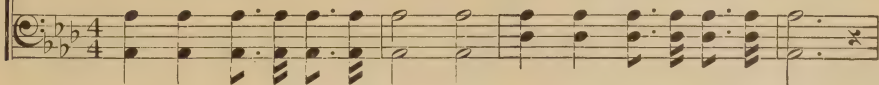
TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS WITH YOU 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

Lillian Baxter

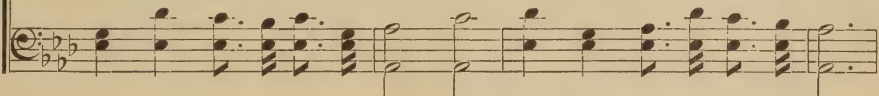
William H. Doane



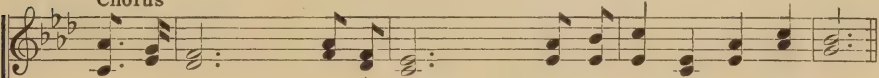
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe:
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. O the pre - cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



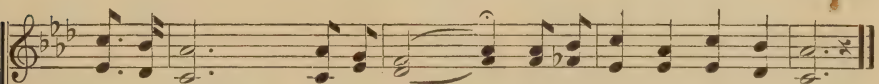
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, where'er you go.
 If temp - ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



Chorus



Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
 Precious name, O how sweet!



Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!



Yield Not to Temptation

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION 6. 5. 6. 5. D. with Refrain

H. R. Palmer

H. R. Palmer

1. Yield not to tempt-a - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil compan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
 rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

Refrain

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

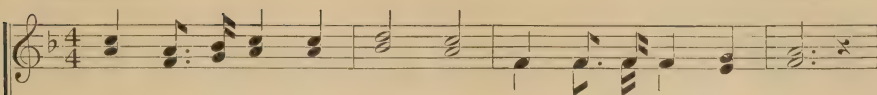
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

Work, for the Night is Coming

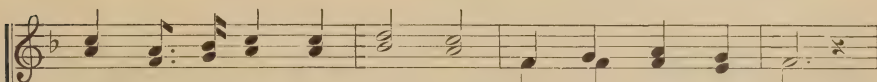
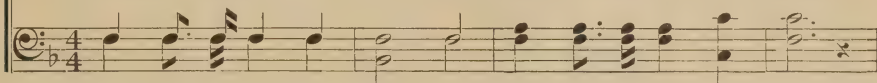
WORK SONG 7. 6. 7. 5. D.

Anna L. Coghill

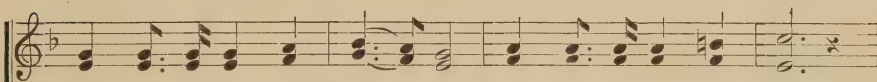
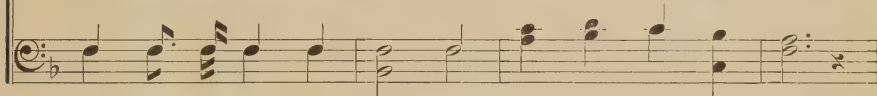
Lowell Mason



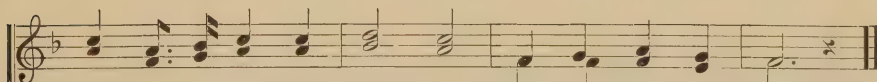
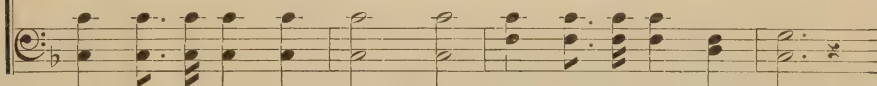
1. Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing: Work through the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing: Un - der the sun - set skies,



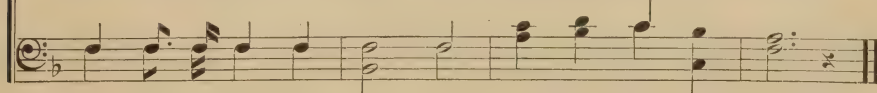
Work while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;



Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.



REVIVE US AGAIN 5. 6. 5. 6. with Refrain

William P. Mackay

J. J. Husband

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love;

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - iour, And scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 May each soul be re - kin - dled With fire from a - bove.

Refrain

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain.

Come, We That Love the Lord

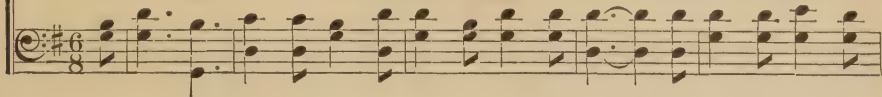
WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION S. M. with Refrain

Isaac Watts

Robert Lowry



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But chil - dren of the
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sac - red sweets, Be - fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im -

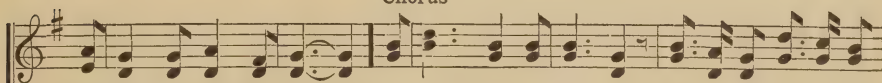


sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur - round the throne,
 heav'nly King, But child - ren of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys a - broad,
 heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets,
 manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high,

And thus surround the throne, And thus

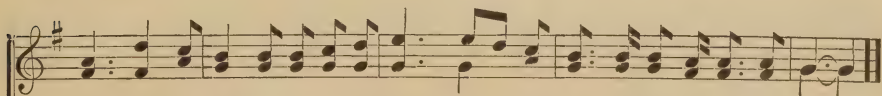
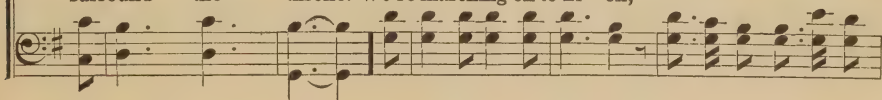


Chorus



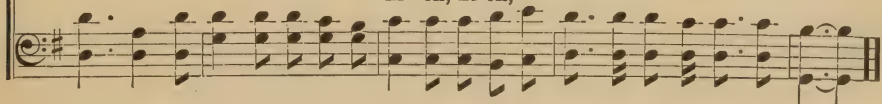
And thus surround the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad. We're marching to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
 Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high.

surround the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on,



Zi - on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

Zi - on, Zi - on,



My Days are Gliding Swiftly by

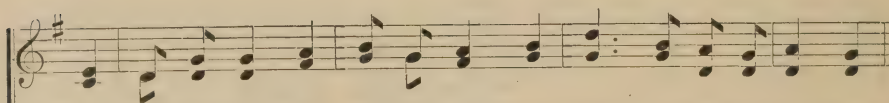
SHINING SHORE 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

David Nelson

George F. Root



1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our heav'n - ly home dis - cern - ing;
3. Should com - ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev - er,



Would not de - tain them as they fly, These hours of toil and dan - ger.
 Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.
 That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
 Our King says "Come!" and there's our home, For - ev - er, oh! for - ev - er.



Refrain



For now, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;



And just be - fore the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.



Safe in the Arms of Jesus

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 12 lines

Fanny J. Crosby

William H. Doane

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - ro - ding care,
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear Ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears,
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er,

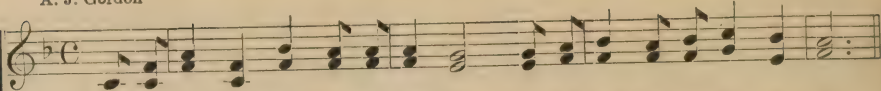
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

I Shall See the King in His Beauty


THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY 9. 8. 9. 8. with Refrain

A. J. Gordon

A. J. Gordon

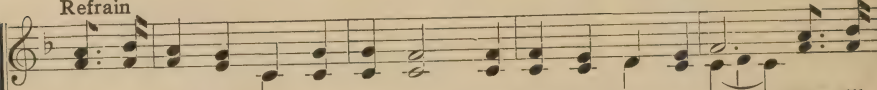


1. I shall see the King in His beau-ty, In the land that is far a-way,
 2. To be-hold the Chief of Ten Thousand, Ah! my soul this were joy e-nough;
 3. Who can tell the rapt-ur-ous meet-ing, When the Lord shall bring home His own?




When the shad-ows at length have lift-ed, And the darkness has turned to day.
 'Twill suf-fice for the bliss of heav-en, That the Lamb is the light there-of.
 With one sight all His saints are rav-ish-ed, The Lamb in the midst of the throne.


Refrain



I shall see Him in the glo-ry, The Lamb that once was slain; How I'll



then resound the sto-ry, With all the ransomed train! Halle-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!



To the Lamb that once was slain; Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! A-men.

4 Oh! to none will the King be a stranger
 Of the throngs who surround His seat;
 For the hearts of the saved will know Him,
 By the prints of the nails in His feet.

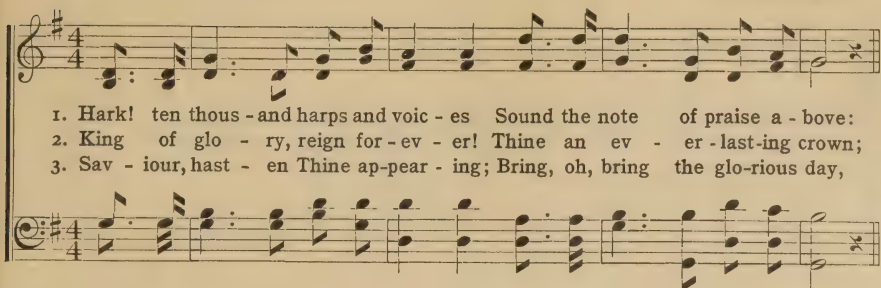
5 I shall see Him, I shall be like Him,
 By one glance of His face transformed;
 And this body of sin and darkness
 To the image of Christ conformed.

562 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices

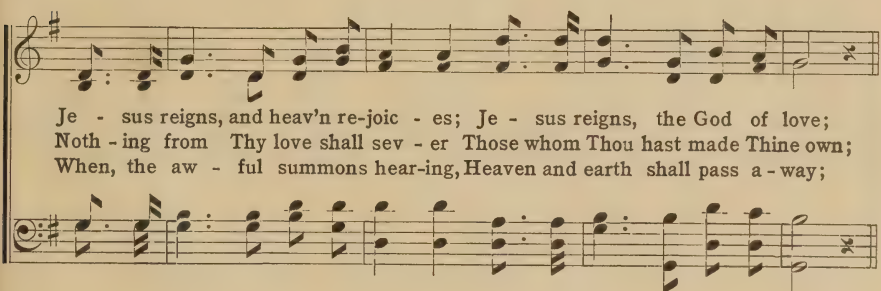
HARWELL 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 8. 6.

Thomas Kelly

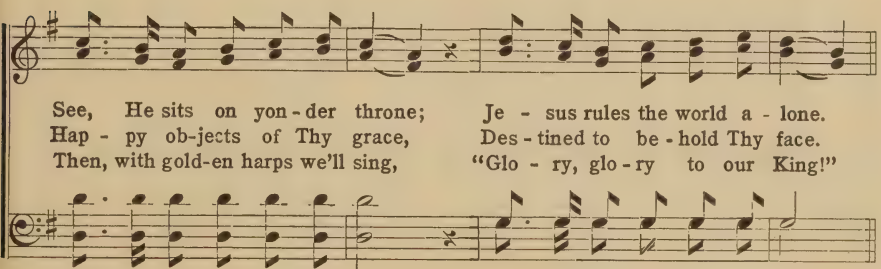
Lowell Mason



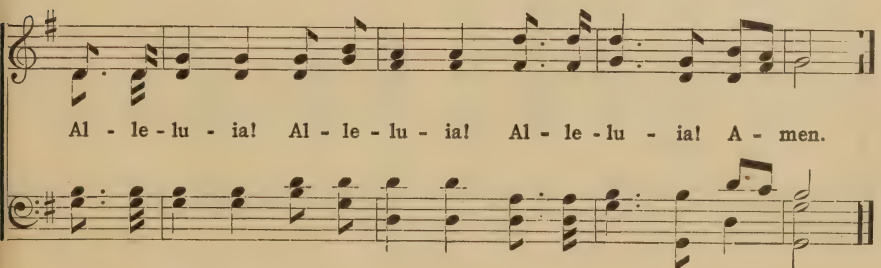
1. Hark! ten thous - and harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove:
2. King of glo - ry, reign for - ev - er! Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
3. Sav - iour, hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day,



Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re-joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
When, the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heaven and earth shall pass a - way;



See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
Then, with gold - en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



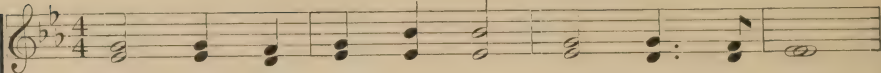
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Hark! 'Tis the Watchman's Cry


HAPPY LAND 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 7. 6. 4.

Revival Magazine

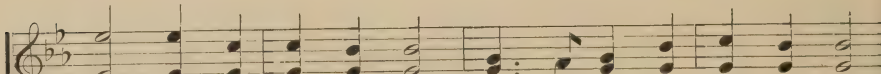
R. A. Smith's Select Melodies




1. Hark! 'tis the watch-man's cry, Wake, breth - ren, wake!
 2. Call to each wake - ning band, Watch, breth - ren, watch!
 3. Hear we the Shep-herd's voice, Pray, breth - ren, pray!
 4. Sound now the fin - al chord, Praise, breth - ren, praise!



Je - sus Him - self is nigh; Wake, breth - ren, wake!
 Clear is our Lord's com - mand, Watch, breth - ren, watch!
 Would ye His heart re - joice, Pray, breth - ren, pray!
 Thrice ho - ly is the Lord, Praise, breth - ren, praise!



Sleep is for sons of night; Ye are chil - dren of the light;
 Be ye as men that wait Al - ways at their Mas - ter's gate,
 Sin calls for cease-less fear, Weak - ness needs the Strong One near,
 What more be - fits the tongues Soon to join the an - gels' songs?



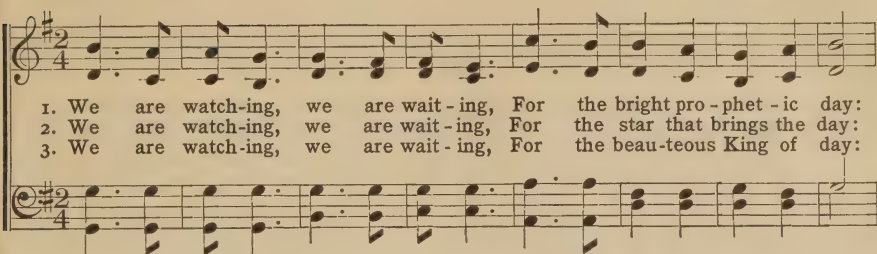
Yours is the glo - ry bright; Wake, breth - ren, wake!
 E'en though He tar - ry late; Watch, breth - ren, watch!
 Long as ye strug - gle here, Pray, breth - ren, pray!
 While heaven the note pro - longs, Praise, breth - ren, praise!

We Are Watching, We Are Waiting

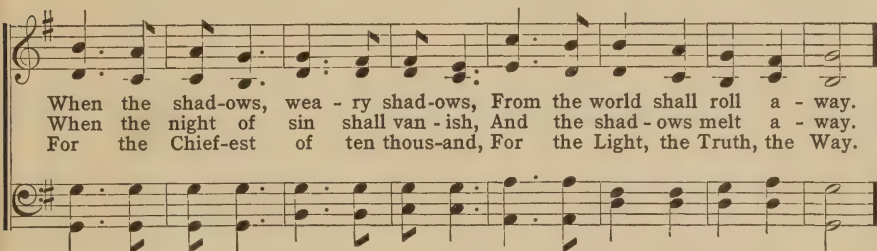
ADVENT 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

William O. Cushing

George F. Root

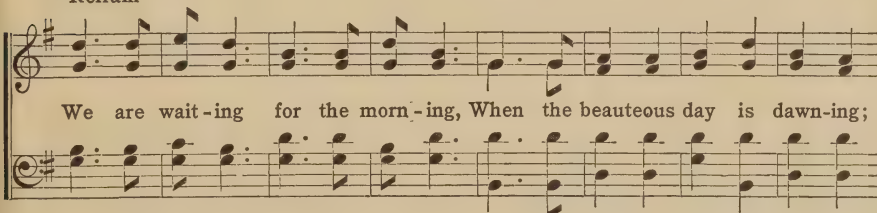


1. We are watch-ing, we are wait-ing, For the bright pro-phet-ic day:
 2. We are watch-ing, we are wait-ing, For the star that brings the day:
 3. We are watch-ing, we are wait-ing, For the beau-teous King of day:

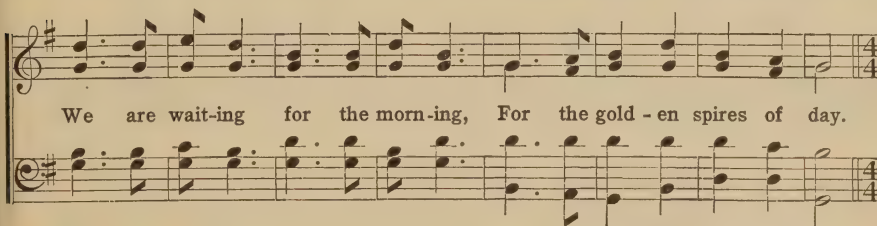


When the shad-ows, wea-ry shad-ows, From the world shall roll a-way.
 When the night of sin shall van-ish, And the shad-ows melt a-way.
 For the Chief-est of ten thous-and, For the Light, the Truth, the Way.

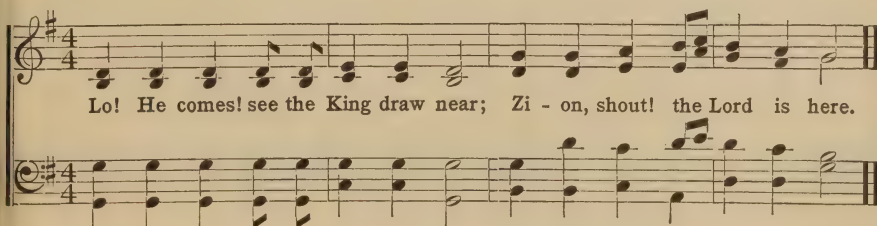
Refrain



We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, When the beauteous day is dawn-ing;



We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, For the gold-en spires of day.



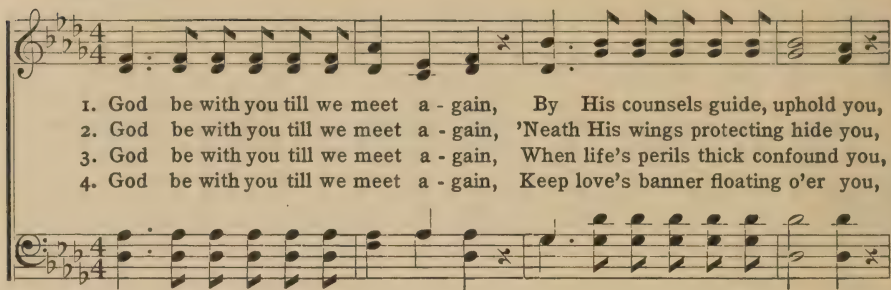
Lo! He comes! see the King draw near; Zi-on, shout! the Lord is here.

565 God Be With You Till We Meet Again

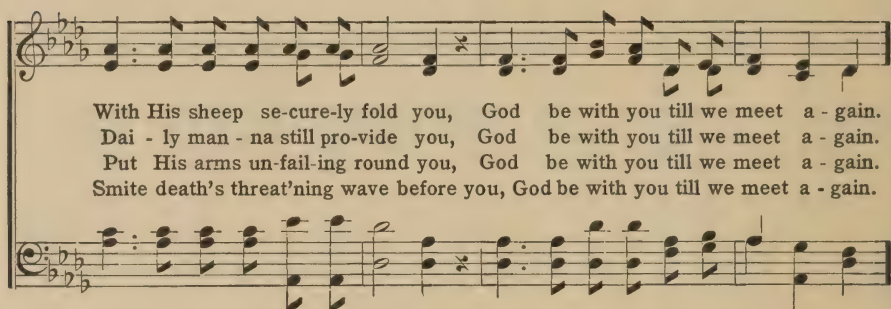
GOD BE WITH YOU 9. 8. 8. 9. with Refrain

J. E. Rankin

W. G. Tomer

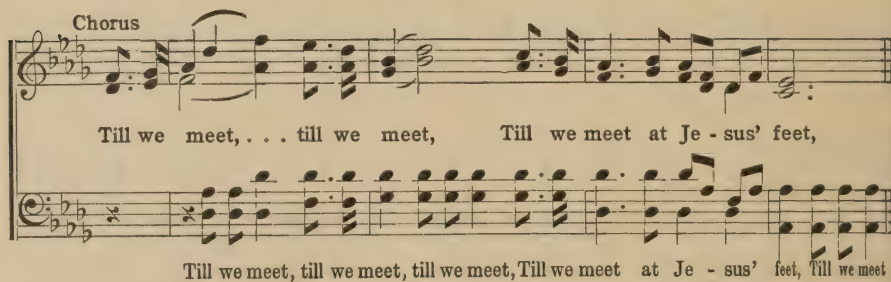


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

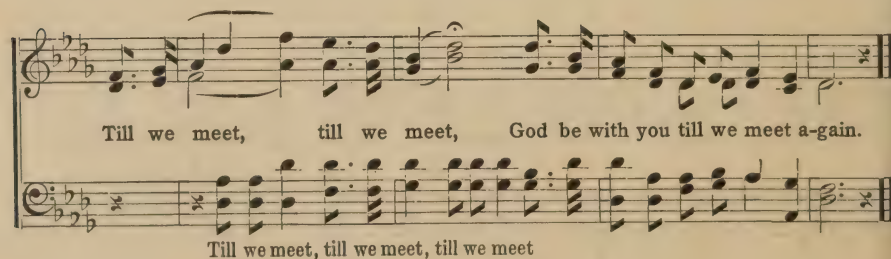


With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Chorus



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet



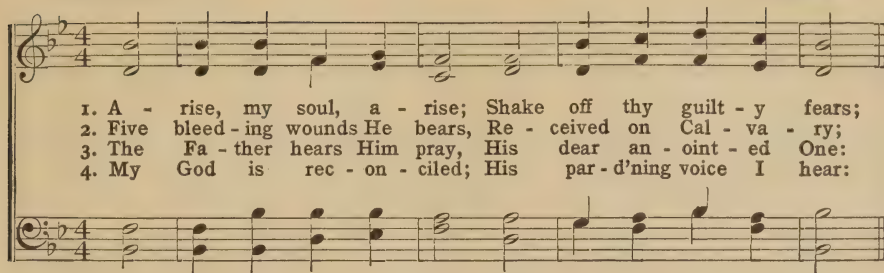
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet

Arise, My Soul, Arise

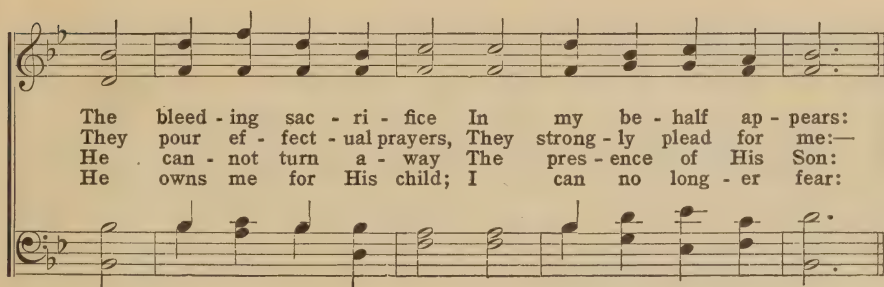
LENOX 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Charles Wesley

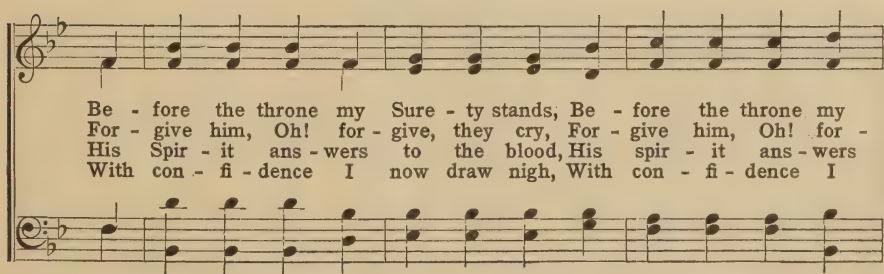
Lewis Edson



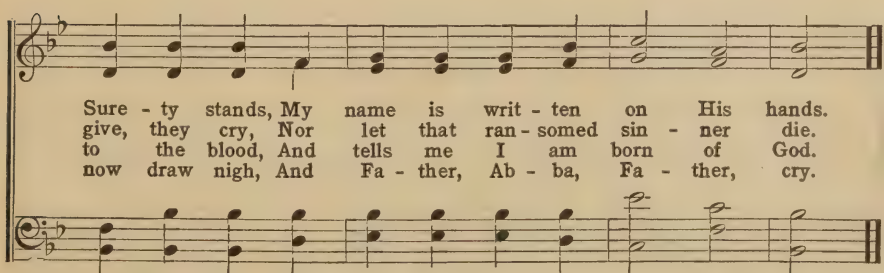
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
 2. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
 3. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear an - oint - ed One:
 4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear:



The bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears:
 They pour ef - fect - ual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me:—
 He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son:
 He owns me for His child; I can no long - er fear:



Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
 For - give him, Oh! for - give, they cry, For - give him, Oh! for -
 His Spir - it ans - wers to the blood, His spir - it ans - wers
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I



Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 give, they cry, Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die.
 to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.
 now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

Knocking, Knocking, Who is There

KNOCKING, KNOCKING 7. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

Harriet B. Stowe

George F. Root

1. Knock-ing, knock - ing, who is there? Wait - ing, wait - ing,
 2. Knock-ing, knock - ing, still He's there, Wait - ing, wait - ing,
 3. Knock-ing, knock - ing— what! still there? Wait - ing, wait - ing,

O how fair! 'Tis a Pil - grim, strange and king - ly,
 won - drous fair; But the door is hard to o - pen,
 grand and fair; Yes, the pierc - ed hand still knock - eth,

Nev - er such was seen be - fore. Ah! my soul, for
 For the weeds and i - vy - vine, With their dark and
 And be - neath the crown - ed hair Beam the pa - tient

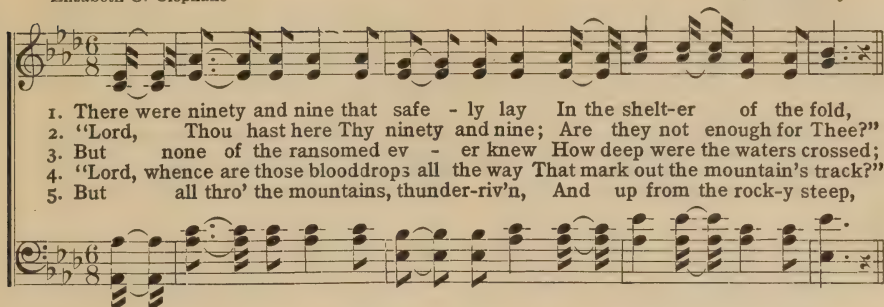
such a won - der, Wilt thou not un - do the door?
 cling - ing tend - rils, Ev - er round the hing - es twine.
 eyes, so ten - der, Of thy Sav - iour, wait - ing there.

There Were Ninety and Nine

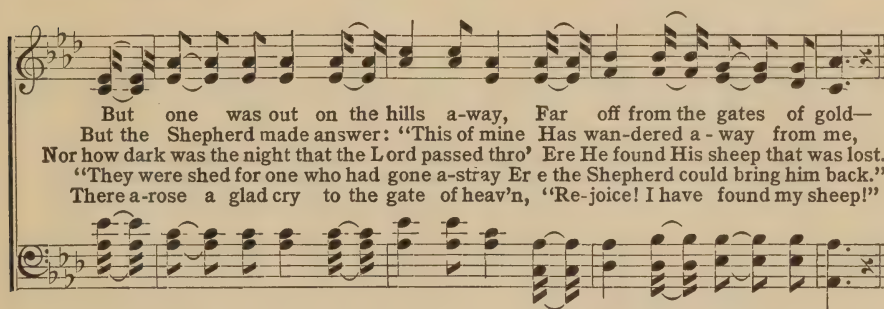
THE NINETY AND NINE Irregular

Elizabeth C. Clephane

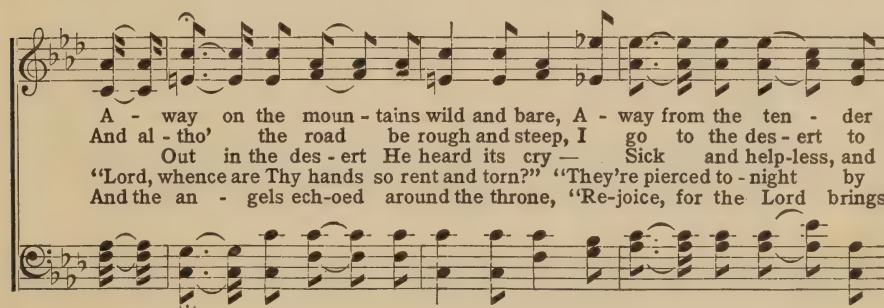
Ira D. Sankey



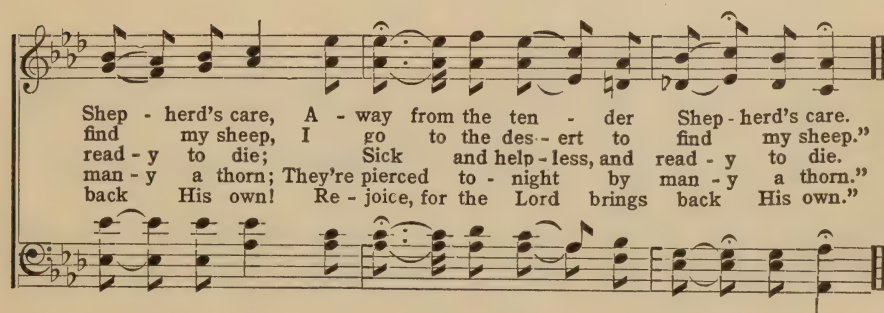
1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shelt-er of the fold,
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
 3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed;
 4. "Lord, whence are those blooddrops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
 5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,



But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold—
 But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine Has wan-dered a-way from me,
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Er e the Shepherd could bring him back."
 There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re-joice! I have found my sheep!"



A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
 And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to
 Out in the des - ert He heard its cry — Sick and help-less, and
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to - night by
 And the an - gels ech-oed around the throne, "Re-joice, for the Lord brings



Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
 find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
 read - y to die; Sick and help - less, and read - y to die.
 man - y a thorn; They're pierced to - night by man - y a thorn."
 back His own! Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own."

Stand up, Stand up for Jesus

WEBB 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

George Duffield

George J. Webb



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum - pet call o - bey;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might - y con - flict In this, His glo - rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day, the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His arm - y He shall lead,
 Ye that are men, now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
 To him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be:



Till ev - ery foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour

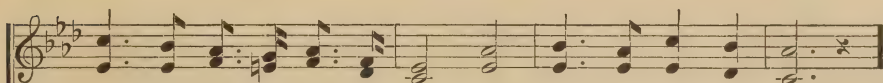
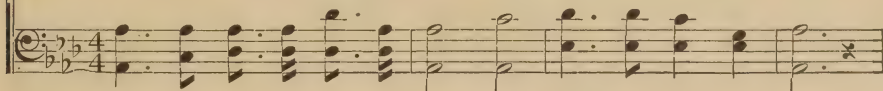
PASS ME NOT 8. 6. 8. 6. with Refrain

Fanny J. Crosby

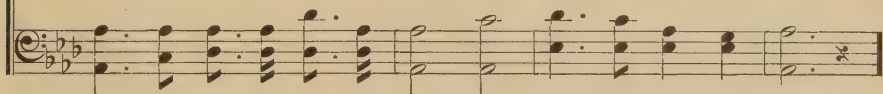
William H. Doane



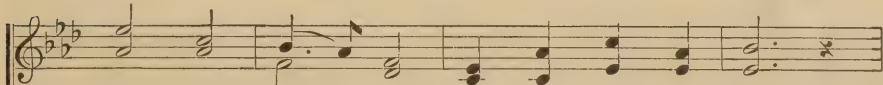
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the spring of all my com - fort More than life to me,



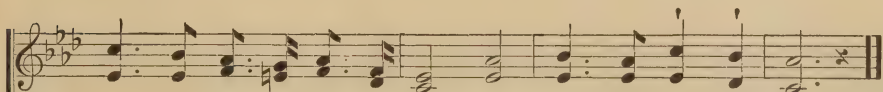
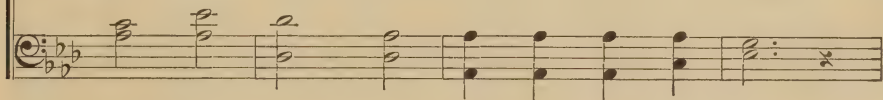
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wound - ed brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?



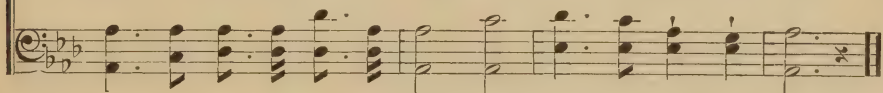
Refrain



Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry,



While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

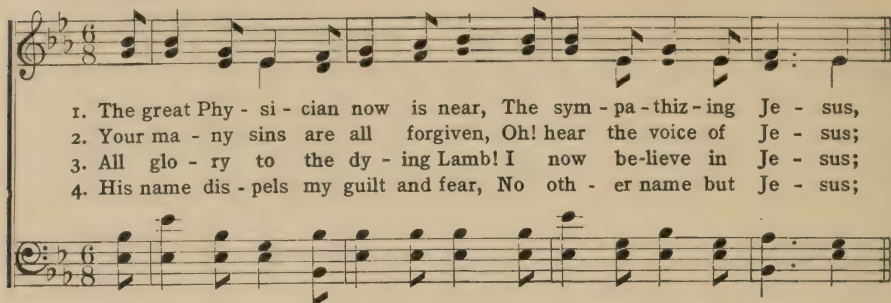


The Great Physician Now is Near

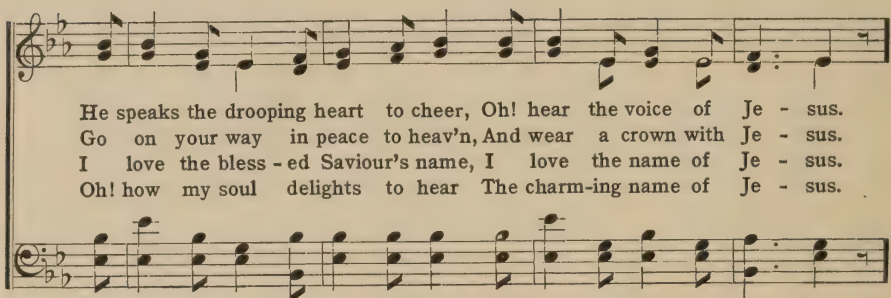
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

William Hunter

J. H. Stockton

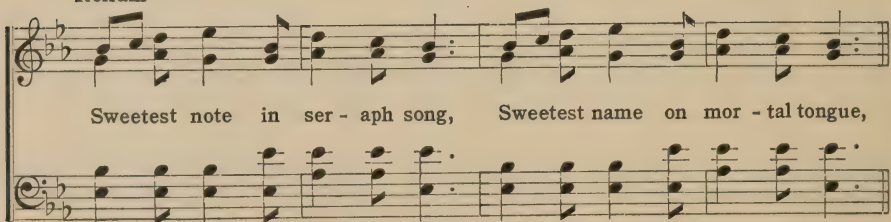


1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus,
 2. Your ma - ny sins are all forgiven, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus;
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
 4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

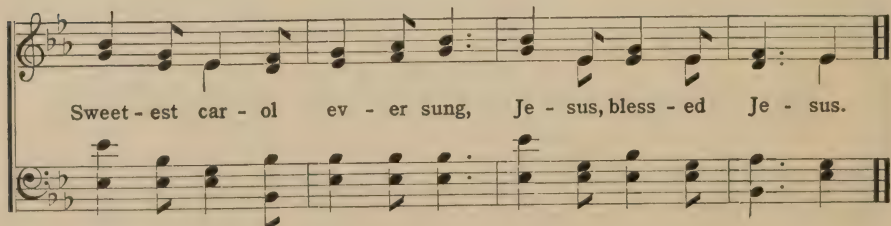


He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 Oh! how my soul delights to hear The charm - ing name of Je - sus.

Refrain



Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,



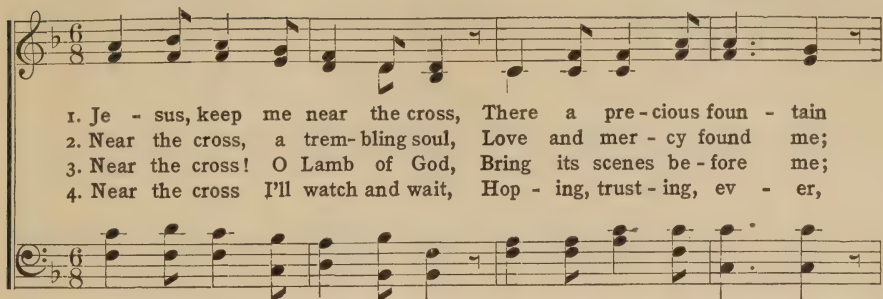
Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

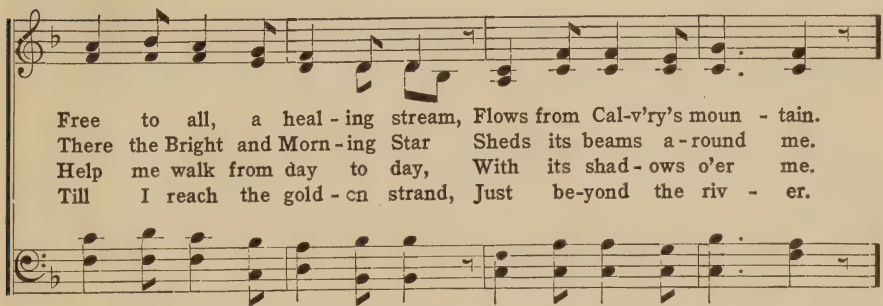
NEAR THE CROSS 7. 6. 7. 6. with Refrain

Fanny J. Crosby

William H. Doane

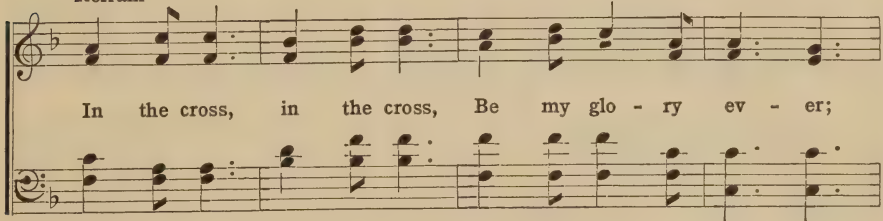


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

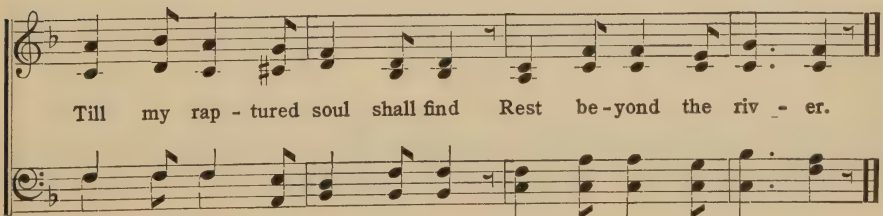


Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

Refrain



In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



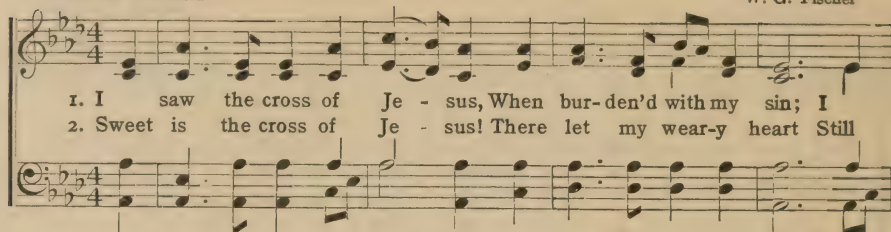
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

I Saw the Cross of Jesus

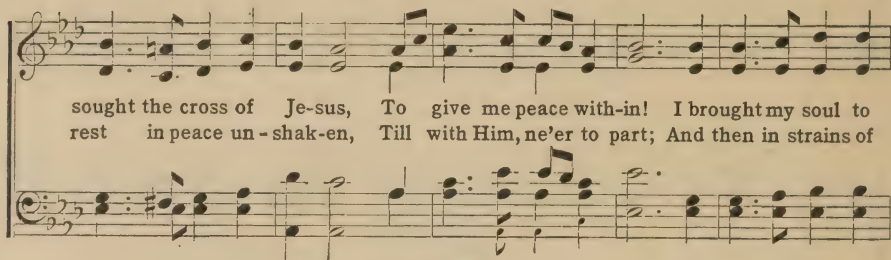
HANKEY 7. 6. 7. 6. D. with Refrain

Frederick Whitfield

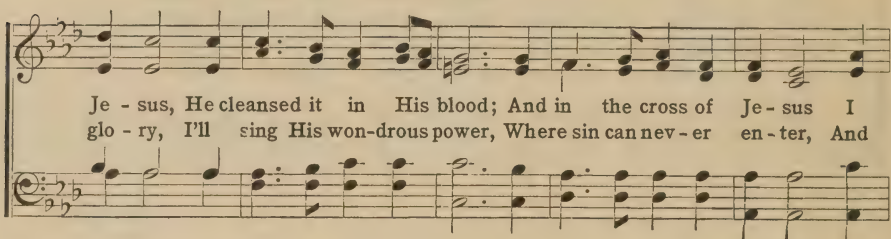
W. G. Fischer



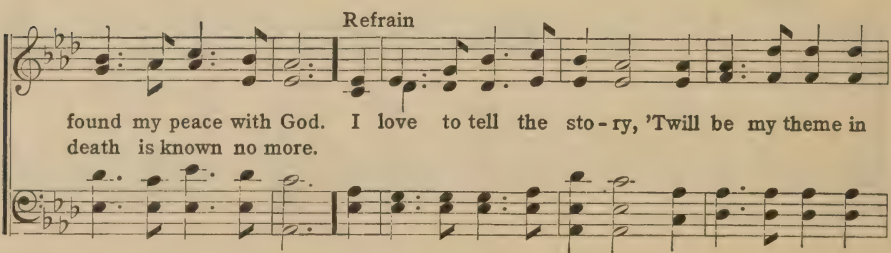
1. I saw the cross of Je - sus, When bur-den'd with my sin; I
2. Sweet is the cross of Je - sus! There let my wear-y heart Still



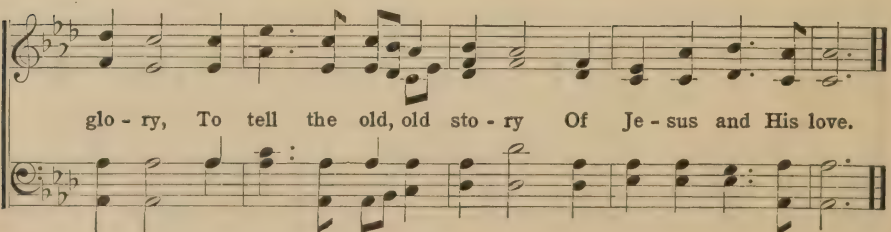
sought the cross of Je-sus, To give me peace with-in! I brought my soul to
rest in peace un-shak-en, Till with Him, ne'er to part; And then in strains of



Je - sus, He cleansed it in His blood; And in the cross of Je - sus I
glo - ry, I'll sing His won-drous power, Where sin can nev - er en - ter, And



Refrain
found my peace with God. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
death is known no more.



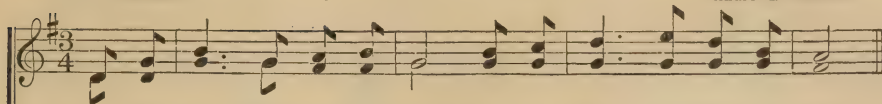
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

I Am Coming to the Cross

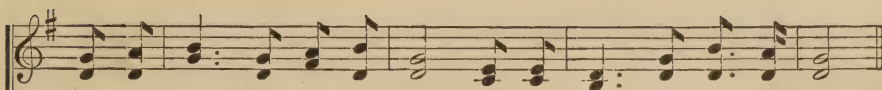
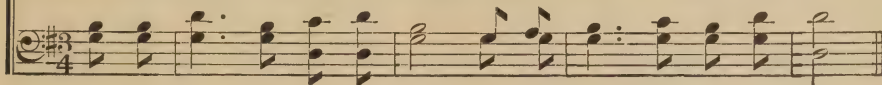
TRUSTING 7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain

W. H. McDonald

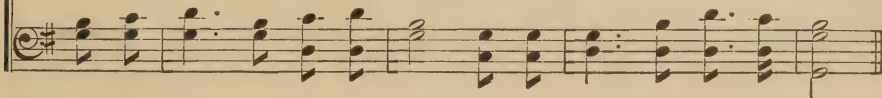
William G. Fischer



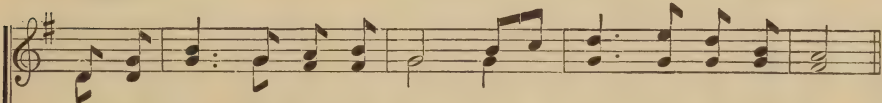
1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind,
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;
4. In the prom - i - ses I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;



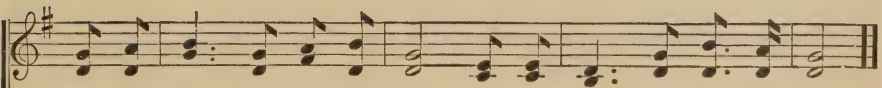
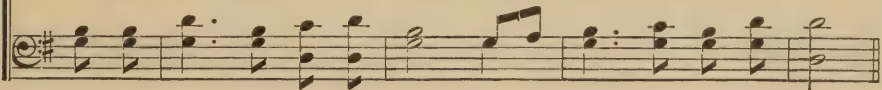
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.
 I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.



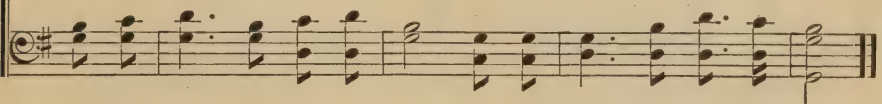
Refrain



I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

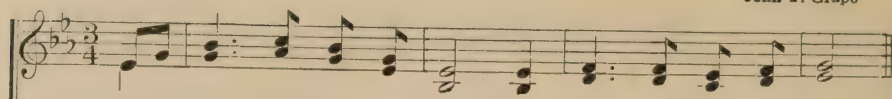


I Hear the Saviour Say

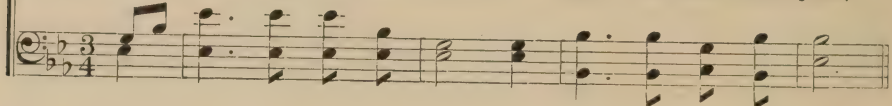
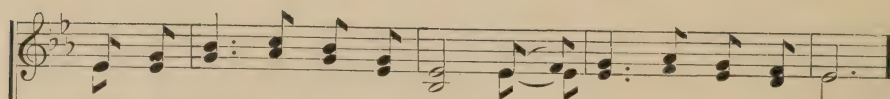
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE 6. 6. 7. 6. with Refrain

Mrs. E. M. Hall

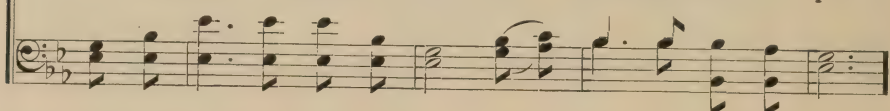
John T. Grape



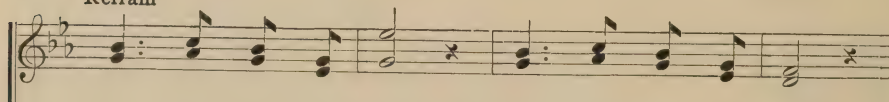
1. I hear the Sav-iour say: "Thy strength in-deed is small;
 2. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim;
 3. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise,
 4. And when be-fore the throne I stand, in Him com-plete,



Child of weak-ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine All in All,"
 "Je-sus died my soul to save," And bless-ed be His name!
 "Je-sus died my soul to save," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
 "Je-sus died my soul to save," My lips shall still re-peat.




Refrain



Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe!

Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed it white as snow.

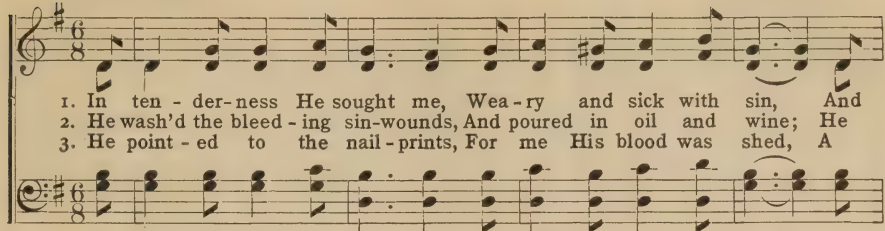


In Tenderness He Sought Me

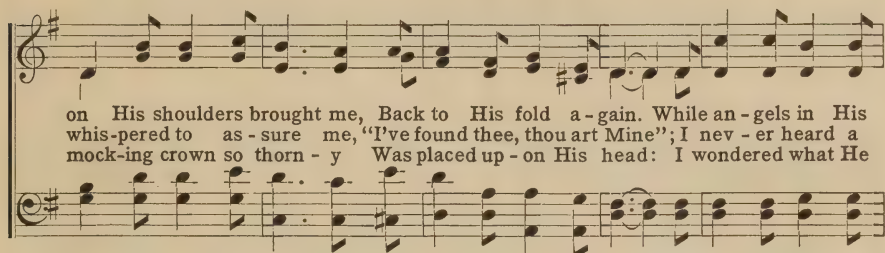
IN TENDERNESS HE SOUGHT ME 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. with Refrain

W. Spencer Walton

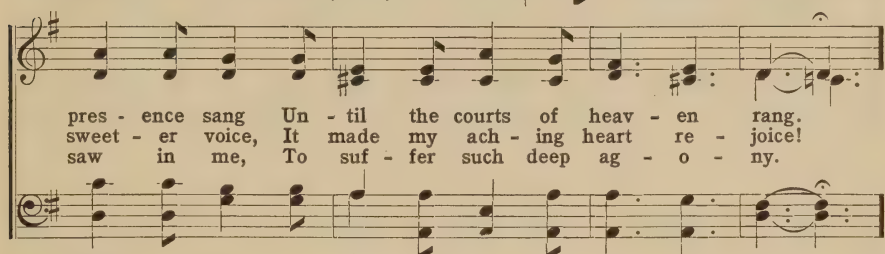
A. J. Gordon



1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin, And
 2. He wash'd the bleed - ing sin - wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed, A

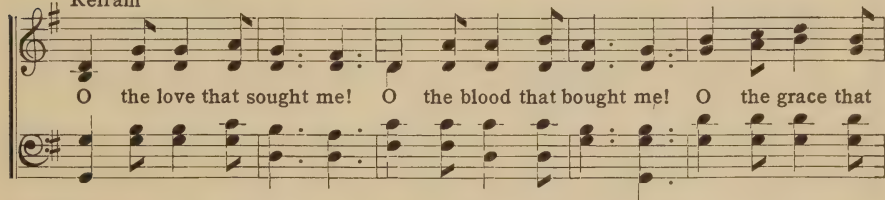


on His shoulders brought me, Back to His fold a - gain. While an - gels in His
 whis - pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine"; I nev - er heard a
 mock - ing crown so thorn - y Was placed up - on His head: I wondered what He

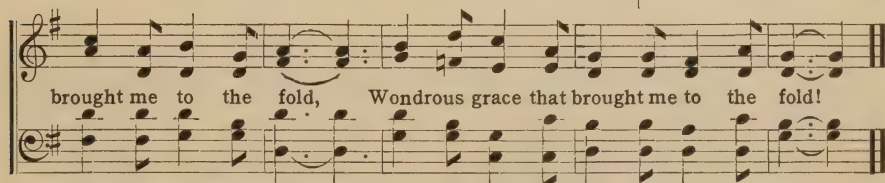


pres - ence sang Un - til the courts of heav - en rang.
 sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
 saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.

Refrain



O the love that sought me! O the blood that bought me! O the grace that



brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

4 I'm sitting in His presence,
 The sunshine of His face,
 While with adoring wonder
 His blessings I retrace.
 It seems as if eternal days
 Are far too short too sound His praise.

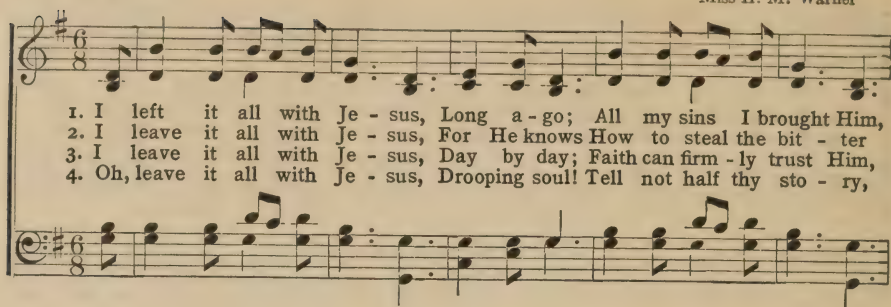
5 So while the hours are passing,
 All now is perfect rest;
 I'm waiting for the morning,
 The brightest and the best,
 When He will call us to His side,
 To be with Him, His spotless bride.

I Left it All With Jesus

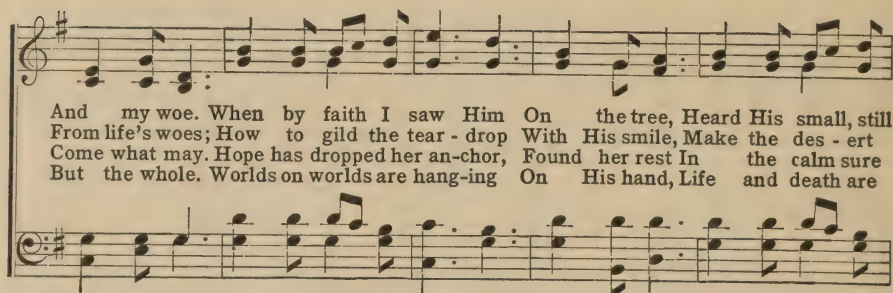
I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS P. M.

Ellen H. Willis

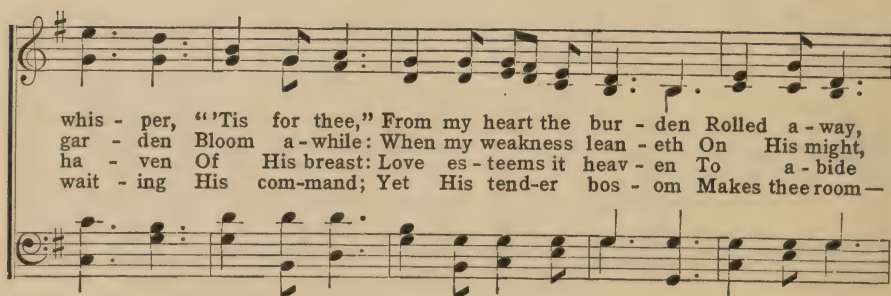
Miss H. M. Warner



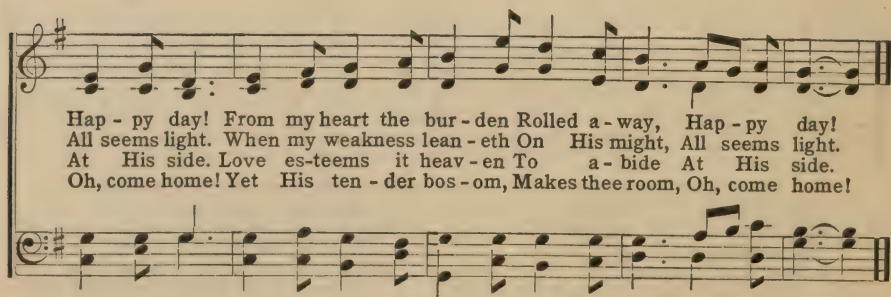
1. I left it all with Je - sus, Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,
 2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter
 3. I leave it all with Je - sus, Day by day; Faith can firm - ly trust Him,
 4. Oh, leave it all with Je - sus, Drooping soul! Tell not half thy sto - ry,



And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still
 From life's woes; How to gild the tear - drop With His smile, Make the des - ert
 Come what may. Hope has dropped her an - chor, Found her rest In the calm sure
 But the whole. Worlds on worlds are hang - ing On His hand, Life and death are



whis - per, "'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way,
 gar - den Bloom a - while: When my weakness lean - eth On His might,
 ha - ven Of His breast: Love es - teems it heav - en To a - bide
 wait - ing His com - mand; Yet His tend - er bos - om Makes thee room -



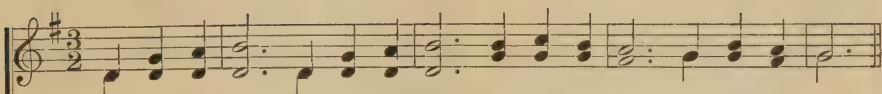
Hap - py day! From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way, Hap - py day!
 All seems light. When my weakness lean - eth On His might, All seems light.
 At His side. Love es - teems it heav - en To a - bide At His side.
 Oh, come home! Yet His ten - der bos - om, Makes thee room, Oh, come home!

O Happy Day That Fixed My Choice

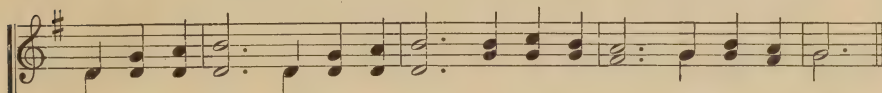
O HAPPY DAY L. M. with Refrain

Philip Doddridge

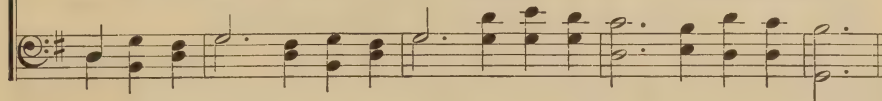
E. F. Rimbault



1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
3. 'Tis done, this great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
4. Now rest, my long - di - vi - ded heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;

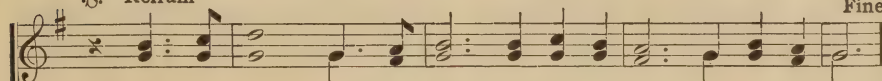


Well may this glow - ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
 Let cheer-ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charm'd to con-fess the voice di - vine.
 Nor ev - er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev - ery good possessed.

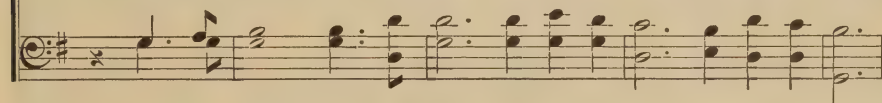


S: Refrain

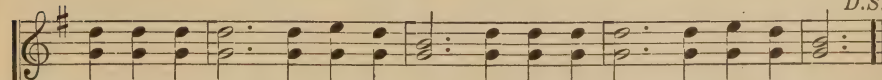
Fine



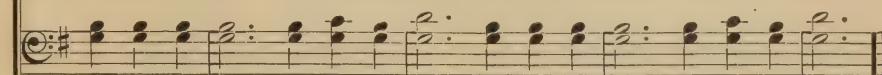
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!



D.S.



He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;



Jesus! And Shall it Ever be

Joseph Grigg

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star;
 3. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heaven de - pend!

A-shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
 He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
 No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.

4. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
 And, oh, may this my glory be
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

In the Cross of Christ I Glory

John Bowring

RATHBUN 8. 7. 8. 7.

Ithamar Conkey

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance, streaming, Adds more lust - er to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow

Thomas Ken

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Louis Bourgeois

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heaven-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Glory Be to the Father

Anonymous, Second Century

GLORIA PATRI

Henry W. Greatorex

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

The first system of the Gloria Patri is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

now and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men.

The third system concludes the Gloria Patri. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

"PRAISE YE THE LORD"

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapors; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars.

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent;

His glory is above the earth and heaven.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.

"HOW EXCELLENT IS THY NAME"

O Lord our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth!

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne *is* established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high *is* mightier than the noise of many waters, *yea, than* the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

"THE LORD IS A GREAT GOD"

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised.

Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth,

"MY ROCK AND MY SALVATION"

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed.

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For thou hast been a shelter for me.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever:
I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

**Truly my soul waiteth upon God:
from him cometh my salvation.**

He only is my rock and my salvation;
he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

**In God is my salvation and my glory:
the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.**

Trust in him at all times; ye people,
pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

**God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this;
that power belongeth unto God.**

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy:
for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee.

My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live:

I will lift up my hands in thy name.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

**My soul followeth hard after thee:
thy right hand upholdeth me.**

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me;

Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy:

Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

"CLOTHED WITH HONOR AND MAJESTY"

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather them-

selves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

"THE KING OF GLORY"

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

“HIS GREATNESS IS UNSEARCHABLE”

I will extol thee, my God, O King;
and I will bless thy name for ever and
ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I
will praise thy name for ever and
ever.

Great *is* the Lord, and greatly to be
praised; and his greatness *is* unsearch-
able.

One generation shall praise thy
works to another, and shall declare
thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honour of
thy majesty, and of thy wondrous
works.

And men shall speak of the might
of thy terrible acts: and I will de-
clare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the
memory of thy great goodness, and
shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of
compassion; slow to anger, and of
great mercy.

The Lord is good to all: and his tender
mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee,
O Lord; and thy saints shall bless
thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy
kingdom, and talk of thy power;

To make known to the sons of men
his mighty acts, and the glorious
majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting king-
dom, and thy dominion endureth
throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
and raiseth up all those that be
bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and
thou givest them their meat in due
season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satis-
fiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways,
and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that
call upon him, to all that call upon
him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that
fear him: he also will hear their cry,
and will save them.

The Lord preserveth all them that
love him.

My mouth shall speak the praise of
the Lord:

And let all flesh bless his holy name
for ever and ever.

"MERCIFUL AND GRACIOUS"

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west,

so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth *his* children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days *are* as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all *ye* his hosts; *ye* ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

"PRAISE WAITETH IN ZION"

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

In righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof.

Thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

"SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS"

O give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name;

Make known his deeds among the people.

Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him;

Talk ye all of his wondrous works.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness:

Come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God:

It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;

We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise;

Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting;

And his truth endureth unto all generations.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:

His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation:

His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:

Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp;

With the harp and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

The world, and they that dwell therein,

Let the floods clap their hands;

Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth:

With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

"THE COURTS OF THE LORD"

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the high-ways to Zion.

Who passing through the valley of weeping make it a place of springs; the rain also covereth it with blessings.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

“ACQUAINTED WITH ALL MY WAYS”

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand.

When I awake, I am still with thee.
Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts.

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

“THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY”

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, *and* from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; *nor* for the arrow *that* flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; *but* it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, *which is* my refuge, *even* the Most High, thy habitation;

There shall be no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: *I will be* with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

"A VERY PRESENT HELP"

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.

**My help cometh from the Lord,
which made heaven and earth,**

He will not suffer thy foot to be
moved: he that keepeth thee will not
slumber.

**Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall
neither slumber nor sleep.**

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is
thy shade, upon thy right hand.

**The sun shall not smite thee by day,
nor the moon by night.**

The Lord shall preserve thee from all
evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

**The Lord shall preserve thy going
out and thy coming in from this
time forth, and even for evermore.**

God is our refuge and strength, a very
present help in trouble.

**Therefore will not we fear, though
the earth be removed, and though
the mountains be carried into the
midst of the sea;**

Though the waters thereof roar and
be troubled, though the mountains
shake with the swelling thereof.

**There is a river, the streams
whereof shall make glad the city
of God, the holy place of the taber-
nacles of the Most High.**

God is in the midst of her; she shall
not be moved: God shall help her,
and that right early.

**The heathen raged, the kingdoms
were moved: he uttered his voice,
the earth melted.**

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God
of Jacob is our refuge.

**He maketh wars to cease unto the
end of the earth; he breaketh the
bow, and cutteth the spear in
sunder; he burneth the chariot in
the fire.**

Be still, and know that I am God: I
will be exalted among the heathen, I
will be exalted in the earth.

**The Lord of hosts is with us; the
God of Jacob is our refuge.**

“THE LORD THINKETH ON ME”

I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, *even* praise unto our God: many shall see *it*, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O Lord my God, *are* thy wonderful works *which* thou hast done, and thy thoughts *which are* to usward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: *if* I would declare and speak *of them*, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book *it is* written of me,

I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy lovingkindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee; let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

But I *am* poor and needy; *yet* the Lord thinketh upon me: thou *art* my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

"UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN"

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder.

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.

The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots.

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of

his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth:

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

"THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS"

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory.

The glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth.

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his hand maiden:

For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things: and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel in remembrance of his mercy.

As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed forever.

And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.

Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet saying: Behold a virgin shall bring forth a son and they shall call his name Emmanuel which being interpreted is, God with us.

And she brought forth her first-born son;

And wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger.

Because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field.

Keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them,

And the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

And they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not;

For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people:

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

BEATITUDES

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven:

for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Blessed *are* they that hear the word of God, and keep it.

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Blessed *are* those servants, whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching:

Verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.

Blessed *is* the man that endureth temptation: for

When he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Blessed and holy *is* he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE"

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye:

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you.

"SEEK YE FIRST"

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.

But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly

Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek): for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

"I AM THE VINE"

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered: and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth.

But I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

These things I command you, that ye love one another.

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD"

The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

For thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

**Thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.**

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Jesus said unto them, I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

But he that is a hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth.

And the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep: the hireling fleeth because he is a hireling and careth not for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd; and know

my sheep, and am known of mine.

As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring.

And they shall hear my voice;

And there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again.

No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself.

I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.

This commandment have I received from my Father.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

Make you perfect in every good work to do his will,

Working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be the glory for ever and ever.

And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

"HE BARE THE SIN OF MANY"

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground.

He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.

The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep

before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief.

When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong.

Because he hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

"THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED"

Now upon the first *day* of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain *others* with them.

And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre,

And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?

She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father:

But go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my

Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem *about* three-score furlongs.

And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

And it came to pass, that, while they communed *together* and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

And he said unto them, What manner of communications *are* these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?

And he said unto them, What things?

And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people:

And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him.

But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, today is the third day since these things were done.

Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre;

"THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED"

(continued)

**And when they found not his body,
they came, saying, that they had
also seen a vision of angels, which
said that he was alive.**

And certain of them which were with
us went to the sepulchre, and found *it*
even so as the women had said: but
him they saw not.

**Then he said unto them, O fools,
and slow of heart to believe all that
the prophets have spoken:**

Ought not Christ to have suffered
these things, and to enter into his
glory?

**And beginning at Moses and all the
prophets, he expounded unto them
in all the Scriptures the things
concerning himself.**

And they drew nigh unto the village,
whither they went: and he made as
though he would have gone further.

**But they constrained him, saying,
Abide with us; for it is toward**

**evening, and the day is far spent.
And he went in to tarry with them.**

And it came to pass, as he sat at meat
with them, he took bread, and blessed
it, and brake, and gave to them.

**And their eyes were opened, and
they knew him; and he vanished
out of their sight.**

And they said one to another, Did not
our heart burn within us, while he
talked with us by the way, and while
he opened to us the Scriptures?

**And they rose up the same hour,
and returned to Jerusalem, and
found the eleven gathered together,
and them that were with them,**

Saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and
hath appeared to Simon.

**And they told what things were
done in the way, and how he was
known of them in breaking of
bread.**

“JESUS CHRIST IS LORD”

God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets.

Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds;

Who being the brightness of *his* glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high:

Being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they.

For unto which of the angels said he at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee? And again, I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son?

And again, when he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him.

And of the angels he saith, Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire.

But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.

Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, *even* thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins:

Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature:

For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist:

And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead: that in all things he might have the pre-eminence.

For it pleased *the Father* that in him should all fulness dwell;

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

And being found in fashion as a man, be humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of *things* in heaven, and *things* in earth, and *things* under the earth;

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

"HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH"

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money;

Come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?

And your labor for that which satisfieth not?

Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live:

And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,

And nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee,

Because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts:

And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him;

and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth,

And maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater;

So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth:

It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please,

And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace:

The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,

And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:

And it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

"A CLEAN HEART, O GOD"

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine, iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS"

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord *there is* mercy, and with him *is* plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was

heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart

"CALLED THE SONS OF GOD"

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law.

And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin.

Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him.

Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous.

Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

Whosoever doeth not righteousness is

not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.

For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.

Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

And hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him.

For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.

Beloved, if our heart condemn us not, *then* have we confidence toward God.

And whatsoever we ask, we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.

And this is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment.

And he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.

“JUSTIFIED BY FAITH”

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ:

By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience;

And patience, experience; and experience, hope:

And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

The Spirit itself beareth witness

with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ: if so be that we suffer with *him*, that we may be also glorified together.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

What shall we then say to these things? If God *be* for us, who *can be* against us?

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? *shall* tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

"YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER"

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him:

But ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.

It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

Of sin, because they believe not on me;

Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself;

But whatsoever he shall hear, that

shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew *it* unto you.

And being assembled together with them he commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye have heard of me.

But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you:

And ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them; and confirming the word by the signs that followed.

"THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT"

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, envying one another.

Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another. For every man shall bear his own burden.

Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

"THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS"

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge;

And to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness;

And to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.

For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren, nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.

Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall:

For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"IF YE BE RISEN WITH CHRIST"

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.

For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds;

And have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him:

Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all.

Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering;

Forbearing one another, and forgiv-

ing one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.

And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.

And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.

And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ.

But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: and there is no respect of persons.

“YOUR REASONABLE SERVICE”

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world : but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office :

So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching;

Or he that exhorteth, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity;

He that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.

Recompense to no man evil for evil.

Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE"

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity,

I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have *the gift of prophecy*, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge;

And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned,

And have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, *and* is kind; charity envieth not;

Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own,

Is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth:

But whether there be prophecies, they shall fail;

Whether there be tongues, they shall cease;

Whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child:

But when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face;

Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three;

But the greatest of these is charity.

Beloved let us love one another; for love is of God:

And every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God: for God is love.

Herein was the love of God manifested in us, that God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

If we love one another, God abideth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

God is love: and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him.

"THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD"

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers,

Against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth,

And having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints:

But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love;

And take a helmet, the hope of salvation.

For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.

Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.

For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh:

For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds;

Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God,

And bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ;

And that, knowing the time, that now *it is* high time to awake out of sleep:

For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.

The night is far spent, the day is at hand:

Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.

Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying:

But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.

"BE OF GOOD COURAGE"

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies; for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

"I AM THY GOD"

Fear thou not; for I *am* with thee: be not dismayed; for I *am* thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or *being* his counsellor hath taught him?

With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and shewed to him the way of understanding?

Behold, the nations *are* as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

All nations before him are as nothing: and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.

To whom then will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation chooseth a tree that will not rot; he seeketh unto him a cunning workman to prepare a graven image, that shall not be moved.

Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from

the beginning? have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in:

That bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might for that he is strong in power; not one faileth.

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

"GREAT IS THY FAITHFULNESS"

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.

**They are new every morning:
great is thy faithfulness.**

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him.

**The Lord is good unto them that
wait for him, to the soul that seek-
eth him.**

It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

**It is good for a man that he bear
the yoke in his youth.**

For the Lord will not cast off for ever.

**But though he cause grief, yet will
he have compassion according to
the multitude of his mercies.**

For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.

**Let us search and try our ways, and
turn again to the Lord.**

Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens. I called upon thy name, O Lord.

**Thou hast heard my voice: hide
not thine ear at my breathing, at
my cry.**

Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee: thou saidst, Fear not.

**O Lord, thou hast pleaded the
causes of my soul: thou hast re-
deemed my life.**

Behold, the eye of the Lord *is* upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy;

**To deliver their soul from death,
and to keep them alive in famine.**

Our soul waiteth for the Lord: he *is* our help and our shield.

**For our heart shall rejoice in him,
because we have trusted in his
holy name.**

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

"COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE"

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,
saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her,

That her warfare is accomplished,
that her iniquity is pardoned;

**That she hath received of the
Lord's hand double for all her sins.**

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare
ye in the wilderness the way of the
Lord,

**Make straight in the desert a high
way for our God.**

Every valley shall be exalted, and
every mountain and hill shall be
made low:

**And the crooked shall be made
straight, and the rough places plain:**

And the glory of the Lord shall be
revealed, and all flesh shall see it
together: for the mouth of the Lord
hath spoken it.

**The voice of one saying, Cry.
And one said, What shall I cry?**

All flesh is grass, and all the good-
liness thereof is as the flower of the
field:

**The grass withereth, the flower
fadeth; because the spirit of the
Lord bloweth upon it: surely the
people is grass.**

The grass withereth, the flower
fadeth: but the word of our God shall
stand for ever.

O thou that tellest good tidings

**to Zion, get thee up into the high
mountain;**

O thou that tellest good tidings to
Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with
strength;

**Lift it up, be not afraid; say unto
the cities of Judah, Behold, your
God!**

Behold, the Lord God will come as a
mighty one, and his arm shall rule
for him;

**Behold, his reward is with him,
and his recompense before him.**

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd,
he shall gather the lambs in his arm,
and carry them in his bosom,

**And shall gently lead those that
have their young.**

Remember these things, O Jacob, and
Israel; for thou art my servant: I have
formed thee; thou art my servant:

**O Israel, thou shalt not be for-
gotten of me.**

I have blotted out, as a thick cloud,
thy transgressions, and, as a cloud,
thy sins:

**Return unto me; for I have re-
deemed thee.**

Sing, O ye heavens, for Jehovah hath
done it;

**Shout, ye lower parts of the earth;
Break forth into singing, ye moun-
tains,**

**O forest, and every tree therein:
for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob,
and will glorify himself in Israel.**

"THE LORD GIVETH WISDOM"

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies:

And none of the things thou canst desire are to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; in her left hand are riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her:

And happy is every one that retaineth her.

The Lord by wisdom founded the earth; by understanding he established the heavens.

By his knowledge the depths were broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew.

My son, let them not depart from thine eyes; keep sound wisdom and discretion:

So shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way securely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid:

Yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh:

For the Lord will be thy confidence, and will keep thy foot from being taken.

My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and lay up my commandments with thee;

Then shalt thou understand righteousness and justice, and equity, yea, every good path.

For wisdom shall enter into thy heart, and knowledge shall be pleasant unto thy soul;

Discretion shall preserve thee; understanding shall keep thee:

Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding:

He layeth up sound wisdom for the upright:

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;

And the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding.

“FRET NOT THYSELF”

Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect *man*, and behold the upright: for the end of *that man* *is* peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous *is* of the Lord: *he is* their strength in the time of trouble.

And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

"UNTIL I WENT INTO THE SANCTUARY"

Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.

But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men.

And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?

Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches.

When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.

How are they brought into desolation,

as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors.

Thus my heart was grieved, so foolish was I, and ignorant.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

For, lo, they that are far from thee shall perish.

But it is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works.

"I WILL BLESS THE LORD"

I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer

hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

"WHAT SHALL I RENDER?"

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted.

I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people,

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.

Praise ye the Lord.

"THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD"

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, even of Thy holy temple.

Which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God: which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy.

I therefore beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called.

With all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love; giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body, and were all made to drink of one Spirit. For the body is not one member but many.

We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren.

And this is his commandment, that we should believe in the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, even as he gave us commandment. My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but in deed and truth.

Not forsaking our own assembling together as the custom of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day drawing nigh.

So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners, but ye are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.

Being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the chief corner-stone;

In whom each several building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple in the Lord.

In whom we also are builded together for a habitation of God in the Spirit.

“DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE”

For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us:

Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness.

But with the unleavened *bread* of sincerity and truth.

And he sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat.

And they said unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare?

And he said unto them, Behold, when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you, bearing a pitcher of water;

Follow him into the house where he entereth in.

And ye shall say unto the goodman of the house, The Master saith unto thee,

Where is the guestchamber, where I shall eat the passover with my disciples?

And he shall shew you a large upper room furnished: there make ready.

And they went, and found as he had said unto them: and they made ready the passover.

And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.

And he said unto them, With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer:

For I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and said, Take this, and divide *it* among yourselves:

For I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come.

And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake *it*, and gave unto them, saying,

This is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

Likewise also the cup after supper, saying,

This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.

The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?

The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?

Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink *this* cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.

But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.

"O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?"

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain:

But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds.

There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

The first man is of the earth, earthy:

the second man is the Lord from heaven.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where *is* thy sting? O grave, where *is* thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks *be* to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

“THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH”

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.

And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned.

But now they desire a better *country*, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city.

And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets:

Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions,

Quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong,

waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection:

And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment:

They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins: being destitute, afflicted, tormented;

Of whom the world was not worthy: they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise:

God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.

After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and *about* the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God.

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH"

(continued)

Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom. and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed

their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

"GO YE THEREFORE"

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek.

He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord; to comfort all that mourn;

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

That they might be called Trees of righteousness, The planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the

mouth confession is made unto salvation.

For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?

And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard?

And how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things?

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations.

And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you:

And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

"THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM"

I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us.

And the great goodness toward the house of Israel which he hath bestowed on them according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his loving-kindnesses.

For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie: so he was their Saviour.

In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the Angel of his presence saved them.

In his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old.

Look down from heaven, and behold from the habitation of thy holiness and of thy glory.

Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us,

and Israel acknowledge us not.

Thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer: thy name is from everlasting.

Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?

For all those things hath mine hand made, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace *be* within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

"THE RANSOMED SHALL RETURN"

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.

They shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.

For in the wilderness shall waters

break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water;

In the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness;

The unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

“THY GOD THY GLORY”

Arise, shine; for thy light is come,

And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people:

But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: they all gather themselves together, they come to thee:

Thy gates also shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night;

That men may bring unto thee the wealth of the nations, and their kings led with them.

For that nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish;

Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine, and the box tree together;

To beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

And the sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending.

And all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet;

And they shall call thee The city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man passed through thee,

I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, desolation nor destruction within thy borders;

But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee:

But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself.

For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Thy people also shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land for ever.

The branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.

The little one shall become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in its time.

"GOD, OUR DWELLING PLACE"

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. We spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us.

Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

"ALL NATIONS SHALL SERVE HIM"

Give the king thy judgments, O God,
and thy righteousness unto the king's
son.

**He shall judge thy people with
righteousness, and thy poor with
judgment.**

The mountains shall bring peace to
the people, and the little hills, by
righteousness.

**He shall judge the poor of the
people, he shall save the children
of the needy, and shall break in
pieces the oppressor.**

They shall fear thee as long as the
sun and moon endure, throughout all
generations.

**He shall come down like rain upon
the mown grass; as showers that
water the earth.**

In his days shall the righteous flourish;
and abundance of peace so long
as the moon endureth.

**He shall have dominion also from
sea to sea, and from the river unto
the ends of the earth.**

They that dwell in the wilderness
shall bow before him; and his enemies
shall lick the dust.

**The kings of Tarshish and of the
isles shall bring presents: the kings
of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.**

Yea, all kings shall fall down before
him: all nations shall serve him.

**For he shall deliver the needy
when he crieth; the poor also, and
him that hath no helper.**

He shall spare the poor and needy,
and shall save the souls of the needy.

**He shall redeem their soul from
deceit and violence: and precious
shall their blood be in his sight.**

And he shall live, and to him shall
be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer
also shall be made for him continually;
and daily shall he be praised.

**There shall be a handful of corn
in the earth upon the top of the
mountains; the fruit thereof shall
shake like Lebanon: and they of
the city shall flourish like grass of
the earth.**

His name shall endure for ever:
his name shall be continued as long
as the sun: and men shall be blessed
in him: all nations shall call him
blessed.

**Blessed be the Lord God, the God
of Israel, who only doeth wondrous
things.**

And blessed be his glorious name for
ever: and let the whole earth be filled
with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

“A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH”

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.

And he showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven, having the glory of God.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it.

And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

"HE SHALL BLESS THEE IN THE LAND"

And it shall come to pass, if thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God,

To observe to do all his commandments which I command thee this day,

That the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all the nations of the earth:

And all these blessings shall come upon thee, and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God.

Blessed shalt thou be in the city,

And blessed shalt thou be in the field.

Blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle,

The increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep.

Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.

Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.

The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy barns, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto:

And he shall bless thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

The Lord shall establish thee for an holy people unto himself, as he hath sworn unto thee;

If thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in his ways.

And all the people of the earth shall see that thou art called by the name of the Lord; and they shall be afraid of thee.

And the Lord shall make thee plenteous in goods, in the fruit of thy body, and in the fruit of thy cattle, and in the fruit of thy ground.

In the land which the Lord sware unto thy fathers to give thee.

The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure the heavens, to give the rain of thy land in its season, and to bless all the work of thine hand:

And David said, Blessed be Thou, Lord God of Israel, our Father forever and ever.

Thine, O Lord is the greatness and the power and the glory and the victory and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom O Lord, and thou art exalted as head over all.

Both riches and honor come of thee and thou reignest over all.

And in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all.

Lord God of our fathers, keep this forever in the thoughts of the heart of thy people.

And prepare their heart unto thee to keep thy commandments, thy testimonies and thy statutes and to do all these things.

"THAT YE BREAK EVERY YOKE"

Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy.

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord; and I will heal him.

Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression.

Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God.

They ask of me the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God.

Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? Wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge.

Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure. Behold, ye fast for strife and debate: ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high.

Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?

Is not this the fast that I have

chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?

When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee.

The glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward.

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am.

If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday.

And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones.

And thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations.

And thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.

"WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD"

We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

**All the earth doth worship thee,
the Father everlasting.**

To thee all angels cry aloud;

**The heavens and all the powers
therein;**

To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,—Holy, holy, holy,
Lord God of Sabaoth;

**Heaven and earth are full of the
majesty of thy glory.**

The glorious company of the apostles praise thee.

**The goodly fellowship of the
prophets praise thee.**

The noble army of martyrs praise thee.

**The holy Church throughout all the
world doth acknowledge thee;**

The Father of an infinite majesty;

Thine adorable, true and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

**Thou art the King of Glory, O
Christ; thou art the everlasting
Son of the Father.**

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin.

**When thou hadst overcome the
sharpness of death thou didst open
the kingdom of heaven to all
believers.**

Thou sittest at the right hand of God,
in the glory of the Father.

**We believe that thou shalt come
to be our Judge.**

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

**Make them to be numbered with
thy saints, in glory everlasting.**

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.

**Govern them, and lift them up
for ever.**

Day by day we magnify thee;

**And we worship thy name ever,
world without end.**

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

**O Lord, have mercy upon us, have
mercy upon us.**

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in thee.

**O Lord, in thee have I trusted;
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422	Fling out the banner, let it float Waltham
456	For all Thy saints who from their labors rest Sarum
398	For all Thy saints in warfare Huguenot
397	For all Thy saints, O Lord St. Bride
443	Forever with the Lord Fesca
475	Forgotten, no that cannot be Winchester New
253	For the beauty of the earth Vor Frue Kirke
331	For the warfare, gird it on Vigilate
436	For Thy mercy and Thy grace Hans Tausen
434	From glory unto glory Lange-Mueller
429	From Greenland's icy mountains Missionary Hymn
128	From lands that see the sun arise Ziska
535	From the deeps to Thee, O Lord Geiranger
399	Glorious things of Thee are spoken Austrian Hymn
371	Give to the winds Thy fears Schumann
565	God be with you till we meet again God be with you
106	God is our refuge, tried and proved St. Stephen
496	God of our fathers, whose almighty hand National Hymn
447	God of the living in whose eyes St. Chrysostom
92	God, the Lord, a King remaineth Regent Square
57	God that madest earth and heaven Ar Hyd y Nos
507	Golden harps are ringing Hermas
348	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah Zion
349	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah Kensington New
38	Hail! thou bright and sacred morn Werner
189	Hail! Thou once despised Jesus Rosengard
472	Hail to the Lord's anointed Huguenot
525	Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs Vox Angelica
221	Hark! my soul! it is the Lord Holley
562	Hark! Ten thousand harps and voices Harwell
121	Hark the herald angels sing Mendelssohn
537	Hark the herald angels sing Molde
119	Hark the hosts of heaven are singing Roskilde
473	Hark! the sound of jubilee Reissiger
563	Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry Happy Land
468	Hark! what a mighty sound Russian Hymn
384	Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard St. Anne
234	Heal me, O my Saviour, heal Lachrymæe
533	Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father Armonia Biblica
460	He expecteth, He expecteth Bullinger
185	He is gone! a cloud of light Huselius
172	He is risen! He is risen! Lund
545	He leadeth me! O blessed thought He Leadeth Me
367	He who suns and worlds upholdeth Sweden
428	Hills of the north, rejoice St. Maura

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160	His are the thousand sparkling rills Winge
82	Holy and infinite! viewless! eternal! Viotti
86	Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord Trisagion
95	Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty Nicaea
137	Holy night! peaceful night! Holy Night
196	Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove Ladds
144	How beauteous were the marks divine Hesperus
547	How blest was that life once lived upon earth I know that he liveth
37	How calm and beautiful the morn Einar
362	How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord Portuguese Hymn
464	How long, O Lord our Saviour How Long, O Lord
78	How shall I sing that Majesty Vesterled
269	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds St. Peter
416	How welcome was the call Adrian
446	Hush! blessed are the dead Dolomite Chant
225	Hush! my soul, what Voice is pleading? Upsala
574	I am coming to the Cross Trusting
243	I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus Bullinger
230	I am not skilled to understand Balie
465	I'm waiting for Thee, Lord Waiting
355	I cannot tell if short or long St. Agnes
290	I could not do without Thee Hodnet
361	If God be on my side Diademata
228	I heard the voice of Jesus say Vox Dilecti
575	I hear the Saviour say All To Christ I Owe
405	I hunger and I thirst Dolomite Chant
240	I lay my sins on Jesus Benignus
577	I left it all with Jesus I left it all with Jesus
302	I lift my heart to Thee Mudie
550	I'll praise my Maker with my breath Gratitude
510	I love to hear the story Sur la montagne
544	I need a hand to lead me through the darkness I need a hand to lead me
543	I need Thee every hour I need Thee every hour
242	I saw One toiling in the way Audite, audientes me
573	I saw the Cross of Jesus Hankey
561	I shall see the King in his beauty The King in His beauty
530	In heavenly love abiding Toft
576	In tenderness He sought me In tenderness He sought me
580	In the Cross of Christ I glory Rathburn
509	I think when I read that sweet story of old Davenant
274	I've found a Friend, O such a Friend Constance
233	I was a wandering sheep Lebanon
130	In the night profound Jaehnigen
49	In sleep's serene oblivion laid Tranquebar
379	In the hour of trial Penitence
126	It came upon the midnight clear Carol
485	Jerusalem is built of gold Hierosylma
483	Jerusalem the golden Ewing
158	Jesus, all Thy labor vast Maunder
579	Jesus, and shall it ever be Federal St.
220	Jesus calls us o'er the tumult Galilee
552	Jesus Christ is passing by Jesus Christ is passing by
173	Jesus Christ is risen today Theodora

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327	Jesus grant me this I pray Vistula
376	Jesus, Heavenly Shepherd Borch
513	Jesus, holy undefiled Hedemora
304	Jesus, I am resting, resting Jesus, I am resting
285	Jesus, I live to Thee Gorton
279	Jesus, I my cross have taken Autumn
373	Jesus is our Shepherd Stowell
260	Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! Llanthony
316	Jesus, Jesus, visit me Elijah
572	Jesus keep me near the Cross Near the Cross
518	Jesus, King of glory, throned above St. Albans
176	Jesus lives, no longer now St. Albinus
177	Jesus lives and so shall I Zuversicht
248	Jesus, Lover of my soul Hollingside
249	Jesus, Lover of my soul Martyn
310	Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All Veldre
263	Jesus, Name all names above St. Theoctistus
261	Jesus, Name of wondrous love Dijon
238	Jesus, Refuge of the weary Sävonarola
382	Jesus, Saviour, pilot me Pilot
426	Jesus shall reign wher'er the sun Duke St.
388	Jesus still lead on Guidance
514	Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me Brocklesbury
211	Jesus, the Lamb of God Mornington
307	Jesus, these eyes have never seen Faith
266	Jesus! the very thought is sweet Canonbury
226	Jesus, Thou art standing, pleading Stephanos
267	Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts Emmaus
265	Jesus, Thy boundless love to me Holmen
262	Jesus, Thy name I love Lyte
412	Jesus, to Thy table led Maunder
400	Jesus, with Thy Church abide St. Basil
120	Joy fills our inmost hearts today Gaudete
26	Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee Hymn to Joy
134	Joy to the world, the Lord has come Antioch
135	Joy to the world, the Lord has come Wennerberg
493	Judge Eternal, throned in splendor Benedic Anima
244	Just as I am without one plea Woodworth
567	Knocking, knocking, Who is there Knocking, knocking
438	Lead, Kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom Lux Benigna
332	Lead on, O King Eternal Lange-Mueller
387	Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us Vesper Hymn
292	Let me come closer to Thee, Jesus Closer to Thee
328	Let our choir new anthems raise Rosenius
10	Let us with a gladsome mind Innocents
257	"Lift up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord, to Thee National Hymn
179	Lift up, lift up your voices now Waltham
534	Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates Medeltid
423	Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart Aftonsang
394	Light up this house with glory, Lord Dedication
112	Like a river glorious David
216	Look to Jesus and be saved Morley
188	Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious Jutland

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431	Lord, A Saviour's love displaying Sardin
71	Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing Sicilian Mariners
191	Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendor Hoffman
363	Lord, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray Romsdal
44	Lord God of morning and of night Gilead
393	Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping Rathbun
452	Lord, if he sleep he shall do well Southgate
325	Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee Wirth
81	Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb Truro
115	Lord of my life, whose tender care Finland
321	Lord, speak to me that I may speak Ethelberg
109	Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place The Golden Chain
481	Lord, Thou wilt bring the joyful day Marit
89	Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven Faben
430	Lord, Thy ransomed Church is waking Austria
232	Lord, to whom the heavy-laden Moszkowski
36	Lord, we come before Thee now Nuremberg
389	Lord, where Thou wilt, it matters not to me Direction
252	Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee Sanctuary
318	Love divine, all loves excelling Beecher
516	Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep Kari
330	Lo! what a cloud of witnesses Strathcathro
255	Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Ortonville
29	Mighty God, while angels bless Thee Autumn
311	More love to Thee, O Christ More love to Thee
174	Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky Redcliff
551	Must Jesus bear the Cross alone Maitland
306	My blessed Saviour, is Thy love Sawley
497	My country 'tis of Thee America
559	My days are gliding swiftly by Shining shore
380	My faith looks up to Thee Olivet
76	My God how wonderful Thou art St. Magnus
90	My God, I thank Thee, who hast made Wentworth
303	My heart is resting, O my God Pontresina
540	My hope is built on nothing less The solid rock
368	My Jesus as Thou wilt Jewett
542	My Jesus I love Thee Gordon
231	My glorious Victor, Prince divine Maryton
210	My soul there is a country Remembrance
289	Nearer, my God, to Thee Bethany
117	Nearer, O God, to Thee St. Edmund
297	None but Christ, His merit hides me St. Sylvester
246	None other Lamb, none other Name Williams
239	No! not despairingly come I to Thee Whiteford
370	Not so in haste, my heart Flotow
407	Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs Pax Dei
338	Now again the world is shaken The King's Song
50	Now at the night's return we raise Doxology
56	Now God be with us for the night is closing Flemming
74	Now may He who from the dead Leipzigerstrasse
16	Now thank we all our God Nun Danket
43	Now that the daylight fills the skies Felix
63	Now the day is over Merrial

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449	Now the laborer's task is o'er.....Hebron
40	Now the week hath passed away.....Fyn
495	O beautiful for spacious skies.....Materna
198	O Blessed Paraclete.....St. Andrew
206	O Breath from out the eternal silence blow.....Tersteegen
184	O Christ, Thou hast ascended.....Lovsang
236	O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head.....Hans Egede
54	O Christ who art the Light and Day.....Schulz
122	O come, all ye faithful.....Adeste Fideles
162	O come and mourn with me awhile.....St. Cross
250	O could I speak the matchless worth.....Ariel
34	O day of rest and gladness.....Domaas
77	O dreadful glory that doth make.....Martyton
298	O for a closer walk with God.....Balerma
280	O for a heart to praise my God.....Evan
148	O for a thousand tongues to sing.....Linguae Millae
536	Oft in sorrow, oft in woe.....Neva
548	Oft when the day is dreary.....Jesus is near
31	O give thanks to Him who made.....Vor Frue Kirke
488	O God beneath Thy guiding hand.....Frederiksborg
347	O God of Bethel by whose hand.....Hellig Kors
190	O God of God! O Light of Light!.....Suomi
494	O God of truth whose living word.....Christmas
105	O God our help in ages past.....Dundee
113	O God the Rock of Ages.....Dahl
45	O God, Thy world is sweet with prayer.....Melcombe
24	O God we praise Thee and confess.....York
354	O happy band of pilgrims.....Mossleigh
578	O happy day that fixed my choice.....O happy day
538	O happy home where Thou art loved the dearest... Rondane
317	O help us, Lord, each hour of need.....Bradford
199	O Holy Ghost, arise.....Gottlieb
104	O how kindly hast Thou led me.....Nettleton
406	O Jesus, bruised and wounded more.....Holy Communion
324	O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me.....Belmont
277	O Jesus, I have promised.....Day of Rest
259	O Jesus, King most wonderful.....Tallis Ordinal
223	O Jesus, Thou art standing.....St. Hilda
224	O Jesus, Thou art standing.....Sverre Jordan
146	O Jesus, when I think of Thee.....Paraclete
94	O King of kings, before whose throne.....Duprato
322	O Lamb of God still keep me.....Day of Rest
378	O Lamb of God, that takest away.....Gudbrandsdal
52	O Light of Light! O Saviour dear.....Balle
129	O little town of Bethlehem.....Ottosen
88	O Lord, how good, how great Thou art.....Hauge
323	O Lord, how happy is the time.....Trust
203	O Lord with one accord.....St. Maura
142	O Love, how deep, how broad, how high.....Abschied
301	O Love that will not let me go.....St. Margaret
278	O Love that formedst me to wear.....Frydenstrand
501	O Morning Star, how fair, how bright.....Morgenstern
442	One sweetly solemn thought.....Ambrose
340	Onward! Christian soldiers.....St. Gertrude
532	On wings of living light.....Magdeburg

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482	O Paradise! O Paradise! Paradise
163	O perfect life of love Prayer
417	O perfect Love, all human thought transcending. Perfect Love
235	Oppressed with noonday's scorching heat London New
4	O praise ye the Lord! Praise Him in the height. Brahms
395	O Rock of Ages, one Foundation Bowen
161	O sacred Head, once wounded Passion Chorale
72	O Saviour, bless us ere we go Hardanger
308	O Saviour, where shall guilty man Kjerulf
227	O Saviour, I have nought to plead Agnus Dei
194	O Son of Man, Thyself hast proved St. Agnes
80	O Source divine and Life of all Wasli
418	O Spirit of the living God Missionary Chant
68	O Strength and Stay upholding all creation Epiphany
87	O Thou to whose all-searching sight Louvan
489	O Thou, who by the word of power Audite, audientes me
402	O Thou who in Jordan didst bow Thy meek head. Goshen
440	O to be over yonder Over Yonder
197	Our blest Redeemer ere he breathed Wreford
69	Our day of praise is done Duty
107	Our God is good, in every place Martensen
272	O what if we are Christ's Vienna
487	O what their joy and their glory must be Abelard
6	O worship the King, all-glorious above Hartmann
7	O worship the King, all-glorious above Lyons
425	O Zion, haste, thy mission high fulfilling. Tidings
570	Pass me not, O gentle Saviour Pass me not
358	Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin. Pax Tecum
474	Peace to the world, the Lord is come Abschied
39	Pleasant are Thy courts above Blumenthal
32	Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven Benedic Anima
13	Praise the God of all creation Lindeman
20	Praise the Lord, His glories show Gwalchmai
170	Praise the Lord! sing hallelujah Pisani
500	Praise the Lord, through every nation Wachet auf
5	Praise the Lord! Ye heavens adore Him Lux Eoi
15	Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of Creation. Lobe den Herrn
254	Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him Praise the Saviour
527	Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir Denmark
356	Pray, always pray: the Holy Spirit pleads Coena Domini
553	Precious Saviour may I live Only to thee
365	Quiet, Lord, my forward heart Arfon
490	Rejoice O land, in God thy might Ambresin
462	Rejoice, rejoice, believers Greenland
14	Rejoice, ye pure in heart Marion
421	Revive Thy work, O Lord St. Bride
360	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings Amsterdam
245	Rock of Ages cleft for me Toplady
187	Round the Lord in glory seated Amadeus
455	Safe home, safe home in port Safe home
560	Safe in the arms of Jesus Safe in the arms of Jesus
41	Safely through another week Sabbath

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375	Saviour, blessed Saviour, listen while we sing Lyndhurst
275	Saviour I follow on, guided by Thee Kingo
517	Saviour like a Shepherd lead us Rosebank
288	Saviour teach me day by day Thirtle
284	Saviour Thy dying love Thou gavest me Phelps
404	Saviour! who Thy flock art feeding Sychar
506	Saw you never in the twilight The Wise Men
151	See the destined day arise Marah
419	Send Thou, O Lord, to every place Church Triumphant
118	Shine on our souls, Eternal God University
309	Show me Thy face one transient gleam Show me Thy face
136	Silent night! Holy night! Stille Nacht
9	Sing praise to God who reigns above God's Praises
453	Sleep thy last sleep Tranquillitas
450	Sleep on, beloved, sleep and take thy rest The Blessed Rest
60	Softly now the light of day Rung
526	Soldiers of Christ, arise! arise! Militis Christi
333	Soldiers who are Christ's below Ellingham
299	Sometimes a light surprises Bentley
28	Songs of praise the angels sang Berggreen
93	Sound aloud Jehovah's praises Trondhjem
207	Spirit of God, descend upon my heart Morecambe
209	Spirit divine, attend our prayers Holy Cross
337	Stand fast for Christ the Saviour Alford
569	Stand up! stand up for Jesus Webb
313	Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh Windsor
91	Summer suns are glowing Oresund
67	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear Hursley
549	Sweet hour of prayer Sweet hour of prayer
153	Sweet the moments rich in blessing Batty
287	Take my life and let it be Mozart
554	Take the name of Jesus with you Precious Name
471	Ten thousand times ten thousand Alford
312	That mystic word of Thine Ersta
390	The Church's one Foundation Aurelia
35	The dawn of God's dear Sabbath St. Anselm
51	The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended Sacrament
169	The day of resurrection Lancashire
140	The first Noel the angel did say Noel
273	The glory of the spring how sweet Dedekam
11	The God of Abraham praise Sinding
102	The God of love my Shepherd is Strathcathro
401	The grave itself a garden is Solomon
571	The Great Physician now is near Great Physician (The)
195	The head that once was crowned with thorns Ingemann
477	The homeland! O the homeland! Homeland
315	The King of Glory standeth Lux Mundi
293	The King of love my Shepherd is Dominus regit
467	The King shall come when morning dawns Elling
73	The Lord be with us as we bend Reimann
83	The Lord Jehovah reigns Beneken
528	The Lord is King, lift up thy voice Skagen
65	The night is closing o'er us Twilight
53	The radiant morn hath passed away Gudbrandsdal
478	The roseate hues of early dawn Castle Rising

PAGE	TITLE OF TUNE
164	The royal banners forward go Church Triumphant
448	The saints of God! their conflict past Hardanger
439	The sands of time are sinking Ruthersford
329	The Son of God goes forth to war All Saints
178	The strife is o'er, the battle won Victory
62	The sun is sinking fast Nightfall
192	The veil is rent, lo, Jesus stands Raphael
420	The Voice says 'Cry'; what shall we cry? Carey
504	The wise may bring their learning Lorelei
432	The year has gone; another dawns Wareham
435	The year is swiftly waning Groenne Lunde
294	Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower Holmen
479	There is a blessed home Norway
159	There is a fountain filled with blood Cowper
152	There is a green hill far away Horsley
219	There is a time, we know not when Dundee
511	There's a friend for little children Tours
505	There's a song in the air Huldigung
103	There's a wideness in God's mercy Wellesley
99	There's not a bird with lonely nest Maryton
377	There's not a grief, however light Ingemann
568	There were ninety and nine that safely lay The Ninety and Nine
147	Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old St. Matthew
520	This is my Father's world Terra Beata
345	This is the day of toil Marion
466	Thou art coming, O my Saviour Beverley
515	Thou art my Shepherd Lynde
271	Thou art the Way, to Thee alone Beyer
241	Thou didst leave Thy throne Schartau
326	Thou Life within my life, than self more near Rochester
374	Thou hidden love of God, whose height Wavertree
305	Thou hidden Source of calm repose Martensen
75	Thou in whose name the two or three Kalhauge
283	Thou sayest: Take up thy cross Carlisle
166	Thou sore oppressed, the Sabbath rest Cemeterium
291	Thou whose name is called Jesus Frederikstad
350	Though today may not fulfil Pilot
156	Throned upon the awful tree Redhead
457	Through centuries of sin and woe Pax veniat
343	Through good report and evil, Lord Southgate
300	Through the love of God our Saviour Wynnstay
352	Through the night of doubt and sorrow Noerdisches Lied
353	Through the night of doubt and sorrow Pisani
458	Thy Kingdom come, O Lord Broome Street
282	Thy way and not mine Judson
281	Thy way, not mine, O Lord Esthonia
85	Thy wisdom and Thy might appear Grundtvig
410	"Till He come," O let the words Kuecken
138	'Tis come, the time so oft foretold Astri
150	To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now Manoah
3	To God, ye choir above, begin Abridge
270	To Thee and to Thy Christ, O God Bosrah
202	To Thee, O Comforter divine Pietas
98	To the name of God on high Gewandhaus
132	To us a child of hope is born Yule

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111	Unto the hills around do I lift up Lux Salvatoris
486	Upward where the stars are burning Garnisons Kirke
499	Wake, O wake, for night is flying Wachet auf
564	We are watching, we are waiting Advent
108	We come unto our father's God Glaeser
165	Weeping as they go their way Lachrymae
149	Weep not for Him who onward bears Flensburg
19	We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing Netherlands
415	We give Thee but Thine own Mornington
522	We have heard salvation's joyful sound Minuet
182	Welcome, happy morning Hermas
295	We may not climb the heavenly steeps Serenity
523	We plough the fields and scatter Dresden
557	We praise Thee, O God! Revive us again
296	We walk by faith and not by sight Creditor
441	We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen Raynolds
541	What a Friend we have in Jesus Erie
145	What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone Barnekow
366	What our Father does is well Switzerland
463	When all around are troubled Lancashire
1	When fair creation finished stood Doxology
524	When He cometh, when He cometh Precious Jewels
154	When I survey the wondrous Cross Rockingham
155	When I survey the wondrous Cross Hamburg
256	When morning gilds the skies Laudes Domini
141	When starting from the shades of night Bowdler
114	When streaming from the eastern skies Hardanger
445	When the day of toil is done Jugendbund
276	When this passing world is done McCheyne
491	When wilt Thou save the people Commonwealth
314	When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean Skodsborg
212	When wounded sore the stricken soul Warlamoff
492	Where cross the crowded ways of life Germany
131	While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night Saeter
433	While with ceaseless course the sun Benevento
258	Who can forbear to sing Marstrand
341	Who is on the Lord's side Armageddon
110	Who trusts in God a strong abode Bishopgarth
359	Why should I fear the darkest hour Sankt Olaf
21	With songs and honors sounding loud Ellacombe
247	Witness, ye men and angels, now Marlow
556	Work, for the night is coming Work Song
175	Ye choirs of New Jerusalem Holy Trinity
2	Ye holy angels bright Darwall
8	Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim Hanover
470	Ye sad watch who are keeping Morning Watch
555	Yield not to temptation Yield not to temptation

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